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GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MARCHIONESS D'YRUGO.

(MARIA THERESA SARAH MCKEAN.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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TOLEDO, THE IMPERIAL CITY OF SPAIN.

BY STEPHEN BONSAI.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WE left Madrid a little before midday; and had we carried the king's signet, or had the thought of some fair one in distress spurred us on, before the last gentle echo of the vesper bell had died away we might have demanded admittance at the iron-bound gates of the Imperial City. But we knew no such sweet necessity, so we rode with little haste, and in Illescas tarried long enough to walk through the lonely barrack in which Francis I of France pined and moaned when the conquering Charles presented to him the alternative of perpetual captivity in this dungeon, or liberty chained to a woman not of his choosing. When the shadows of evening overtook us by Ollias, we decided to spend the night there. The *venta*, or inn, with its many rambling courtyards and stables, proved not unlike every other *venta* in Spain. The *ventero* bids you welcome right heartily, and assures you, in his hospitable way, that for supper you may enjoy anything you may have brought with you in your saddle-bags, and some nice white beans beside. And then he proceeds to physic a mule, or to barter for pigs, and to attend to the other serious duties of an innkeeper's life, according to Spanish ideas. There were many guests in

the guest-chambers, so we chose a corner of the courtyard in which to enjoy our ease; and, with some straw for bedding, a saddle for a pillow, and a rough Asturian mantle as protection against the chill air, we hoped to pass a pleasant night under the starry heavens. But we counted without our four-footed companions; all night long cavalcades of sleep-walking mules wandered round our bower, now and again even trespassing, to our alarm, upon our very beds. But at last the day dawned.

For another short hour we galloped again across the dreary Sagra. Then there burst upon our expectant gaze a yellow mass of ruins that glistened weirdly in the glorious sunshine; and round about the scene of picturesque desolation, and almost encircling it as a ring, flowed the silvery waters of the Tagus. Unmistakable in its grim and gaunt outlines, there loomed up before us the citadel rock and the great square tower whence so many a human eagle has soared to pounce down upon the world with sword and slaughter. It has been the stronghold of great captains, from the days of the anonymous Maccabean who here unfurled the standards of Israel, to the forgotten consul

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who planted the Roman eagle upon the rocky heights, and it remained their favorite watch-tower from the era of the half-fabulous Cid to the days of Charles V. Indeed, in these dismantled towers the great Charles passed those uneventful years of his early manhood until there came to his quiet pillow the dream of Alexandrine conquest and unbounded rule, which led him, a captive to ambition, around the world, and brought him back, broken in heart and spirit, but restless and unsatisfied still, though he craved of the monks of Yuste a cell in which he might end his disappointed days.

As we look upon the scene of grim desolation which time has wrought, by a sudden inspiration Toledo is revealed to us in its true light as a museum of memories and a mausoleum where each succeeding race in the panorama of history that passed before these walls has been concerned to leave its loftiest tradition and store all that remained of its noblest dead. And on the moment we would know the name of that inspired seer who led his fellow-exiles of the prophetic race, fleeing before the fury of Nebuchadnezzar, and founded upon a rock this city in Tarshish, "the uttermost part of the earth," and who called it, with a prescient knowledge of its destiny, Toledoth, in Hebrew—the City of Generations. But now Toledo, the queen of so many ages and of so many races, the proud mistress of two worlds, lies a mass of neglected ruins, and her history

the Flemish monarchs closed her gates to later generations, and rode away, because the damp mists that rose from the river aggravated their constitutional tendency to gout.

To our left, and outside the city walls, rises, black and desolate, the famous stronghold of San Servando, behind the granite walls of which, for centuries, the Templars, those stern warriors of the faith, sat their mail-clad chargers, with lance in rest, searching with their eyes the distant heights of the Sierra Morena, where the Knights of Calatrava, intrenched in their lonely tower, would light the blazing watch-fires to warn of the coming of the Moors, who never became reconciled to the loss of their beloved Toleitola.

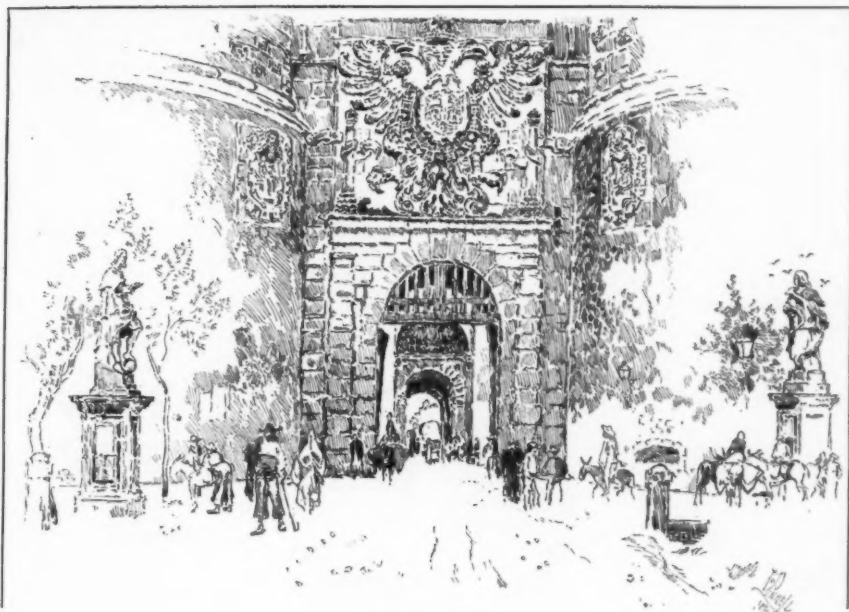
We halted outside the Visagra gate, and, shielded by the shadows which the battlements cast, scanned the sun-beaten heights where to-day the impregnable citadel which crowned the Toledan hills in the greater days is lying black and ruinous. Livy wrote that Toletum was a strongly fortified and well-nigh impregnable stronghold; but though the triple walls with which Wamba, Alfonso, and Ferdinand the Saint, each in his day of necessity, girt about the city are still standing, Toledo to-day could hardly withstand the onslaught of anything more formidable than barbarians with sharpened staves or the stone volleys of the Balearic slingers. The draw-



TOLEDO, FROM THE MADRID ROAD.

is a sealed book. The catastrophe by which the city was overtaken and struck down remains almost without parallel in story. Even the cruel touch of the ridiculous is not wanting to complete the bitterness of her fate; for

bridge which spans the moat is never raised, but moans and creaks continually beneath the burden of passing peasants. Over the gate hangs a marble *escudo*, or shield, of Charles V, which the conqueror placed there when the



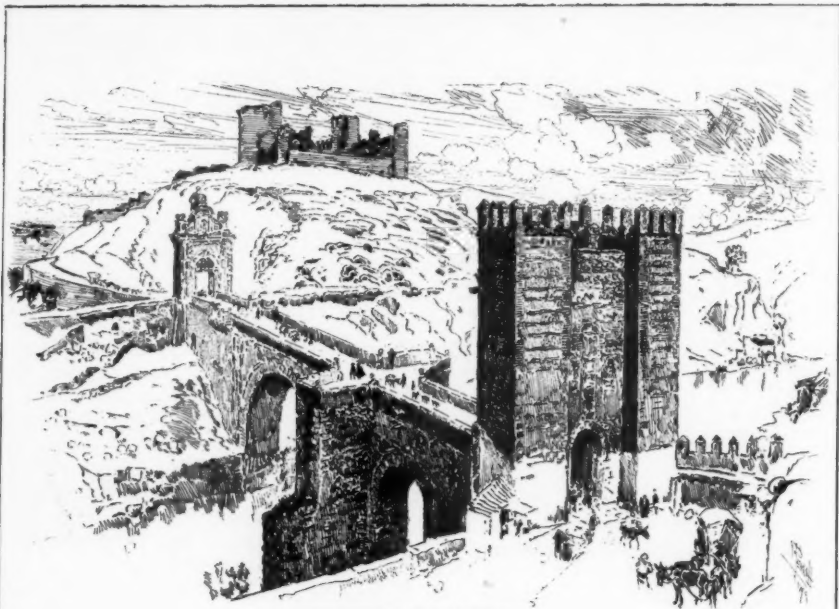
THE VISAGRA GATE.

city fell and the cohorts of the Comuneros were dispersed to the four winds. Time passes lightly over the conqueror's shield; it would seem to have been chiseled but yesterday. It stands for the death-warrant which Charles signed against the freedom of the imperial city, and is the symbol of that mercy and salvation that have been vouchsafed to her in the days of decadence and decline. As in its rise, so in its fall, the destiny of the City of Generations has been singular. It has been spared the shame of wearing the servile livery of these later and inglorious days. We look, then, long upon the shield of the great conqueror; for upon the proud crest of the city you find no other mark of slavery, no stone of later date, and no reminder of the lesser conquerors who followed.

It would seem as though on the day when Charles rode away with his fickle court to nurse his gouty limbs in the hunting-lodge upon the wind-swept plateau where Madrid now stands, some gentle yet omnipotent spirit, touched by the picture of her woe, had breathed upon the doomed capital and declared that Toledo should prove marble to retain the sign and the seal of the great past, and adamantine to resist the impress of the obscure generations which were to come. Toiling up the steep ascent, we reached the glorious Gate of the Sun. The gate is Sara-

cen to-day, as it was when the green-dragon pennants floated in the breeze and the crescent moon shone by day and by night over Toleitola. On the frontal of the gate may still be seen three or four steel hooks, from which it was the custom to hang spies and malefactors. As we clattered along the roughly cobbled streets which led to the Zocodover, or market-place, women came to the windows to have a peep at the strangers who arrived with such unseemly haste. They are very beautiful, the women of Toledo, tall and willowy, and as dark as night, and as mysterious. Too late we saw that every iron *reja* through which the dark eye of the Semitic maidens flashed down upon us was surmounted by the sacred symbol, and that all are orthodox Christians in Toledo to-day. While the creeds have vanished, the physical characteristics have not; and we met on every side faces which tell the story of the vanished races more interestingly than even the deserted synagogues and the silent mosques.

We rode into the great square, or Zocodover, famous in Spanish song and story as the scene of the tournaments, the royal bull-fights, and other state functions. It was here that Cervantes pretends to have discovered in an old junk-shop the manuscript, yellow with age, in which Cid Hamet Benengeli



THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA.

sets forth the wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten adventures of Don Quixote. Here, only a step to the left, stands the famous Inn to the Blood of Christ, kept by the Sevillan, where Cervantes lodged while writing many of his best *novelas*. He puffed the table and the entertainment for both man and beast that were here provided in the most extravagant language in "*La Ilustre Fregona*." It was pleasant to think that here that weary traveler whose life lines were cast in far from pleasant places took his ease in his own inn, and went forth refreshed and rejoicing. Here we dismounted, for the inn of the Sevillan has to-day stanch friends in the four-footed beasts that have been stabled there, and no persuasion, not even that of rawhide, will induce them to move a step beyond. In the great square fairs were held every summer, and here traders assembled from every province of the peninsula. The Catalans, the Galicians, the Aragonese, the Moors, and the Andalusians met, and with their wares and their produce they exchanged their vocabularies and their idioms; and so the sonorous Castilian grew. And here in its birthplace, and perhaps only here, the language is preserved and used to-day in all its pristine purity. The worthies who wander listlessly about the square, like specters of the past, still speak the language of Quevedo; and to say of an academician in Madrid to-day that he speaks Castilian *en proprio To-*

dano is a compliment rarely bestowed, and still more rarely deserved.

To the right, beyond and beneath us, rises the great basilica, the Christian shrine built upon the foundations of many a strange temple, and upon corner-stones that were consecrated to long-forgotten creeds. It rises out of the low-lying swamp-land, and rears its lofty spire far above the citadel that crowns the rock-bound height. But it is incomplete, and far from perfect. After all the centuries that have passed over it, and all the generations of men who have in their little day labored upon it, we must accept it as a true picture of human aspiration and endeavor, always striving and struggling, and never attaining. The first cathedral church of St. Mary erected here of which a record has reached us was consecrated toward the close of the sixth century; but even the careless and superficial excavations which have been made beneath the cathedral in recent years disclose the fact that here there was a place of prayer long before the Christian era dawned.

The present edifice was completed in the year of the discovery of America. The first view of the bold outlines of the mighty pile is unfortunately impaired and interrupted by the surrounding buildings. But if we patch together laboriously the partial views and glimpses we obtain, we shall see that, unlike any other Spanish shrine, the Toledo cathe-

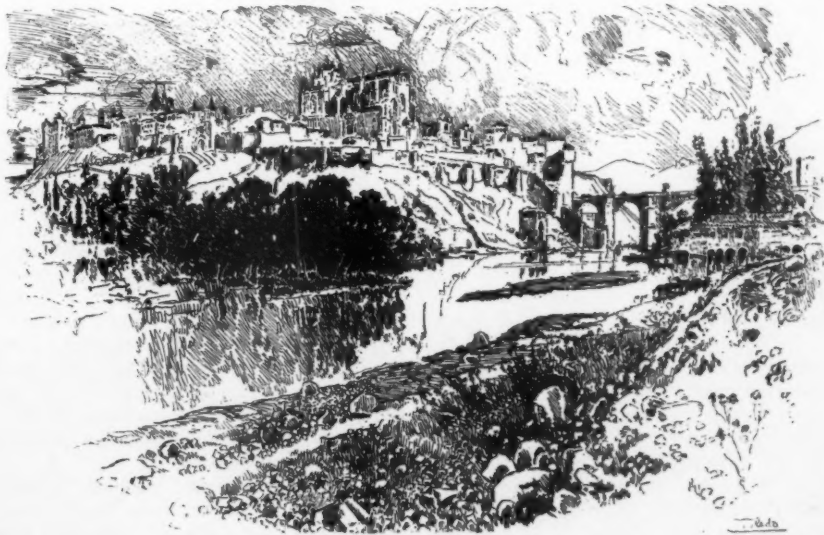
dral equals, if it does not surpass, in majesty of construction and impressiveness the greatest cathedral churches of France.

About the high altar are grouped, according to dynasties, the alabaster tombs of the old kings and the new kings, and the heads of puissant houses of which we have never heard, and mighty warriors whose deeds have escaped the recognition of history. Here they sleep in the courts of peace which once rang with the clatter of their trailing swords. Here they came with their great banners; here Our Lady blessed them with the blessing of her smile; and here they brought back upon their shields those who fell doing her bidding, to sleep forever near her shrine, and within the sweep of her pitying eyes. The cathedral is at once the Valhalla and the Westminster of Spain. Here all her glories are recorded, and here each generation, as it has passed from the stage, stored its noblest dead.

I remember with mixed feelings the two days I spent here, escorted by the seven canons, each with his chain of clanging keys, who opened to me the most secret treasures of the shrines. This favor I owe to the courteous consideration of the cardinal. But I remember with still greater pleasure the days that followed, when, safe from the courtesy of my cicerone, in the disguise of *capa* and straw sandals, I wandered, undisturbed and unlightened, through the sacred precincts. One evening, as I sat and listened to the ves-

per song, an open door in a stone pier which I had never seen before caught my eye. I entered, and, ascending a spiral stairway of stone, across which the cobwebs were drawn as thick and strong as cords, came out of the darkness at last into the light of a little chapel, all amber and alabaster. I touched with reverence the hem of the vestment worn by the image which stood over the deserted altar, and on the moment it crumbled in my hand like October leaves. I never knew to what saint the chapel was dedicated, or why the cult had been withdrawn; and though I sought it often, I never found my way again to this forgotten chapel.

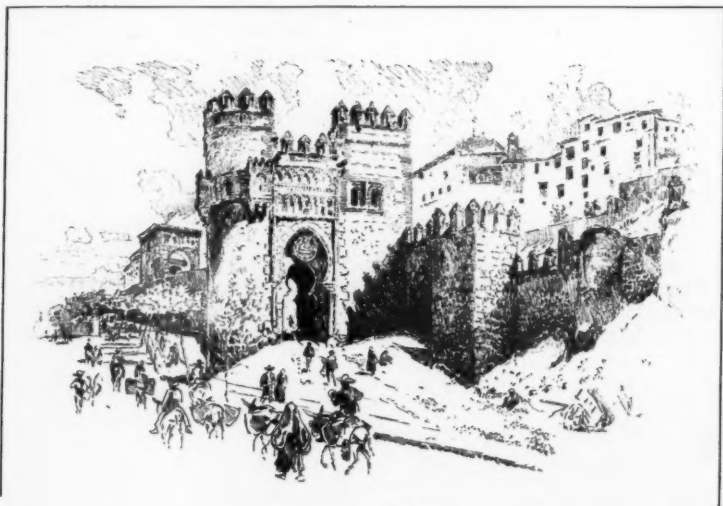
The Virgin of the Sagrario is the popular glory of the cathedral. Her image is carved out of a strange, glistening black wood that seems to be ebony, but is not. No one, however well versed in forestry, has been able to say whence the wood came or where it grew. The image is dark, but comely, like the daughters of Jerusalem; and the legend, perhaps more substantial than many others which the children of the shrine receive with simple faith, is that the image of Our Lady was made from life by a poor wood-carver who cast in his lot with the little band of disciples shortly after the crucifixion; and today, after many strange wanderings and adventures both by land and by sea, and many narrow escapes from destruction at the hands of the heathen from the North and the Moslem from the South, all sheathed in



TOLEDO.

shining silver, the dark image smiles graciously upon her worshipers in the dim light of the Sagrario. Here the peasant girls come, leaving their heavy packs in the cloister, and crawling on hands and knees across the damp, cold stones that cover the moldering bones of forgotten men, to watch with adoring eyes the patron of the women of Toledo. Our Lady of the Sagrario is indeed a great lady, even in this world. She is suzerain over many villages, which pay her yearly a willing tribute of corn and wine. Happy indeed among women are the virgins of Aljofrin, for they are her chosen handmaidens and tirewomen, charged with the care of her vestments. On fête and gala-days these fortunate girls stand near the blessed image,—nearer than the queen and the greatest ladies in the land,—

How we came to know the silent boy who became our inseparable companion while in Toledo is not quite clear. We saw him at first about the cloister of the cathedral, generally asleep in a patch of sunshine. He appeared to be simply a gargoyle or gnome, carved in stone, which had fallen down from its proper place on the façade of the cathedral. Sometimes he saluted us, and sometimes not, as was his mood, and never a word was said about drinking a cup to our health; so we knew him to be as eccentric in character as he was strange in appearance. One day we went to look at some pictures by El Greco, and El Mudo, the silent boy (though we had no name for him then), followed us. Having examined the Grecos, we were horrified, on leaving the church, to hear the sacristan



THE GATE OF THE SUN.

doing her bidding in all humility and trustful obedience. Our Lady's wardrobe is not to be counted. She might wear a different gown twice a day for five years without having to wear the same garment twice. Her robes are stowed away in innumerable closets and drawers in the vestry, and even the incomplete list of her costumes which I have seen would exceed the limits of this article. Her jewels are worth millions, and, like her dresses, are countless. One of her gala robes is weighted with twelve thousand pearls. Formerly the queens of Spain presented Our Lady with their wedding-dresses; but since the court moved to Madrid they have fallen to the Virgin of the Atocha.

offer to sell us the burial certificate of the Greco-Toledan painter for a price which, reduced from reals into our coin, was about one dollar and thirty-five cents. We sternly rebuked the faithless custodian, and were marching proudly away, when we were surprised to see our now animated gargoyle, who had overheard our temptation, turn hand-springs upon the cobblestones, and give other unmistakable signs of delight at our having refused to steal from the church its most precious treasure.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," El Mudo said. "I thought you were English; and I thought you had come to Toledo only to see those miserable pictures of that humbug, the

Greek, and I only saw my mistake when you refused to buy his death certificate. The English always buy his death certificate. That sacristan sells a thousand every year." Through dark passages and winding streets, by a path which we were never able to discover again, he led us to a little temple in a most deserted quarter of even deserted Toledo, where it was plain that the ruins of a Moorish mosque had been utilized in the construction of the Christian shrine. Indeed, there still remain the distinct outlines of the *kaaba* roof. "There is no *cura* for this church," said our lively companion, who, though he now seemed anything but tongue-tied, we still called El Mudo; "there is no sacristan, and all the parishioners are asleep in the Campo Santo; and my aunt, who was the widow of the sacristan, when she died gave me the keys, and I sleep there in winter." We had no reason to doubt El Mudo's story; and when one remembers that there is a church in Toledo for about every twenty inhabitants, it is not strange that one should lapse into disuse, the cult be withdrawn, and the building fall into ruins. Here El Mudo showed us paintings which were undoubtedly canvases of Navarrete, the Castilian.¹ They were covered with mule-blankets, which showed the tender care which the little beggar lavished upon the works of the artist of his choice. They showed the

¹ Navarrete was known as "El Mudo," owing to his physical infirmity, having been a deaf-mute from early childhood.



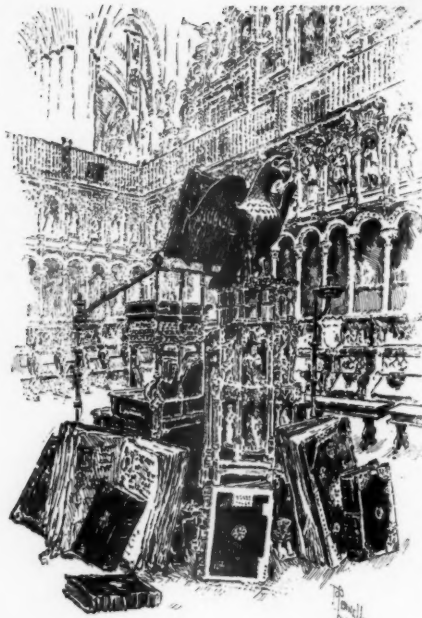
A STREET IN TOLEDO.



AN INN OF TOLEDO.

personality of the painter, but were in no way to be compared with his masterpieces that are preserved in the Escorial. Somewhat depressed at our self-contained admiration of the pictures, El Mudo led us out of the church, replacing the key of which he was the sole custodian under a loose granite boulder. We became inseparable, and he proved a charming companion; only, every now and then, as we wandered through the deserted streets, his wizen face would assume a pleading look, and without further warning we knew intuitively that we were in the vicinity of more Mudos, and our friend, in his silent way, was asking permission to lead us to them.

Late in the afternoon we would rest for a little gossip and a *tertulia* in a *plazuela* that is known as the Little Place of the Fallen Angel. Here, as the shadows lengthened, the tall Saracen beauties of the vicinity assembled, bringing their water-jars, balanced upon their graceful, well-poised heads; and while few wore shoes, all had fresh pink roses entwined in the braids of their jet-black hair. One evening, as a proud beauty stalked across the square, she rebuked a persistent and unwelcome suitor by turning and saying sharply, "No me hace la mosca," or, literally, "Do not bother me like a fly"—a pure Moor-



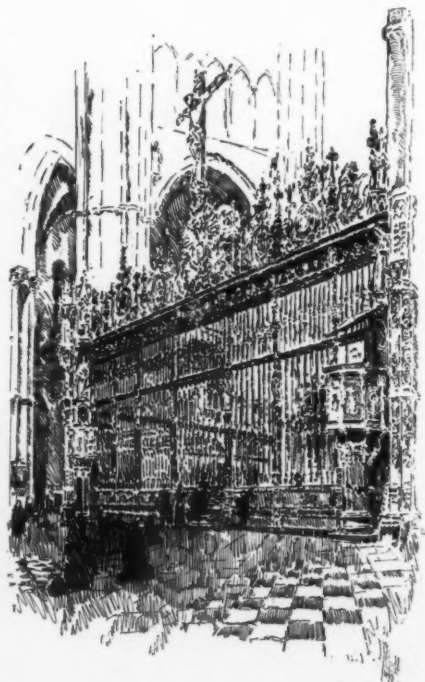
IN THE CHOIR, TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

ish, or rather Arabic, idiom, though the words were Castilian; and when I called the attention of my friend Don Praxedes to it, he agreed, and said with some sadness that it would take five hundred years of a more active propaganda than that practised by the noble ladies of the Convent of St. James, across the way, to stamp out and destroy all trace of the hated Saracen in Toledo, the heart of Castile.

We persuaded Don Praxedes to leave his shop, one day when his business was far from brisk, to go with us at noon to the Gate of the Crumbs by the cloister of the cathedral, where, throughout the ages, the leavings from the cardinal's table have been distributed to the poor. But when we came to the Gate of the Crumbs, a blind man told us that the old custom had been changed somewhat, and that now the food for the poor was distributed at the gate of the palace; so we followed our blind friend as he groped his way around the cathedral walls, and soon found ourselves in the midst of some two hundred cripples and mendicants, who told us that the good cardinal had given up the old custom of distributing food at the cathedral gate because he wished them to have their soup warm—hot from the caldron.

Though sadly diminished, the revenues of the primacy are still large enough to permit the cardinal to follow the dictates of his kindly heart, and to feed, every day of the calendar year, some two hundred of the poor; and on Easter Monday, and other high festivals, the number of those who eat the bread of his charity reaches fifteen hundred or two thousand.

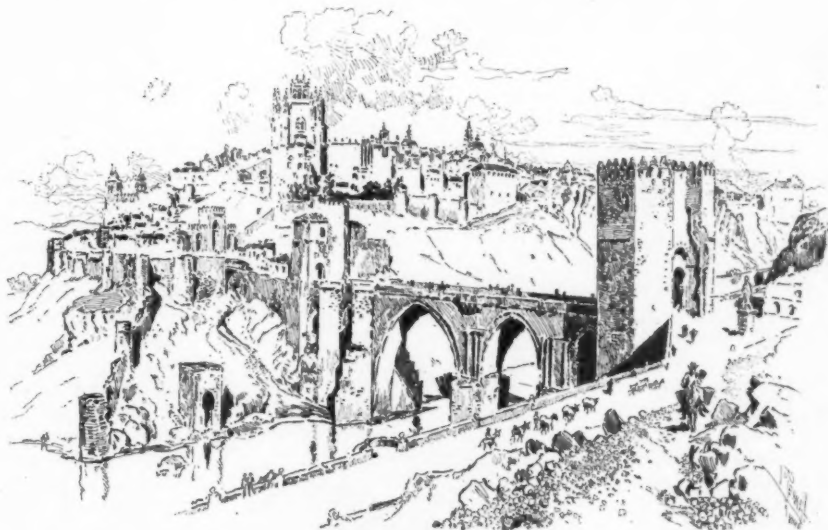
Across St. Martin's Bridge, above the swift but softly flowing river, the great granite rocks rise to a considerable height, in many fantastic shapes, abruptly from the bank. To the eyes of the Toledans, at least, the bridge still reveals stains of the blood that was shed by the last of the Comuneros in the defense of civic and provincial rights against the encroachments and the centralizing influence of the imperial government. After crossing, we ascended by a narrow and rugged pathway, and after a long and somewhat laborious climb reached the top of the cliff and the overhanging rock which is known throughout the country as the Head of the Moor. Half-way down the cliff, and directly under the Head, one comes upon a humble shrine and hermitage dedicated to the Virgin of the Valley, one of the most



THE CHOIR-SCREEN, TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

holy places about the city, dating back to the days before the Reconquista. Here, when their burden of woe is too great to bear unassisted, and when the shadow of sin falls upon their souls, the children of Toledo resort, seeking pardon and consolation. The holy place and the blue-mantled image are always sweet with the flowers of the field that the peasants bring. There is no cura, and no sacristan. There is a rusty bell in

cast about the souls of those unfit for stratagems and spoils. It is always a wild, romantic stream, wherever you stumble across it, as it flows through tawny Spain—a wild, unbridled river, which brooks not the will of commerce, nor suffers upon its bosom the keels of boats that trade. As we climb the hill it is well to recall what the *cigarrales* are. While the Archbishop Rodrigo claims their introduction into Toledan life



ST. MARTIN'S BRIDGE.

the belfry, open to wind and weather, but no bell-ringer. The care of this shrine, being the obligation of no one, has become the concern of all. It is opened in the morning by him who first comes to say his matins in the smile of Our Lady; and it is closed, but only against the roving cattle of the field, at night when the last sound of the Santa Maria has died away, and the last wayfarer has said his prayer and gone upon his way not all in darkness.

To the right of the granite cliff, and about half a mile down the river, is the Mountain of Joy, on the slopes of which are situated the summer homes of the Toledans. We climbed these vine-clad slopes by a winding path, for the pilgrims to the *cigarrales* are of a more plethoric habit than those who climb to the shrine of Our Lady. And as we walked through the pleasant alleys shaded by the almond-trees, we could not escape the charm and the magic which the music of the waters of the Tagus below

for the Goths, it is more than likely that we owe them to the blessed Moors, like almost everything else that is desirable in Spain. For centuries and generations they have been the Apulian farms to which the poets and philosophers of Spain have withdrawn from the annoyances of the world, to enjoy their Falernian wine and figs. As we approach still nearer we find them to be little vine-clad summer-houses, akin in simplicity of architecture to the *huerta* of Seville and the *carmen* of the Alhambra hills. Grouped about the mountain slopes, they peep out from behind trellises of running vines, in an atmosphere sweet with the fragrance of the wild jasmine and the rose; and the cooing of the doves, the cotes of which surmount the little *atalaya*, or watch-tower, of each *cigarral*, is symbolic of the peace and plenty and contentment which here prevail. While the *cigarrales* have not the innumerable fountains of the Seville *huerta*, or the inexhaustible supply of melted snow from the heights

of the Sierra Nevada which gives an arctic freshness to the Granada carmen, they are always delightfully cool and pleasant, while Toledo below is steaming and sizzling in the torrid heat. The gardens are planted with fig- and almond-trees, and, above all, with apricots, the beloved *mech-mech* which the Saracen brought with him from out of the East. You may have eaten the melon of Valence, the peach of Aragon; but until you have eaten the apricot in a Toledan cigaral you will have lived ignorant of luscious fruit. If we credit the popular legends, the romantic poets, the ponderous philosophers, and the historians of many tomes, who have resorted from time to time to these pleasant gardens, have led anything but quiet and ascetic lives, however much they call their workshops their colls—an affectation of the Spanish writer which dates back to the monastic days. The luxury which here prevails, the expenses of these rural retreats, and of the costly *giras* and *convites* (picnics and garden parties) which are given in them, have become proverbial for a light-hearted and thoughtless extravagance.

The most ancient and time-honored basilica of Santa Leocadia, better known to-day as the shrine of the Christ of the Vega, stands alone down by the river, outside the Cambron gate. After walking a few minutes through an alley of dark and mournful cypress-trees, suddenly a strange Romanesque building rises out of the shadows and stands before you. The rays of the setting sun illumine with a warm halo the image in marble, a masterpiece of Beruguete, which beautifully recalls to memory the maiden who here found a blissful martyrdom when the third century of our era was still young. Here in this lonely spot there have always stood a temple and a shrine, where the maidens of Toledo have come to

worship the sweet saint who is their patron. It will be remembered that at a later epoch Santa Leocadia was chosen by Our Lady, and sent down to the cathedral to felicitate St. Ildefonso upon his eloquent and convincing advocacy of the dogma of the immaculate conception. A piece of the veil which Santa Leocadia wore on this day when she appeared in the Toledan council of Gothic bishops, a souvenir for which we are indebted solely to the presence of mind of St. Ildefonso himself, who cut it off with his scissors, is still preserved in the treasury of

relics, and on certain feast-days and holidays is exposed to the osculation of the faithful. In this deserted temple many of the dogmas and canons of the church which are observed to this day were first resolved upon; and here Santa Leocadia, the celestial messenger, and St. Ildefonso, the patron and protector of Toledo, are sleeping their long sleep. It is held by some that Philip, the relic-maniac, had the blessed remains disinterred and carried to the cathedral; but I refuse to believe this act of vandalism even of Philip II. One calls the old deserted shrine Romanesque because in a general way its present appearance is suggestive of that



THE HERMITAGE.

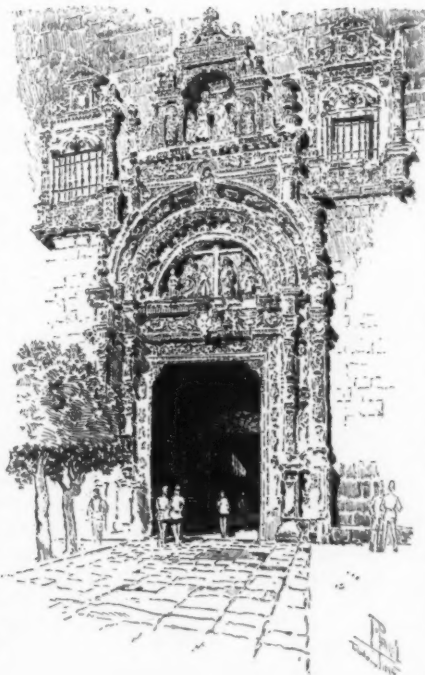
style. On closer inspection, especially from the interior, you see that the temple is an architectural mosaic to which each century and every civilization that has swept over it has contributed a reflection of its light or of its darkness. When some repairs were being made to the marble floor, there came to light the tombstone of a learned Saracen the epitaph of which, after so many centuries of darkness and forgetfulness in which it had been lost, read: "In the name of Allah the Clement and the Most Merciful, believe steadfastly, O my brethren, that the promises of God are sure and cannot fail; and be ye not seduced by the

pleasures of this world, for though they are sweet, they are transitory and pass away like the song of the summer birds." It was a pity to remove the old tombstone to the provincial museum.

As the shadows of evening deepened, we hurried out of the shrine. To the right rose a great white wall with many little doors and openings, suggestive of a baker's mammoth oven. Here in this holy place, by the tombs of the blessed saints, the canons and the higher clergy of the cathedral, and the sisters who nurse in the hospitals, are after death allowed to rest for a brief season, in communion with the saints, until they are removed to make place for the more recent dead. A creaking of iron under my feet showed me that I was passing over the grating above the place of bones, into which the remains of the canons and sisters are emptied when their places are wanted.

Walking to the east, we picked our way through the ruins of the Roman Forum, the Circus, and the Naumachia, of which, one and all, it may be said in a great measure that there stands hardly one stone upon another, or a pillar that has not been thrown down. The ruins are covered and hidden from view by the sands which the receding waves of the flooding river have left. So far as I know, there has been no attempt to dig for the buried treasures which may be awaiting discovery here; and if left to themselves, the Toledans will never make the effort. Crossing the river, we entered the Orchard of the King. Bare and neglected to-day, it brings forth no fruit. Close by the river-bank, and screened from the view of the unsympathetic who do not seek it, molder and decay the ruins of what is known as the palace of the Princess Galiana. It is a shapeless mass of crumbling stone, out of which it requires an effort of the imagination to con-

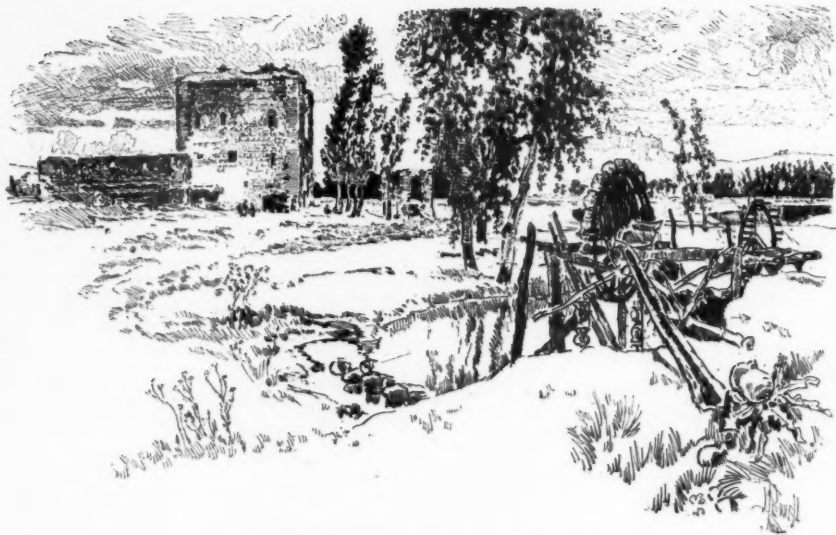
struct a palace at all worthy of the traditions and legends which cluster about the place. Of the many tall towers there remains only one, which was clearly not erected for the humble though useful purpose which it now fills—that of a pigsty, wherein swine and people herded together. The palace was for centuries the summer residence of the Saracen rulers of Toleitola; and, strangely enough, the memory of these great kings and of the mighty captains and vassals who thronged these deserted halls has passed away from us altogether, and the only story that lives on amid the deserted ruins is a story of love—of the happy loves of Galiana, the White Dove of the Moors, and Charlemagne, the golden-haired and blue-eyed Falcon of the Franks. Above the entrance to the palace still hangs the armorial escudo of the great house of Guzman, who have possessed the romantic ruins since the Reconquest.



THE HOSPITAL OF SANTA CRUZ.

DON PRAXEDES lived some twenty paces down a little narrow street which ended at the gate of a stately though deserted palace. Here he lived and toiled, like his forefathers, making all the coffins and all the *arcas*, or trousseau-boxes, that the Toledans required in their day and generation. In the de-

serted palace across the way from his shop, shorn of all its past glories, and a stranger to the obsequious tread of time-serving clients, there lived, in lonely state, a grandee of Spain. He was the head of a great Toledan family that had clung to the Imperial City when all her faithless courtiers deserted her to worship the rising sun; and it is the proud boast of this clan that no member of it has ever appeared at court since the court moved from Toledo. One, and only one, advantage has come to this family for its constancy to the Imperial City: it still bears the great name which



THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE MOORISH KINGS.

the sons of the house have illustrated with their knightly deeds, though the mere title which precedes the family name is of low degree. Unlike his great peers, the Lemas, the Oropesas, and the Rivadeos, who, by the cunning device of the Flemish and the Bourbon kings, have been promoted past recognition, and wear ducal titles which stand for nothing in Castilian story, this grandee, who is awaiting the return of the court to Toledo, remains a simple count.

Sometimes I would catch sight of him as, bent apparently under the accumulated woes of centuries of neglect, he stalked about his palace like a restless spirit. He wore a ruff, stiffly starched, and upon his coat of antiquated cut glistened great silver buttons. His eyes, deeply sunk in their sockets, looked out upon the world with a proud sadness that spoke of a thousand years of sorrow and isolation. Often I saw him stand for hours by the window, seemingly abandoned to his dreams, and enveloped in the shadows of his cheerless life. Then, as the darkness deepened, he would wake up with a strange cheerfulness in his eyes, and look down into the dingy cellar where Don Praxedes was hammering away on his coffins; and, with an "Until to-morrow, if it be God's will, Don Praxedes," he would disappear for the day.

Santa Maria la Blanca, in the heart of the Juderia, has passed through many hands, and served a variety of purposes. It was built as

a mosque, then turned over to the Jews and consecrated as a synagogue; then it became, in turn, a convent of Magdalens, and a chapter-house of the Knights of Calatrava, and then a church. Now it seems a mosque again, though deserted and silent, and every trace of the various transformations through which it has passed has disappeared. As you sit in the courtyard, in the shade of the trees, and listen to the melody of the many fountains, you think to hear the warning voice of the muezzin as he sings out from his tower: "Sleep is good, but prayer is better. Great is Allah!"

In the days of Don Pedro the Cruel, when the Jews were mighty and powerful in the Imperial City, the Transito was the most magnificent of their synagogues. You can still read the legend, which says: "This is the sanctuary of the Lord God of Israel, the tower of cedar that Samuel built to make manifest the law decreed by God, and to enlighten those who seek perfection. God was with him and is with us." The tracery on the stuccoed walls, and the delicate carving in the cedar arches, is of the best Andaluz-Saracen period. It would seem to present the dream of a soldier of Ali, as he sleeps on the shores of the Atlantic, and recalls the beauty of the trees, the nodding flowers, the sweet-voiced birds, that he has passed since leaving the shores of the Red Sea, on his Odyssey of conquest. This was the Sion of the Hebrews of Toledo until the day when the spirit moved

San Vicente de Ferrer to preach a crusade against them, with the result that they were all massacred as they crouched before the holy of holies—all who would not abjure their faith, and be born again in the holy water which the saint carried in his left hand to leave his sword-arm free.

LIFE in Toledo is very still and tranquil; the current of human activity seems to be spent. There are no gatherings of the people, except at funerals and celebrations of the dead past. One morning, however, I came into the Calle Ancha de las Angustias (the Broad Street of Sorrows), and found it in a strange, unusual turmoil. Churchman and layman were hurrying along the serpentine way, eying one another suspiciously, as though

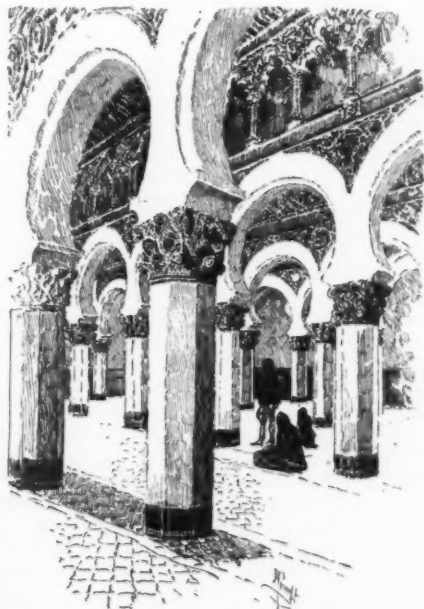
fearful of being outstripped and deprived of the reward for which they strove. I was swept along by the current, and was indeed almost carried off my feet at the joy of seeing people. Soon we reached the parish church of Santo Tomé, famous for the obsequies of the Count Orgiaz, in which, as represented in the canvas of Greco still hanging in the old church, celestial choirs of angels took part. Since this memorable occasion the church has been the favorite place for funerals. As the priests and the peasants disappeared through the narrow gate and were swallowed up by the

darkness within, I lingered a moment to read a notice nailed to the door, which set forth that, as requested in his last will and testament, a requiem mass was about to be offered in the chapel for the repose of the soul of Don Fulano. As further devised by the deceased, it was stated that a *limosna*, or alms, would be doled out to those who joined in the service, according to the following scale of prices: ten reals (or fifty cents) for every canon or other member of the higher clergy, six reals to each merchant in the city, and

four reals to the peasant of the Sagra. These were the inducements that filled the Broad Street of Sorrows with hurrying, almost scampering figures, and crowded the dark church with so many worshipers. When the prayers were all said, the almoner stood by the door with a great leather bag, out of which he paid the assistants for their prayers, according to the published rates.

One morning the roar of cannon startled the city from its slumbers, and the echoes reverberated a hundredfold through the rock-bound valley of the Tagus. I hastened to the window, and at a glance saw that the town had been quickened into new life and activity which were strange and unfamiliar. Welcome sunshine flooded with warmth and brightness the damp, sepulchral street

in which we lived, and across the way the dark and gloomy palace of the Alvarez de Toledo, where never before had I seen a creature stirring, nor a sign of human habitation, was draped with the tattered banners brought home from long-forgotten wars; and on the broad balconies and in the long-closed windows I saw bright and smiling faces, not the frowning specters of the past that had haunted them before. Again the roar of cannon rang through the winding streets; then a rattle of fireworks, and the hurrying footsteps of some half a dozen people—a



SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA.

Toledan crowd—fell upon my ear.

"The kings of the glorious days are coming back to Toledo!" I cried, in my enthusiasm; "and the roar of the cannon hails the raising of the imperial standard over the long-deserted Alcázar!" And so I hastened out to see the strange and wonderful sight. Though I had never seen so many people afoot in Toledo before, nor met on every hand with such undeniable evidence that Toledo, after all, was inhabited, yet everything is comparative, and I confess that I had scurried about

for at least ten minutes through winding streets into delusive blind alleys without meeting with any one, until at last, when out of breath and in despair, I stumbled across a canon of the cathedral whom I knew.

"Well," I cried, as I caught the bright and cheerful expression which his countenance wore, "it must be true, then! At last the kings are coming back! The cardinal archbishop is to be proclaimed *tertius rex* throughout the Castiles, and supreme in Toledo; and everything will end for the best in this the best of all possible worlds." But Don Tumersindo only shook his head. After a shrug of his ample shoulders, he cheered up a bit, and said: "Not that; not quite that as yet; but come it will." Don Tumersindo and I, it should be said, had arranged the destinies of the world for several centuries to come, one evening, as we smoked in the luxurious cell of our historical friend who dwells in the cigarral on the slope of the Mountain of Joy. "But 't is a great day in the annals of the city, all the same," said Don Tumersindo. "To-day we celebrate the victory of the cross and Don Juan over the paynim pirates at Lepanto. We sing the *Te Deum* in the cathedral at eleven; you must not fail to come." And so the worthy canon hastened on; for the robing of the vestments which the higher clergy wear on this glorious day is a momentous matter, and takes much time, though the acolytes and the altar-boys are able tirewomen.

Celebrating the battle of Lepanto! With greatly moderated speed, I now proceeded through the labyrinth of streets, and so came at last to the cathedral church of St. Mary, which rises out of a swamp in the midst of the city, far above the tallest tower and the most lofty monuments which crown the Seven Hills; and every palace that I passed on my way was hung with tattered banners and moth-eaten tapestries which illustrate the exploits of that glorious day, and even the great cathedral itself I found changed past all recognition. With eyes that blinked in the strange, unusual glare which the innumerable candles of beeswax shed, I saw suspended before the altar the tattered, war-worn banners which Don Juan had unfurled to the battle-breeze on that decisive day, vowing to have them preserved forever in the Church of St. Mary should the cross triumph over the crescent. The Christian banners,

with their golden images of saints and martyrs, flaunted proudly in the breeze that blew through the windy aisles; and beneath them hung, damp, drooping, and dejected, the war-standards that were captured from the great Suleiman on that day of deliverance for all Christendom. The Toledans thronged the church in attitudes of prayer, thanksgiving, and tearful gratitude. As the triumphant strains of the *Te Deum* came echoing down the whispering aisles, as the procession emerged from the chapter-house, tears of joy streamed down many a furrowed cheek, and it was as though, by the wise and merciful ordering of Providence, a great danger and a menace had been removed from their horizon, and that it had all happened but yesterday.

The last echo of the psalm of victory had hardly died away on the breeze when I stood before the coffin-shop, with my *alforjas* packed, and ready for the journey back into the living world. I bade a last farewell to Don Praxedes. We drank a parting *copa*; and when he asked me why I went, I could only say that the spell was broken, and remind him of what he said to me the night the peasant girl with the beautiful raven hair was brought by her lover and her brother to be measured for her bier: "'T is a beautiful corpse, but the soul has fled. Why tears?" And then we were off, clattering down the echoing streets, followed by his hearty "May you ride with God!"

We gallop out of the city and across the Sagra as though fearful of pursuit. Only when two leagues away, and we reach the last rising ground that commands a view of the dying city, we think to pull rein and turn. The setting sun gilds again with a passing glory the mighty towers and the massive battlements of the fortress that once was Cæsar's. But even as we linger there the shadows gather more darkly and the heavy mist-clouds roll up from the river, and the City of the Generations, wrapped in the tattered mantle of its kings, fades away into the invisible; and it seems, as I turn and ride away toward the living world, as though some tender goddess of the Homeric days had cast a veil of pity between the heroic city that lies dying there without vassals and without slaves, and the cold, careless gaze of curious prying eyes.

PICTURES FOR DON QUIXOTE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

WITH UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS BY VIERGE.¹



"Many times he held dispute with the Priest of his village and with Master Nicholas the Barber."

IT is always a question with people of advancing years, as the retreating years are politely called, how much their youngers are worse than themselves in their morals, manners, and tastes. We poor old fellows get perhaps our greatest comfort in convicting the new fellows of inferiority in all; and we need very little evidence to bring them in guilty, whatever sort we accuse them in. As I am in the literary line, I naturally censure them for neglect of the best literature; and since I was turned fifty (a very pretty age, I can tell the reader, looked back upon from the slope of a decade later) I have found a peculiar pleasure in agreeing with other mature persons on this point. One night last winter a company of us doubted, with

much self-satisfaction, whether people now read the Bible even as much as they used; and as for the profane classics, it appeared to us that they were indifferent to them all.

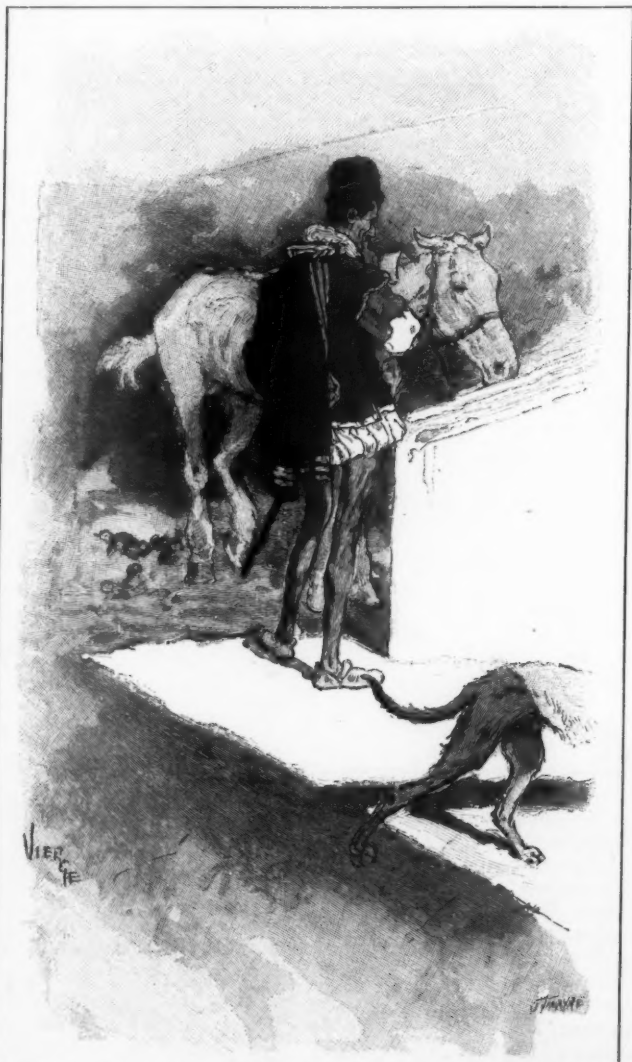
I am not so sure of this now; and yet so much of the conclusion lingers with me that I wish some one would make it a subject of inquiry, and give us the figures concerning it. They need not be very full; the fact concerning a small average of culture ought to show whether people still read, say, "Paradise Lost," very much, or the "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Arabian Nights," or "The Spectator," or "The Faerie Queene," or the "Essay on Man," or "Gil Blas," or "Ivanhoe," or "Don Quixote." Perhaps people never read these books so much as we suppose, and perhaps some modern things are better worth reading. I am not positive, and I am rather cu-

¹ Attention is called to the fact that the drawings are not from Mr. Jaccaci's book, here referred to, but are original with THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

rious than eager, though I own that I should like to have the pushing generations behind me brought to shame in any just way.

With regard to myself, I do not think it

not. I am so far from this that I doubt if any human being does it; and if any one does it, I think he might safely be shunned as the dullest of our kind, which is not much



"Four days were spent by our gentleman in meditating on what name to give him."

pertinent to say how many of these masterpieces I am familiar with, or how long it is since I read any of them. I am not of those exemplary friends of the best literature who "make it a rule" to read all of Scott once every year, or all of Shakspeare, or all of Horace, or all of Macaulay's essays, or what

to brag of at its brightest. But, nevertheless, there are some things (besides the "Bab Ballads" and Tourguénief's novels and "War and Peace") which I have read a good many times, and which I like so much that I should grieve to have them fall into forgetfulness. Whenever I find a man vividly remembering

one of these favorites, I cannot help thinking well of him, and I think well of him in spite of the evidence he bears against my elderly man's conviction that we are all going to the bad in our tastes.

No doubt it was my liking Miguel Cervantes so much that made me willing to like Mr. August F. Jaccaci more than a little in his recent book, "On the Trail of Don Quixote"; and yet, if the book were merely an unrelated study of the Don Quixote country, I think I should have found it charming. It is, in fact, very sparsely related to the greatest of

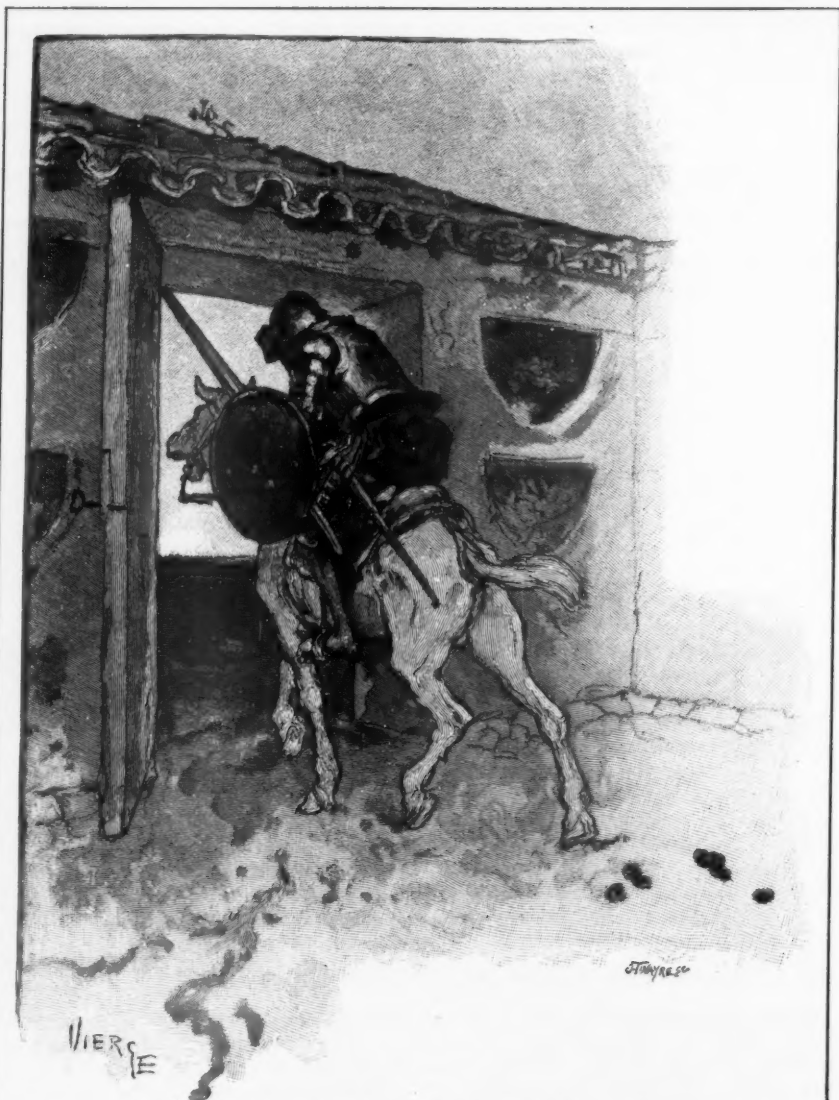
Perhaps it would not, just in their meaning, and perhaps all his acceptance in La Mancha does not prove the continued primacy of Don Quixote in romance. I am not sure that his perpetuity is attested even by the devotion of such a talent as Daniel Vierge's, who, Mr. Jaccaci tells us, is to make the illustration of the knight's history the crowning achievement of his own career. There is some danger, when one art comes potentially to the interpretation of another, that the translation may take the place of the original; and it is to be hoped that Señor Vierge will



"Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and . . . he decided to call her Dulcinea del Toboso."

romances in its singularly sincere and unaffected detail. There is no moment of straining for the interest of the fictitious incidents or characters, and there need be none, for the real facts and types of the Don Quixote country are dramatic and picturesque enough of themselves. With his modern fellow-citizens it appears that the knight-errant is still a prophet, and his memory is cherished among those of his own household, whatever measure of oblivion it may be falling into with the rest of the world. They talk about him in the inn at Argamasilla as if he had actually lived, and they believe that his history is full of a science which, if one could fully fathom it, would make one rich.

not make his Don Quixote more memorable than Cervantes's. What I see that he will really do is to make the scenes and persons of the romance as close copies of the life and landscape of the actual La Mancha as may be. They will lose in this the sort of universality which the long ignorance of readers concerning both has given them, and I do not say that I shall not grieve for this loss; but I cannot deny that the events of Don Quixote's history are supposed to take place in La Mancha, and I have no reason to urge against the rankest local color in the artist's treatment. People still live there as in the time of Cervantes, if not earlier; and it is part of the enchantment of Mr. Jaccaci's book that



"And by the back gate of the yard sallied out into the plain."

it imparts the sense of changeless conditions. In a world where everything else changes La Mancha remains the same, or, if it changes at all, it changes for the worse. It is savager, forlornier, barrenier, lazier in the classes, and hungrier in the masses, and poorer in all as the traveler sees it than as the romancer saw it; but it is of the same temperament, the same fantastic quality, mixed with the same shrewd, hard matter-of-fact; it is still capa-

ble both of the knight and of the squire. Neither manners nor customs are different. The dress of the common people is so much alike in both ages that the artist easily finds his sixteenth-century types in the nineteenth. At any rate, this seems to be the experience of Señor Vierge in making the pictures for Mr. Jaccaci's book, which affect me like material for the illustration of Cervantes's romance. The artist followed the traveler

"On the Trail of Don Quixote," and the reader who takes the pains to compare the sketches in this paper with those in that volume will be interested to find how much alike the real and the imaginary Manchegans are.

He will do well to make the most of this fidelity, I think; for there are some things which he will miss in the illustrations, not through a defect in the artist so much as through a condition of his art. He can take only a moment of the drama, and he can seize only a few facts of the scene. The

tings of his helmet, and that the landlord of the inn where he stopped on his first adventure had to pour the wine into his mouth by means of a hollow reed, we are full of the author's compassionate respect for his poor hero, and we feel all the pathos of the knight's anxiety for the frail trappings which had cost him so much trouble; but there can be nothing of this in the picture which Señor Vierge gives us. There is only a grotesque figure in a burlesque helmet, and a swaggering joker of an innkeeper doing his



"A swineherd, who was collecting from the stubbles a drove of hogs, sounded a horn."

most vital facts, the author's mood and feeling, he can scarcely even suggest, though these are what color and qualify all the reader's impressions. When Cervantes tells us that Don Quixote would not cut the la-

part, with those two light girls sitting by. For the artist it is, and must be, primarily a question of "values," and ultimately, or not at all, a question of emotions. One has a sense of mere cruelty from it, and this is what never

happens to one in reading the book; for the sweetness of Cervantes's own humanity is through it all, so that, whatever repeated humiliations of Don Quixote he reports, he defends you from the worst effect by sharing with you his own tenderness for the knight's

All this, however, is merely saying that literature is the only art that fully satisfies; the others are clever makeshifts. Yet so long as there are books that touch the fancy there will be pictures for such books, and we shall always want the pictures till we get them.



Walter Pater. "Whom the damsels (for they were now reconciled) were disarming."

dignity. I recall that, in seeing Sir Henry Irving's sketches of Don Quixote on the stage, I suffered in like manner and measure from certain things done to the magnanimous lunatic. They made me *creep*, as the saying is; but in reading of the same things, somehow, one never creeps.

Then they will somewhat disappoint us. But even if there were some process, as I dare say there will be one day, for transferring to a miraculously sensitized surface the very play of our own graphic sympathies, I am afraid we should not quite like the visible result, and I am sure we should not accept it

as authoritative. It is a question of translation. We like to make our own version when we know the language of the original, for somehow we get more out of it than if

is that apparent fidelity to the external fact and circumstance which I have spoken of. It is what Cervantes himself was always trying for in his romance, and nothing in it is more



"But to give him drink was impossible if the host had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into the Knight's mouth, poured the wine down the other."

we took the far better version of a far better scholar; and yet the masterpieces must be translated again and again.

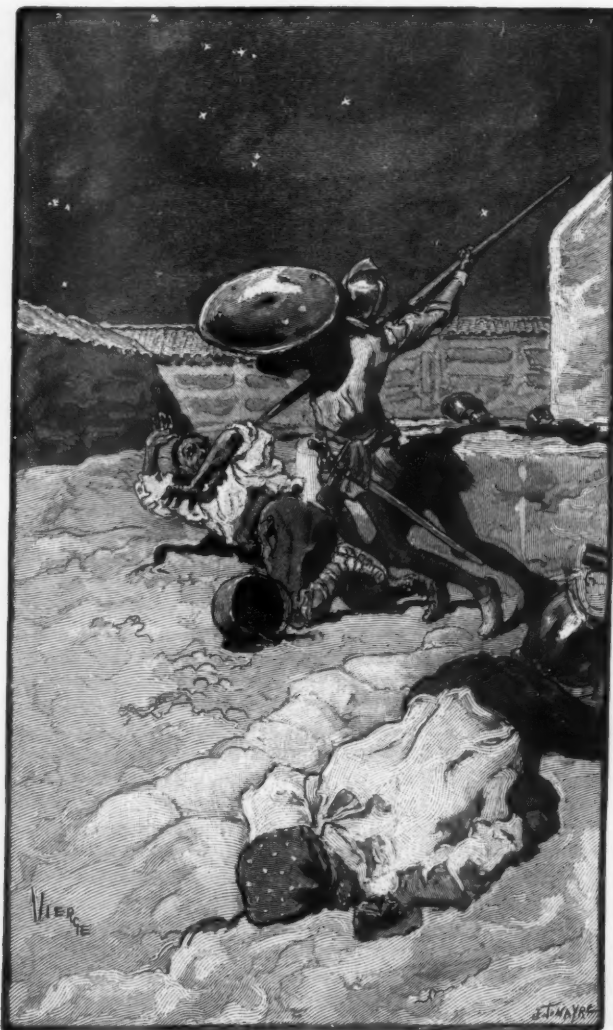
What I think will probably be found of peculiar value in Señor Vierge's version of the persons and incidents of "Don Quixote"

notable than his almost impassioned love for the setting of his story. He wants to get that down cold, and until he has it one feels that he is not easy as to the light his characters will appear in, or sure that they will be understood as he meant them to be. Mr. Jaccaci

notes in his extremely intelligent book that the quarrel between realism and romanticism is no new thing. The Spanish picaresque novel was the protest of the senses

the heart. Yet if Don Quixote were out of Cervantes's romance, Lazarillo might be put in with no very great violence to the setting.

Of course it will be said that Don Quixote



"Don Quixote, without speaking a word or asking any one's favour, again loosed his shield and again raised his lance."

against the fancies. Quevedo and Mendoza and Cervantes are of one artistic faith, and are different only in the spirit in which they worship real life. Cervantes brings to it a tenderness unknown to the others, whose pitiless pictures of the hunger and raggedness and houselessness of their Spain rend

is the great matter, that he is the Hamlet of the piece, which he cannot be left out of without indefinitely impoverishing it; and that is true. But if any one went on from this to say that the presence of the ideal in Don Quixote was the great matter, I should wish to distinguish, and to prove, if

possible, that Don Quixote was no more ideal than Sancho Panza. He is as simply and merely a crack-brained gentleman of La Mancha as Sancho is a fat-witted peasant, and one is scarcely more fantastic than the other. Cervantes is at the greatest pains to find them both out to the last detail of their actuality, and his fullness in this is what leaves the artist very little to add. I fancy this is what would make him most difficult to illustrate, not to say impossible, if the artist attempted to illustrate him "imaginatively." But this, above all, is just what Señor Vierge does not try to do. So far as he goes, he illustrates him literally, and the conditions of his art seem to blame, rather than he, where he falls short. He puts into graphic terms as much as he can of what Cervantes has already put into verbal terms.

It is only a tenth, a hundredth, a thousandth part of the original; but this is the difference between the literary and the pictorial arts. If you wish to see the Manchegan landscapes and interiors and people, not as you see them in Cervantes, but as Cervantes saw them in La Mancha, here you have a very fair chance of doing so. Probably you will not like seeing them so at first, for the manifold associations of our life supply the atmosphere through which we view literature, and we cannot put these from us without a certain discomfort, a certain wound. Still, if we could it might be well; and unless we do so we shall not get the good of Señor Vierge's pictures, which shine, not to say glare, with the intense light of reality, with nothing to soften it but the haze of heat which seems to beat up in them under the unsparing rays of the Manchegan sun. .

CLUB AND SALON.

BY AMELIA GERE MASON,
Author of "Women of the French Salons."

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.



UT it is of the intellectual and social value of the club that I wish more especially to speak here. It is often asked by thoughtful foreigners why American women, who are free to pursue

any career they like, with ample privileges of education and the universal reign of the literary club, have produced no writers of the first order, measured even by the standards of their own sex. One finds many clever ones, and a few able ones, but no Jane Austen, no George Eliot, no Mme. de Staël, no Mrs. Browning. This may be partly due to the fact that we have not yet passed the period of going to school. It is possible that another generation, reared in the stimulating atmosphere of this, may give us some rare flower of genius, if its mental force be not weakened by the general pouring-in process, or dissipated in the modern tendency toward limitless expansion and dilution. But club life in itself is not directly favorable to creative genius. The qualities of the imagination never flourish in crowds, though a certain

order of talent does flourish there—a talent that brings quicker returns and more immediate consideration, at far less cost. The salon made brilliant and versatile women who were noted for conversation and diplomacy; it made charming women who ruled men and affairs through rare gifts of administration, tempered with intelligent sympathy and tact; it made executive women, and finely critical women, and masterful women, who left a strong and lasting impression upon the national life: but, though they lived in the main intellectual current of their time, stimulated and inspired its leaders, and had much to do with its direction, they seldom made a serious effort in literature themselves. The few who have left a name in letters only illustrate the fact that individual genius is a flower of another growth. Mme. de Staël would have been a great woman under any conditions; but we owe all of her best work in literature to her exile from the social life of Paris, where her thoughts had no time to crystallize. The gift of Mme. de Sévigné was nearly allied to a conversational one, but her mind was matured and deepened during years of seclusion under the lonely

skies of Brittany. Mme. de la Fayette left the world of the salons early, to find her literary inspiration in the solitude of ill health and the stimulating friendship of La Rochefoucauld. Mme. du Châtelet, whose talent was of another color, wrote on philosophy and translated Newton, not in the breezy air of the salons, but in the tranquil shades of Cirey and the less tranquil society of Voltaire. There were other women who wrote, though they usually chose to hide a light which was not a very brilliant one, and to shine in other ways. It may be that it was the salon which made these women possible, as it created an intellectual atmosphere in which thought blossomed into intense and vivid life; but its direct tendency was to foster in women talents of a quite different sort from creative ones. It developed to a high degree, however, the fine discrimination and critical sense which led Rousseau to say that "a point of morals would not be better discussed in a society of philosophers than in that of a pretty woman of Paris."

The clubs have hardly lived long enough to justify a final judgment as to their outcome; but the best writers of our own time have not been, as a rule, actively identified with them, though a few, whose minds were already formed in another school, have had much to do in founding and leading them. The many able women who have given their time and talents to the clubs have oftener merged their literary gifts, if they had them, into work of another sort, not less valuable in its way, but less tangible and less individual. It is the work of the general, who plans, organizes, sifts values, adapts means to definite ends, but who lives too much in the swift current of affairs to give heed to the voice of the imagination, or to master the art of literary form which alone makes for thought a permanent abiding-place.

But if the clubs do not produce great creative writers,—who, after all, are born, not made,—they furnish a multitude of ready ones, and an army of readers who are likely to have a dominant voice in the taste of the next generation. The result is certain to be—indeed, is already—a voluminous literature. The quantity of a thing, however, does not insure its fine quality; oftener the reverse. Naturally, the question of standards becomes one of grave importance, unless we are ready to accept the rule of the average, which more than offsets the rise of the lowest by the fall of the highest, with an ultimate tendency downward. We grow in the

direction of our ideals, and these are measured by the height of our standards. That many of the clubs have exalted ideals, and are doing a great deal of valuable work, is not a matter of doubt. It is equally certain that some of them work with a zeal that is not according to knowledge, through lack of capable leaders, and through a fallacy, nowhere so fatal as in art and letters, that the wish to do a thing is equivalent to a talent for doing it.

There is no doubt that American women read and discuss books enough. It may be that we read too many. One may devour books as one does bonbons, and with little more profit. Nor is there any doubt that we write papers enough and hear talks enough on every imaginable subject, from the antediluvians to the Cuban question. To whatever all this mental activity may lead, it does not always lead to culture, even of the mind, and I take the word, unqualified, to include much more. It does lead to a broad diffusion of intelligence, but there is an essential difference between intelligence and culture. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is quite possible, in running after the one, to run away from the other. The woman who belongs to ten or twelve clubs in order to be "up-to-date," and to learn enough of all sorts of things to be able to talk about them, may find her social compensation and a harmless way of amusing herself, if she likes that sort of amusement; but if she aims at mental culture, that is another affair. It is not a matter of facts and phrases and formulas that one goes in search of, but an inward growth, the result of long and loving companionship with the best thought of the world, which is not at all the same thing as a fitting acquaintance with a multitude of subjects, or the ability to talk glib platitudes about the latest fads in art or science or literature. Such companionship is found to only a limited extent in gatherings of any sort; but stimulus and inspiration may be found there, and here lies the true intellectual value of the club. To thoughtful and sincere women, who have a certain amount of training and natural gifts of assimilation, with small facilities for contact with the thinking world, it is a priceless boon. But to narrow and untrained intellects that like to flit from one thing to another, content with a flying glimpse and a telling point or two which will go far toward making them seem wise to the uninitiated, there are large possibilities in the way of what we may call imitation culture. It is simply another out-

let for the ambition of the *parvenue* who puts on costly clothes and rare jewels in the comfortable assurance that "fine feathers make fine birds."

It will, I think, be conceded that the special distinction of the American woman does not lie in her intellect or her learning. Brilliant gifts and attainments, to a certain point, may indeed be exceptionally frequent; but they have often been equaled, if not exceeded, in the past. It lies, rather, in her talent for utilizing knowledge and adapting it to visible ends. To a combination of many talents has been added one to make them all available. It is essentially a talent for "arriving," in other words, a talent for success, either with or without intellectual ability of a high order, and consists largely in a keen insight as to serviceable values, with a marked facility for catching salient points and using them to the best advantage. The result is that no women in the world have so much versatility, or make a little knowledge go so far.

On the social side this talent is invaluable, and it is one of their most piquant charms, when the sharp corners of provincialism are rubbed off. On the intellectual side, however, though it gives an adaptable quality to genuine scholarship, it drifts easily into superficiality and affectation. I do not mean to say that the club is responsible for the fact that a hundred charlatans follow in the wake of every real talent, as a hundred *Tartufes* in the wake of every saint—when saints are in fashion; but it is responsible when it takes a bit of colored glass for a gem. It is sure, also, to suffer from the pretension of those who ill represent it. The salon, which made things of the intellect a fashion, received its worst blow in the house of its friends. *Madelon*, in "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," looked upon life as a failure if she chanced to miss the last romance, or portrait, or madrigal, or sonnet; and *Cathos* declared that she should die of shame if any one asked her about something new which she had not seen. The pen of Molière sketched the crude copy of a fine thing in colors too vivid to be mistaken, and henceforth the copy stood for the thing. The world had its indiscriminating laugh at the salons; good taste blushed at the company in which it found itself; and the interests of intelligent women were put back for a generation. It was not the first time that a good cause has suffered from its too zealous followers, nor is it likely to be the last. The world moves in circles, even if there be a

spiral tendency upward, as the optimists amiably assure us.

Doubtless we fancy ourselves much wiser than those seventeenth-century *précieuses* whose imitators did them so much harm. Certainly we put more seriousness into our pretensions. But we have our own little faults and affectations, though they are not precisely the same. We do not devote ourselves to portraits, or sonnets, or madrigals. We do not moralize in maxims, good or bad, nor do we pretend to be sentimental; indeed, we pretend not to be, if we are. Sentiment is out of fashion. The modern *Philaminte* may look with chilling pity upon her belated sister who has the courage to like Tennyson and Mrs. Browning, when she ought to prefer Ibsen and the symbolists; but she is not likely to faint at a common word, or dismiss her cook for a solecism. Our foibles are of quite another sort. Instead of painting little pictures on a small canvas, we take a very large canvas and pad our pictures to fit it. We do not map out the passions on a *carte du tendre*, or give our valuable time to the discussion of a high-flown Platonism which cradles a woman in rose-leaves, while her lover waits for her a dozen years or so because it is vulgar to marry; but we map out the fields of the intellect, extending from protoplasm to the fixed stars, and undertake to traverse the whole as confidently as we start for a morning walk. If we cannot get over the ground fast enough, we can take an electric train and catch flying glimpses sufficient to give us a pleasant consciousness of being "up-to-date."

Such vast aims are, no doubt, praiseworthy, and reflect great credit on the clubs which have demonstrated so clearly the expansive quality of the feminine mind; but they are also fatiguing, and suggest the possibility that these same clubs are pushing us a little too fast and too far. One is often forced to the conclusion that we should do more if we did not try to do quite so much. It is very well to follow Emerson's advice to "hitch your wagon to a star"; but he never proposed hitching it to all the constellations at once. When I hear the Greek poets, the Italian painters, the English novelists, and the German masters disposed of at a symposium in a single afternoon, as I did not long ago, I wonder if the rare quality of mental distinction which made the glory of the Immortals will exist at all in the future; whether we shall not build tents for our thoughts instead of temples; whether, indeed, the finest flavor of thought will not be as hopelessly lost as the

perfume of the flowers that are scattered in indiscriminate heaps along the highways to show their quantity.

Nor is there less danger in attempting too large things than too many things. It is certainly courageous for a woman who knows little of history, less of philosophy, and nothing at all about the art of writing, to undertake the Herculean task of preparing a paper on "The Pagan Philosophers and their Schools." With the best efforts, she will have only a few outlines of facts and second-hand opinions, which might have a certain value if either she or her audience proposed to fill them out. But this is precisely what the modern woman who wishes to know a little of everything has no time to do, even if she have the inclination. There is to be a similar outline of Greek literature the next week, one of the Middle Ages the week after, and so on to the end of the season, when she has a fine collection of skeletons, with no flesh and blood on any of them, if, indeed, the skeletons themselves have not vanished into thin air. The Forty Immortals would shrink with dismay from the magnitude of such a scheme. The worst of it is that one comes to have a false sense of perspective, and to judge works of the intellect by their size instead of their quality—like the pretentious but ignorant woman who gravely remarked, after hearing a brilliant talk from a brilliant man on Irish wit, that she "did not find it very improving." There is, too, the natural result of calling things by the wrong names, and mistaking the thinnest of veneering for culture.

It is by no means necessary, or even desirable, that every woman belonging to a club should be a *savante*; indeed, considering the number of the clubs, I am not sure that this would not bring about a more deplorable state of affairs than if there were none at all. It may even be better for the average woman to know a little about many things than all about one thing, if she has a certain discrimination as to values, and the fine sense of proportion which is the result of more or less mental training. But it is desirable that each one should have at least a little knowledge of what she undertakes to write or talk about. Why a woman who might have something to say concerning certain phases of our colonial life should be asked to write a paper on Greek art, of which she has not even read, much less thought, or one who is more or less familiar with various pleasant corners of English literature should be called upon to entertain her hearers on the Italian Renaissance, of which she knows nothing whatever, is one

of the mysteries of the new era. "I am so glad to see you," said one woman to a friend whom she met on the street. "I have a paper to write on the symbolists. You know all about such things. What are the symbolists, anyway?" We are told that when the blind lead the blind, both are likely to come to grief.

A still more serious danger lies in the endless multiplication of clubs, which offers an irresistible temptation to those who like to cull a little here, and a little there, without too exacting effort in any direction. They may all be valuable in themselves, but because it is good to belong to one or two active clubs of different aims, it does not follow that it is good to belong to a dozen; and I know of a woman who claims with pride that she belongs to twenty-two! "Moderation is the charm of life," said Jean Paul, and one sees with regret how little of that sort of charm there is left; indeed, I am not sure that it has not ceased to be considered a charm. We may find a note of warning in the later days of the great salons. The social life of the eighteenth century reads like a page of our own, with its whirl of *conversazioni*, its talks on science, its experiments in chemistry, physiology, psychology, its mania for discussing literature, art, and philosophy. The literary salons had blossomed into great centers of intellectual brilliancy, of which all this life was the natural pendant. It was the fashion then, as now, for women to concern themselves with affairs of state; to talk of the rights of man, though they had less to say than we have about the rights of woman; to dream of a social millennium, which they were doomed to wade through rivers of blood without reaching. They too invaded the secrets of the laboratory, and even the surgeon's domain. We hear of a young countess who carried a skeleton in her trunk when she went on a journey, "as one might carry a book to read," in order to study anatomy. These women, like ourselves, aimed to know a little of everything. They too were fired with the passion for intelligence and the passion for multitudes. With the craving for novelties came the ever-growing need of a stronger spice to make them palatable. In this carnival of the mind they lost their faith and simplicity, loved with their brains instead of their hearts, forgot their natural duties, and found natural ties irksome. Longing for rest without the power to rest, they suffered from maladies of the nerves, and were devoured with the ennui of exhaustion. Life lost its equilibrium, and the

result was inevitable. The reaction from the restlessness of an intellect that is not fed from inner sources, but finds its stimulus and theater alike in the world, was toward an exaggeration of the sensibilities. "If I could become calm, I should believe myself on a wheel," said one whose brilliancy had dazzled a generation. This fatal "too much" was not the least of the causes that lost to women the empire they had won. All movements are measured, in the end, by a standard of common sense, and reactions are in proportion to the deviation from a just mean. The revolution which brought liberty to men, or at least shifted the burdens to some one else, deprived women of what they had. They were forbidden to organize, and sent back to the fireside and cradles. The republic swept away from them the last vestige of political power, and gave them nothing in the place of their lost social kingdom. They were forced to speak with hushed voices in hidden coteries. Of these there were always a few, but their prestige was gone. "There is one thing which is not French," said Napoleon; "it is that a woman can do as she pleases." And he proceeded straightway to give point to his theory by exiling the ablest woman in France and silencing all the rest.

We are apt to take high moral ground on the frivolity of these women, and to pride ourselves on our superiority because we have such a serious way of amusing ourselves—so serious, indeed, that we forget there can be anything so questionable as frivolity about it. To be sure, the clubs are free from many of the faults of the salons. They do not put social conventions in the place of principles, nor substitute an esthetic conscience for an ethical one; nor do they drift at all in the direction of moral laxity. A movement of the intellect, too, which has its roots in the character is more likely to last than one that hangs on the suffrage of those it was meant to please and glorify. But we have the same mental unrest, the same thirst for excitement, the same feverish activity, the same indisposition to stay at home with our thoughts. A fever of the intellect may be preferable to a fever of the senses, and less harmful as an epidemic, but it tends equally toward exhaustion and disintegration. It is not so much a question of morals as a question of balance. The modern fashion, however, of doing everything, even to thinking, in masses, is not altogether due to a fever of the intellect, any more than it was a hundred years ago. Much of it is doubtless due to a

genuine love of knowledge, much of it to a haunting desire to be doing something in the outside world, though the thing done be possibly not at all worth the doing; but a great deal of it is due to a sort of hyperæsthesia of the social sentiment, or the mental restlessness that betrays a lack of poise and depth in the character. We call it the spirit of the age—the innocent phantom which has to bear the burden of most of our sins, and is gathering so resistless a force that the strongest and wisest are swept along, despite themselves, in its accelerating course. But the spirit of the age is only the sum of individual forces. It needs only a sufficient number of wise counter-forces to temper and modify it.

A WORD as to another phase of the club. We have seen that the salons broke through the exclusive lines of rank, and created a society based largely upon standards of the intellect, with a meeting-point of good manners. The woman's club has done a similar work toward preventing the crystallization of American society on the basis of wealth. Its standards are professedly of the mind, though they are flexible enough to include a wide range of ability, aspiration, and small distinctions of various sorts. It would be too much to say that these elements are fused into anything like a homogeneous society; but they have a recognized point of contact that suffices for literary or charitable aims, though not altogether for social ones, which demand the larger contact of personal sympathies, and a certain community of language that comes within the province of manners. The salons, however, were wise enough to establish and maintain the social equilibrium between men and women, while the clubs seem to be rapidly destroying it. Outside of a limited dinner-giving, amusement-loving circle, it is undeniable that our social life is centering largely in clubs composed exclusively of women, whose tastes are diverging more and more from those of men, and in the functions growing out of them. To these we may add a few receptions with a sprinkling of men, and an endless procession of teas and luncheons with no men at all. Private entertaining of a general character, with its varying flavor of individuality, seems likely, with many other pleasant things, to become a memory. If these clubs grew out of a state of affairs in which women were virtually excluded from the intellectual life of men, we are fast drifting toward the reverse condition, in which men will have no

part in the intellectual, and very little in the social, life of women.

Whether this marked separation of interests beyond a reasonable point be for the good of either men or women, is a matter of grave doubt. It is certain that women who are brought into frequent contact with the minds of men think more clearly and definitely, look at things in a larger way, and do a finer quality of intellectual work, than those who have been limited mainly to the companionship of their own sex. Societies of women are apt to fail in breadth through too much attention to technicalities out of season, to sacrifice the greater good to personal prejudices, to emphasize a little brief authority, to grow hard rather than strong, to become carping and critical without the clearness of vision that gives a rational basis for criticism. Nor does the fact that a great many women are superior to these limitations, and that men are not invariably free from them, affect the general drift of things. On the other side, it is equally true that men have done the greatest work under the influence of able women, from the days of Pericles and the great Greeks who found a fresh inspiration in the salon of Aspasia, to the brilliant men of modern times, too numerous to cite here, who have not failed to acknowledge their debt to feminine judgment and criticism. Men, too, are naturally averse to the trammels of form, and, left to themselves, rapidly lose the refinement and courtesy that came in with the social reign of women. While the best of each is drawn out through social contact on the plane of the intellect, the worst is accented by separation.

Then, aside from the fact that a large part of the happiness of the world depends upon a certain degree of harmony in the tastes of men and women, which is not likely to exist if they have utterly divergent points of social interest, men are an incontestable factor in all our plans for bettering matters, themselves included. We cannot fairly claim to constitute more than half of the human family, and, if we do not make some social compromise, we may share the fate of the Princess Ida, and see all of our fine schemes melt away like the fabric of a dream. We are not yet ready to establish an order of intellectual vestals, though drifting in that direction; and, since the women's clubs do really constitute a distinct social life, why not make them more effective on that side? Why leave all these possibilities of power in the hands of those who make a business of amusing themselves? It is a fashion to rail at society as frivolous; but it is precisely

what we make it, and it is ruled by women. If it tends to grow vapid, and luxurious, and commercial, and artificial, we have only to plan something as attractive on a finer and more natural basis. And where do we find a better starting-point than in connection with the women's clubs? To be sure, men do not, as a rule, find them interesting; indeed, they vote them a trifle dull, but that may be because they have no vital part in them. Then, the fault may lie a little in the women themselves. There is clearly a flaw somewhere in our methods or our ideals. In trying to avoid the frivolities of society, we may fall into the equally fatal error of failing to make better things attractive, and so permit the busy men of to-day to slip away altogether from the influence of what they are pleased to call our finer moral and esthetic sense—to say nothing of what we lose ourselves. It may be deplorable, but it is still a fact, that truth is doubly captivating when served with the piquant sauces that make even error dangerously fascinating. We have to deal with people as they are, not as we think they ought to be.

I am not disposed to quote the Frenchwomen of a century or so ago as models. But there are many points we might take from them in the art of making a social life on intellectual lines agreeable, as well as a vital force. When women who are neither young nor beautiful dominate an age of brilliant men through intellect and tact, it does no harm to study their methods a little in an age when women of equal talent, superior education, and finer moral aims succeed to only a limited extent in doing more than stimulate one another—a good thing to do, but not final. Those women, too, had old distinctions to reconcile, and a powerful court for a rival. They had one advantage, as they made a cult of *esprit*, which is a gift of their race, while we make a cult of knowledge, which may be more substantial, but is less luminous, and not so available socially. Besides, knowledge is a thing to be acquired and not caviar to mediocrity, which is apt to use it crudely, and with pretension. "Let your studies flow into your manners, and your readings show themselves in your virtues," said Mme. de Lambert. I am sorry to say that the typical Frenchwoman of a hundred years ago did not always take so exalted a view of her duties; but even as a matter of taste she had too delicate a sense of proportion to merge the woman in the intellect. She scattered about her the flavor of knowledge rather than the knowledge itself; which is not so easy, as

one does not have the real flavor of knowledge without the essence of it, and something more. Rare natural gifts have a distinction of their own, but in ordinary life what one *is* counts for more than what one *knows*, and the secret of attraction lies rather in the sum of the qualities which we call character than in the acquirements. A woman may be familiar with Sanskrit, and calculate the distance of the fixed stars, without being interesting, or even admirable, as a woman. The main point is to preserve one's symmetry, and one's center of gravity; then, the more knowledge the better. It may be that the flaw in our ideals lies just here, and that in the too exclusive pursuit of certain things fine in themselves, we neglect other things equally if not more vital.

No doubt the Frenchwoman did much that she ought not to have done, and left undone much that she ought to have done, just as we do, though the things were not precisely the same; we know, too, that the time came when she did lose her poise, and with it her power. But with all her faults, in the days of her glory she never forgot her point of view. She was rarely aggressive, and, without being too conscious of herself or her aims, it was a part of her esthetic creed to call out the best in

others. With consummate tact, she crowned her serious gifts with the gracious ways and gentle amenities that disarmed antagonism and diffused everywhere a breath of sweetness. She carried with her, too, the sunshine that springs from an inexhaustible gaiety of heart, and this was one source of her un-failing charm. Perhaps it was partly why the literary salon retained its prestige for nearly two hundred years, and, in spite of its errors, was brilliant and amusing, as well as an intellectual force, to the end.

It is far from my intention to repeat the old cry that other days were better days, and other ways better ways, than ours. We have a life of our own, and do not wish to copy one that is dead, or to put on manners that do not fit us. But the essentials of human nature are eternally the same, and in bringing new forces to bear upon it we may do well sometimes to consult the wisdom of the past, to ponder the secret of its failures as of its successes. It is not a matter of depreciating our aims or our ways, but of getting the most out of them, perhaps through some subtle touch that we have missed; also of preserving our sanity and equilibrium in this new order of things, which tends always to grow more complex and more bewildering.

THE ROSE.

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

O LOVE'S star over Eden,
How pale and faint thou art!
Now lost, now seen above,
Thy white rays point and dart.
O tender o'er her move,
Shine out and take my part!
I have sent her the rose of love,
And shut in the rose is my heart.

The fireflies glitter and rush
In the dark of the summer mead;
Pale on the hawthorn bush,
Bright on the larkspur seed;
And long is heaven aflush
To give my rose God-speed;
If she breathe a kiss, it will blush;
If she bruise a leaf, it will bleed.

O bright star over Eden,
All beautiful thou art;
To-day, in the rose, the rose,
For my love I have periled my heart;
Now ere the dying glows
From the placid isles depart,
The rose-bathed planet knows
It is hers, my rose, my heart!

(BEGUN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.)

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

xv.—*How François finds Despard and has a lesson in politics, and of what came of it.*

AT evening he ventured to enter an inn at Soluce. A good bed and ample diet restored his courage; but he learned that the citizen with a wart, and an escort of a dozen soldiers, had passed the day before, on his way to Evreux. Would he remain there, this friendly commissioner? No one knew. Evreux was Jacobin to the core. Then he thought of the marquis; it was well to be informed.

Yes; the Citizen Ste. Luce lived beyond Musillon.

The citizen juggler declared that he had once been in his service, but now that all men were equal, he could not lower the dignity of an equalized nation by serving him longer. He learned that the château of the marquis had not suffered, nor he, as he was never known to be absent, and no one molested him. This did not surprise François. In the South, at an earlier date, the peasants had burned hundreds of châteaux, but these riots had been mercilessly put down. The Jacobins meant to have peace in France, and at cost of blood, if that was requisite. To have peace at home was essential to the success of national defense on the frontier. In many parts of France, throughout the whole of the Terror, very many large landowners were undisturbed. In fact, the Terror, and its precedent punishments, fell with strange irregularity on the provinces. The Dukes de Bethune-Charost, de Luynes, de Nivernais, and others who had not been active in politics, remained unhurt on their estates. For the *émigrés* was reserved a bitter hatred. Nor can we wonder at this result of the vast exodus which took place from '89 to '91—"l'émigration joyeuse," as it was called by those who carried off means enough to live gay lives in Brussels while their country was in the convulsions of great social and political change.

François made haste to leave at dawn, and by nightfall was close to the town of Musil-

lon. He found a wood road, and was soon deep in one of the marquis's forests. In a quiet glade among rocks he put his effects in security, and, charging Toto to guard them, set out to inspect the town. The poodle did not like it. He ran back and forth, whining.

"Oh, stop that!" cried François. "Go back! Dost thou hear?"

Toto lay down, and set himself to secure what comfort the situation afforded.

Meanwhile François took to the main road until close to the village, and then left it for the fields, cautiously nearing the town, a small place of some twelve hundred souls. A monotonous double line of scattered one-story stone houses lay along the highway. Avoiding the village, François moved past and around the red-roofed Norman farm-houses which lay off from the main highway. Mounds of earth set around the houses walled in an orchard and an inclosure of many acres, so that, seen from the exterior, they had the appearance of being fortified. The lights were out, and François saw no one. Now and then a sentinel dog barked as the wanderer went by the gateways in wonder at this unusual style of fence. At last he turned again toward the road.

The town was quiet. It was after nine at night. Having purposely lingered thus long, François approached the back of the inn, and became sure that it was empty of guests. A little beyond it was the village church, and as this was lighted, he approached it with care. The crosses of the burial-ground were gone. He stumbled over graves, and at last, standing on a tomb, got a fair glimpse of the interior of the church, for many of its windows were broken. It was full of people, and the murmur of noisy debate came to his ears. He felt that he must learn what was going on. With this in view, he kept under the deep shadow of the wall, and soon saw that the outer porch was crowded with men and women, listening through the open door. Favored by the darkness, he got unobserved into this mass of deeply occupied

people, and was able at last to catch a little of what was going on. Yes; this was the club of Jacobins that his partner Despard had been sent to organize, one of the hundreds which soon conquered and led opinion all through the provinces.

He caught the usual denunciation of *émigrés* and of the *ci-devant* aristocrats. He had heard it all before; it did not help him.

Very soon an elderly man in peasant dress arose near the door. He spoke of something which they had considered as well to be done soon. He thought it better to wait until Citizen Commissioner Grégoire arrived. To arrest a *ci-devant* aristocrat like Ste. Luce was of course proper; but the people were excited, and might do mischief, and they knew that the Great Committee did not approve of riots. France must have rest. These outbreaks had ended elsewhere in the deaths of hundreds of peasants. He bade them wait, and, in fact, spoke with rare good sense. He was roughly interrupted. His speech was received with laughter and contemptuous cries, and, to François's amazement, there was Despard on his feet, not twenty feet away. His old partner was somber-looking and red-eyed, but seemed to have lost his shyness of speech. He broke out into violent invectives, charging the previous speaker with indifference to the good of France. This man was no doubt a traitor. He had been in the service of the *ci-devant*. He had advised the people to wait. Were they not the rulers? The Jacobin clubs would see to this rat of a commissioner; let him come. Then, leaping on a chair, he began to contrast the luxury in which Ste. Luce lived with the meager life of the peasant. He talked of the great noble's younger life, of his debauchery and hardness. All knew what he meant. Not he alone had suffered. How many of the children men liked to call their own were of noble blood?

His fluent passion, his ease of speech, his apparent freedom from his usual mood of fear, astonished François. At last Despard became more excited, raved wildly, grew incoherent, paused, burst into horrors of blasphemous allusion, and, utterly exhausted, reeled, and dropped into his chair, amid wild applauding cries and a dozen vain efforts of speakers eager to be heard. As if satisfied, the crowd waited no longer to listen, and issued out in just the mood Despard had desired to create. François stepped aside, unnoticed. Among the last, surrounded by a gesticulating group, came Despard, silent, exhausted, his head bent down. A voice cried out: "To-night! Let us do it to-night!" Des-

pard said slowly: "No, not to-night. He is not there—he is not there. Perhaps to-morrow; we shall see. I must have rest—rest."

"Is he mad?" thought François. "*Diable!* How he hates him! Why is he not afraid?" He had once heard the choir-master tell of a feeble, timid nun who had killed two people; and this man, he supposed, might be, like her, crazed. No matter; he must use him. The crowd dispersed, and, following Despard at a distance, François saw him enter the house of the village priest, who had long since said his last prayer in the garden of the Carmelites.

For an hour, and until all was still, François walked to and fro behind the house. Suddenly a door opened and closed. François moved around the house. He saw Despard go out on the road. After looking about him, the Jacobin walked swiftly away, and was soon past the farthest houses.

"*Dame!*" said François, "let us go after him. What can he mean? It becomes amusing." Moving with care in the shadows at the side of the road, he followed Despard, who walked down the middle of the highway, now and then stopping short and cracking his finger-joints, as he used to do when worried, or clapping his hands over the back of his neck.

The thief smiled as he went. He was again the savage of the streets, with all his keen wits in play, and vaguely aware of pleasure in the use of his training. He looked about him, or stole noiselessly from one depth of gloom to another across some less shadowed place. He put out with *caré* one long leg and then the other tentatively, like great feelers, and yet got over the ground with speed, as was required, for Despard walked at a rate which was unusual. The great ears of his pursuer were on guard. Once, when Despard stopped of a sudden, François was near enough to hear him crack his knuckles as he pulled at them. As Pierre stood, he threw up a hand as it were in the eager gesture of a speech, or in silent, custom-born attestation of some mentally recorded vow. Then he went onward silent, and was for a moment lost to view in the aisles of the forest into which he turned. François moved faster, dimly seeing him again. The Jacobin hurried on. The man who followed him was smiling in the darkness, and was feeding curiosity with the keen satisfaction he felt in a chase which was not without a purpose.

Despard seemed to know the great forest well. It soon became more open. He came to a low garden wall, and, climbing it, was

heard to tumble on the farther side with a crash of breaking earthenware. He had come down on a pile of garden-pots. The thief reflected for a moment that his partner must have lost the agility of his former business, and himself approached the wall with care. Moving to one side, he dropped to the ground, as quiet as a prowling cat.

There was no moon, but the night was clear, and over against the star-lit space he saw the silhouette of a vast château—angles, gables, turrets with vanes. The man whom he hunted moved across the garden, through rose-hedges, under trees, as if reckless as to being heard. Once he fell, but got up without even an exclamation; and so on and on in stumbling haste until he stood upon the broad terrace in front of the building.

François was for a little while at leisure to look about him. Despard, with a sudden movement, strode to the foot of the broad steps which led up to the lofty doorway of the château. Here again he stayed motionless. François's eyes, now used to the partial obscurity of the night, took quick note of the white gleam of vases, of a fountain's monotonous murmur, of statues, dim gray blurs seen against the dark wood-spaces beyond; the great size of the house he saw, and that three or four windows showed lights within.

What was Despard about to do? François waited. Then he heard now and then, rising and falling, the faint notes of a violoncello. At this moment he saw that Pierre was gesticulating, and at last caught sound of speech. He was too far away to be clearly seen or distinctly heard. François sat down, took off his shoes, tied them over his neck, and went down on all fours. It was one of his old tricks to amuse thus the children gathered before the show-booth. He could become a bear or an elephant, and knew how to simulate the walk of beasts. Now he approached Despard on his hands and feet, and, seen in the partial gloom, would have seemed a queer-looking animal. A closely clipped row of box lay between them and bordered the broad roadway leading to the portal.

His approach was noiseless. Even if it had not been, it is unlikely that Despard would have noticed it. The quadruped knelt, and set his eyes to see and his ears to hear, being now only six feet away. His own fate was deeply involved; as to the marquis he cared little: but up out of the dark of memory came the tender sweetness of the face of the widowed daughter. No word of her brief pleading was forgotten by this man who craved

regard, affection, respect, consideration—all that he had not. It was only a flash of thought, and again he was intently receptive.

Despard stood, shaking his arms wildly, looking here and there, up and down. At last he spoke, and so loud that François watched him, amazed at his unnatural lack of caution.

"To-morrow I, Pierre Despard, shall be master. I shall no more be afraid. I shall see thee tremble on the tumbrel. I shall see thee shudder at the knife."

François had an uncontrollable shiver, predictive, sympathetic. Could he trust this creature? There was no help for it. He recalled with a smile one of the Crab's proverbs: "Monsieur Must is a man to trust." She had many and vile sayings; this was one of the few that were not swine-wisdom.

As the man went on speaking, his hands threatened the silent house or snatched at some unseen thing. He stood again motionless for a moment, and then threw out his hands as if in appeal, and called aloud: "Renée! Renée! art thou here? Oh, could he not have spared thee to me—to me, who had so little? And he had so much! Oh, for the name he should have spared thee! For the shame—the shame. Renée, his own child's name. My Renée is dead, and his—his Renée lives; but not long—not long."

"*Dieu!*" murmured François. "Let him have the man. *Dame!* I should have killed him long ago." Pierre was raving, and was only at times to be understood. He seemed to be seeing this lost Renée, and was now rational and again incoherent or foolishly vague.

François hesitated; but at this moment a window on the second floor was cast open, and a man, who may have heard Despard, showed himself. François looked up, and saw a slight figure framed in the window-space clear against the light behind him.

Despard cried out in tones of terror: "The marquis! the marquis!" and, turning, fled down the terrace and along the avenue.

"Queer, that," muttered François. "He is afraid. I must have him." He put on his shoes in haste, and with great strides pursued the retreating figure, hearing, as he ran, the servant crying from the window, "Who goes there?"

A hundred yards away from the house, Despard, terrified at the nearing steps, turned into a side alley, and at last tore through a thicket to the left.

In an instant François had him by the collar. The captured man screamed like a child in a panic of alarm, while François shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"*Mille tonnerres!* idiot, keep quiet! Don't kick; it is no use. Thou wilt have the whole house after thee. 'T is I—François. Keep quiet! Look at me—François. Dost not hear?" At last he was quieted.

"What scared thee, *mon ami*?"

"Isaw him—Isaw the marquis! Isaw him!"

"Monsieur—the marquis? He is thrice that fellow's size."

They were now seated on the ground, Despard panting, and darting quick glances to right and left like a frightened animal.

"Come, Pierre, tell me what all this means. Art gone clean out of thy wits?"

"Why dost thou ask? Thou dost know well enough. I have waited—waited. Now I have him."

"*Dame!* Thou? Thou wilt never face him. Thou art afraid."

"I am now. I shall not be to-morrow night. There will be hundreds. I shall look! I shall see!"

"For Heaven's sake," cried François, "talk a little sense. A man who fears a mouse to talk of killing this terrible fellow!"

"The law will kill him, not I. The law—the knife."

"Stuff! A certain commissioner, Grégoire, is after thee, and, worse, after me. He hath a wart on his nose. I ran away to avoid those cursed Jacobins. Passport all right—name of Jean François. Mind thee! My father is old and failing. Thou wilt have to find me a papa. Grégoire has—he has doubts, this Grégoire. So have I. When I told him you were my friend, he shut me up in a cellar, and that I liked not. I was a fool to run away; but, *mon Dieu!* there was my errand—to see that poor father—all set out on my passport, and the man with the wart inquisitive. I had to get here and find my papa."

Another man's difficulties took off Pierre's mind from his own. He was clear enough now, and asked questions, some hard to answer, and all reasonable.

François related his story. The fencing-master had fallen under suspicion and run away. He, François, likewise suspected, had got a passport from a Jacobin fencing pupil, and come hither to fall on the neck of his dear friend Pierre. It was neat, and hung together well. It had many omissions, and as a whole lacked the fundamental quality of truth, but it answered. When a man's head is set to save his head, it may not always be desirable to be accurate.

Pierre reflected; then he cried out suddenly: "This Grégoire! That for him! Let him take care. Art thou still a royalist?"

François was a Jacobin of the best, unjustly suspected. He was eager to know what devilry was in Pierre's mind as to this marquis; and there, too, was the daughter. If he meant to stir these peasants to riot in order to gratify himself and his well-justified hatred, that might sadly influence François's fate. The central power in Paris was merciless to lawless violence which did not aid its own purposes.

François talked on and on slackly, getting time to think. Pierre's speech had troubled him. He was puzzled as he saw more distinctly the nature of the man whom he was forced to trust. He did not analyze him. He merely apprehended and distrusted one who was to-day a shrinking coward, and to-morrow a man to be feared less for what he might do than for what he might lead others to do when himself remote from sources of immediate physical fear. François did not—could not—fully know that he was now putting himself in the power of one who was the victim of increasing attacks of melancholy, with intervals of excitement during which the victim was eagerly homicidal, and possessed for a time the recklessness and the cunning of the partly insane.

"Come," said François, at last; "you must hide me until you can find me that papa, or until Citizen Grégoire has come and gone. I like him not."

"Nor I," said Pierre. "But let him take care; I am not a man to be played with."

François said he should think not, but that if he meditated an attack on that miserable *ci-devant* yonder, it were better to wait until Grégoire had come and gone.

This caution seemed to awaken suspicion. Pierre turned, and caught François's arm. "Thou art a spy—a spy of the Convention!"

"Thou must be more fond of a joke than was once thy way. Nonsense! I could go back and warn the marquis. That would serve the republic, and well, too; for, by Heaven! if thou art of a mind to burn houses, Robespierre will shorten thee by a head in no time."

"Who talks of burning houses? Am I a fool? I—Despard?"

"No, indeed. You—" François needed the man's help, and felt that he was risking his own safety. He must at least seem to trust him. "Do you mean to arrest Ste. Luce?"

"I do."

"But when?"

"Oh, in a day or two; no hurry."

François knew that he was hearing a lie.

"Good," he said. "I advise thee against violence."

"There will be none. I control these people. Thou shouldst see; thou shouldst hear me speak."

"Let us go," said François, and they returned to the village without a word on either side. The hamlet was quiet. At the priest's door François said: "Wait for me. I must fetch my bag and Toto. I left them in the wood." Pierre would wait. In an hour his ex-partner came back, and before he could knock was admitted by the anxious Jacobin.

When they were within the house, he told François that he lived alone. An old woman cooked for him, and came in the morning and went away at dusk. He, François, should have the garret; and, this being settled, they carried thither cold meats, bread, cheese, wine, and water, so as to provision the thief for a few days. There would be time to talk later. François asked a single question, saying frankly that he had heard Pierre speak to his club. Certainly he had power over the people. What was it he had meant to do, and when? Despard hesitated. Then the cunning of a crumbling mind came to his aid, and he replied lightly:

"We shall wait till Grégoire has gone. I told thee so already. Thy advice was good. I do not know. We shall see—we shall see." The door closed after him. The man, descending the stair, paused of a sudden, the prey of suspicion. Why did François come hither? Was he a spy of the marquis—of the Convention? He feared François. To one in his state of mind little obstacles seem large, great obstacles small. He must watch him. He was in his power.

The man left within the room was not less suspicious. He hung a cover over the single window, locked the door, and lay down, with Toto at his feet, and at his side his rapier and pistols. He slept a tranquil sleep. Most of the next day he sat at the window, watching through a slit in the curtain the street below him. People came and went; groups gathered about the desecrated church; there was much excitement, but he could hear nothing. At dusk he saw a number of men, some with sticks and pikes, come toward the priest's house. Owing to his position, he lost sight of them as they came nearer, but from the noise below he presumed them to have entered. He was, for many reasons, indisposed to remain uninformed. He waited. The noise increased. Pierre had not come to visit him, as he had said he would; and where

was that much-desired father? He laughed.

"Ah, Toto, one must needs be his own papa." He had gone about all day in his stocking feet to avoid being overheard. Now he bade Toto be quiet, and, opening the door, went cautiously down the stone stairway. It was quite dark. On the last landing he stood, intently listening. The hallway below was full of men, and evidently the two rooms on the ground floor were as crowded. He overheard Despard's voice, angry and strenuous. The words he could not catch, but the comments of those in the wide hall were enough. The commissioner was coming, and would interfere. Despard was right. The marquis was about to fly, to emigrate. He must be arrested. They poured out, shouting, tumultuous, to join the excited mob in the street.

François went quickly up the stair. He cared little for the marquis, but he cared much for the pale lady whose face was stamped in his memory. Moreover, all this ruin and threatened bloodshed were not to his mind. A day's reflection had enabled him to conclude that, between Grégoire and Despard, the situation was perilous, and that he had better disappear from the scene. Meanwhile he would warn the marquis, and then go his way.

He put on his shoes, took his bundle, his arms, and Toto, and, with his cloak on his shoulder, slipped quietly down-stairs. The house was empty. He went out the back way unseen, observing that the church was lighted, and seeing a confused mass of noisy peasants about the door.

XVI.—*How François warns the Marquis Ste. Luce, and of the battle on the staircase between the old day and the new.*

It was now close to nine, and again a bright, cold, starry night. A long circuit brought him to the highroad. A mile away he struck into a broad avenue, and, never pausing, pushed on. His sense of locality was acute and like that of an animal. Once or twice he was sure that he heard dull noises behind him when the sharp night wind blew from the village.

"Ah, Toto," he murmured, "keep thou close to heel. This is our greatest adventure. I would we were out of it. Ah, the château!" He ran across the flower-beds, and with long leaps up the steps, and sounded a strong summons on the knocker of the great door.

A servant opened it. "Where is the marquis?" What the man said he did not wait

to hear. The lofty hall was dark, but the principal staircase was lighted faintly from above. Without a word, François hurried past the servant and up the stairs. From the broad landing he saw beyond him a lighted drawing-room, and heard the notes of a violoncello. There was the woman, pale and beautiful, in black, the face upturned, the boy holding before her a sheet of music. The human richness of the cello's tones sounded through the great chamber. Where had he seen the like? Ah, that picture in the vestry of Notre Dame—the face of St. Cecilia! He had a moment of intense joy at having come. Till then he had doubted if it were wise. As he stood, the marquis came toward him quickly from the side of the room, and two gentlemen left a card-table and started up.

François went in at once, meeting the marquis within the room. The music ceased; the woman cried, "*Mon Dieu!*" Every one stared at this strange figure.

"What is it, my man? *Ventre St. Gris!* 't is my thief! This way," and he led him aside into a little room, while the rest, silent and troubled, looked after them.

"Monsieur, to waste no words, these cursed peasants are on their way to do here what mischief the devil knows. It is you they want. There is a fool, one Despard, who leads them. But, *Dieu!* there is small time to think."

François, breathless, panting, stood looking about him, now as always observant, and curious as to this wonderful room and this impassive gentleman. Toto, as well blown as his master, recognizing the value of a soft rug, dropped, head on legs, meaning to have at least the minute's luxury and rest.

The marquis stood still in thought a moment. "I am greatly obliged to you; and this is twice—twice. I expected trouble, but not so soon. Come this way." François followed. Toto kept one eye on him, and slept with the other.

As they reëntered the great salon, the two gentlemen and Mme. Renée, all visibly agitated, came to meet them. "What is it?" they asked. The marquis forestalled further inquiry.

"My daughter, our kindly peasants will be here in an hour—no, half an hour, or less. Resistance is useless. To fly is to confess the need to fly; it is not to my taste. You gentlemen are better out of this. Go at once—at once!"

"Yes, go!" said madame. "You cannot help us, and can only make bad worse."

They wasted no time, and few words passed. The little drama played itself quickly.

"Adieu, madame!" Madame courtesied. The boy walked over and stood by his grandfather. He looked up at his clear-cut face, with its cold smile, and then at the backs of the retiring gentlemen. He had a boy's sense of these being deserters. They were gone in hot haste.

Mme. Renée came nearer. "We thank you—I thank you"; and she put out her hand. François took it awkwardly. A touch of the hand of this high-bred, saintly lady, *grande dame* and true woman, singularly disturbed the man. The tremor of a strange emotion ran over him. He let fall the soft hand, and drew himself up to the full of his unusual height, saying: "It is little—very little."

"And now you must go," she said; "and at once."

"Of course, of course," said Ste. Luce. "Out the back way. Victor will show you." There were no further thanks. All such common men had served the great noble; it seemed of the nature of things. But the woman said:

"God protect you! God will know to thank you. I cannot fitly. Go—go!"

"I do not mean to go," said François. "Hark! it is too late." He knew not then, or ever, why he stayed. The boy looked up at him. Here was another kind of man, and not a gentleman, either. Why did he not go?

An old majordomo came with uncertain steps of nervous haste, crying: "The servants are gone, monsieur! The people are coming up the avenue! *Mon Dieu!*"

"Indeed! Now be off with you, Master Thief."

"No." His head said, "Go"; his heart said, "Stay."

"By St. Denis, but you are a fool!"

François muttered that he had been that always, and then felt the hand of the boy touch his own. He called: "Toto! Toto! We will stay." And the dog, at ease in all society, selected a yet softer rug.

The marquis troubled himself no further as to François. He went out of the room, and was back in a minute, while the uproar increased, and Mme. Renée, at the window, pleaded with the thief, urging him to fly, or cried: "They are coming! Oh, a crowd—a mob—with torches and arms! The saints protect us! Why will you not go? Oh, *mon père*—father! thou hast thy rapier. What canst thou against hundreds—hundreds?"

The marquis smiled. "*Costume de rigueur*, my dear. There will be no bloodshed, my child."

"And they will all run," cried the boy. "And if grandpapa has to surrender, he must give up his sword. When my papa was taken in America, he had to—"

"Hush!" said the mother. The lad was singularly outside of the tragic shadows of the hour.

François all this while stood near the window, his cloak cast back, his queer, smile-lit face intent now on the mob without, now on the woman, the boy, the man. "Dame!" he muttered. "We are in dangerously high society." He set his knapsack aside, cast off his cloak, loosened his rapier in its sheath, looked to the priming of his pistols, and waited to see what would happen when this yelling thing out yonder should burst into action.

"They must have made mad haste, madame."

"They are on the terrace. Mother of Heaven!" cried the woman. "They wait! A man is speaking to them. They have torches. Some go—some go to right around the house." A stone splintered the window-glass, and she fell back. "Wretches!"

The marquis turned to her. "Stay here. I go to receive our guests."

"No, no!"

"Do as I tell thee. Be still." She caught the boy to her, and fell into a chair, sobbing. The marquis called to the quaking majordomo: "Take those two candelabra. Set them at the foot of the staircase—the foot." The old servant obeyed without words. The marquis went by him. He seemed to have forgotten François, who glanced at Mme. Renée and followed the master of the house.

There had been a moment's lull outside. The double stairway swept down to a landing, and then in one noble descent to the great deserted hall, where the faded portraits of lord and lady looked down among armor and trophies of war and chase.

"Put those lights there—and there. Get two more—quick! Set them on the brackets below. One must see. Put out the lights in the drawing-room. What, you here yet, Master Thief? What the devil are you doing here? The deuce!" As he spoke they were standing together on the broad landing, before them the great stair which led down to the illuminated hall below. The marquis had meant to meet these people outside; he was quiet, cool, the master of many resources. Surprised at the suddenness of the outbreak, he still counted, with the courage of habit, on his personal influence and address. As the marquis spoke, the roar

without broke forth anew. A shower of stones clattered on door and wall and window with sharp crash and tinkle of breaking glass. It was followed by an indescribable tumult—shouts, laughter, the shrill voices of women, a multitudinous appeal to fear, ominous, such as no man could hear unmoved. The animal we call a mob was there—the thing of moods, like a madman, now destructive, now as a brute brave, now timid as a house-fly.

They beat on the great doors, and of a sudden seemed to discover that the servants, in flying, had not secured them. The doors gave way, and those in front were hurled into the hall by the pressure of those behind. In an instant it was half full of peasants armed with all manner of rude weapons. A dozen had torches of sheep's wool wrapped about pitchforks and soaked with tar. Their red flames flared up, with columns above of thick smoke. There were women, lads. None had muskets. Some looked about them, curious. Those without shouted and pressed to get in; but this was no longer easy. A few of the boldest began to move up the lower steps of the great staircase. At the landing above, in partial obscurity, stood the marquis and François. On the next rise behind them were Mme. Renée and her boy, unnoticed, unwilling to be left alone. The stairway and all above it were darker than the red-lighted hall, where ravage was imminent. A man struck with a butcher's mallet a suit of armor. It rang with the blow, and fell with clang and rattle, hurting a boy, who screamed. The butcher leaped on the pedestal and yelled, waving one of the iron gauntlets. They who hesitated, leaderless, at the foot of the dark ascent turned at the sound of the tumbled past.

The marquis cried aloud, "Halt, there!"

Some mischievous lad outside cast a club at the side window of the hall, and the quartered arms of Ste. Luce, de Rohan, and their kin fell with sharp, jangling notes on the floor and on the heads of the crowd.

"Halt, I say!" The voice rang out of the gloom, strong and commanding. The marquis's sword was out. "Draw, my charming thief. *Morituri te salutant!*"

"What?" cried François—"what is that?"

"Nothing. We are about to die; that is all. Let us send some couriers to Hades. You should have gone away. Now you are about to die."

François drew his long rapier. He was strangely elated. "We are going to die, Toto." The dog barked furiously. "Keep back!" cried his master. Then he heard

Pierre Despard's shrill voice cry out: "Surrender, Citizen Ste. Luce, or it will be worse for thee." The mob screamed: "Despard! Despard!" He was hustled forward, amid renewed shouts, cries, crash of falling vases, and jangling clatter of broken glass. The reluctant leader tried to keep near to the door. The mob was of other mind. He was thrust through the press to the foot of the stair, with cries of "Vive Despard! Vive Despard!" The people on the stair, fearing no resistance, were pushed up, shouting, "*À bas les émigrés!*"

"Now, then!" cried the marquis. "Get back there, dogs!" The two blades shot out. A man fell; another, touched in the shoulder, screamed, and leaped over the balustrade; the rest fell away, one man on another, with shrieks and groans. François caught a lad climbing on the outside of the gilded rail, and, with a laugh, threw him on the heads of those below. A joy unknown before possessed the thief—the lust of battle, the sense of competency. He took in the whole scene, heart, mind, and body alive as never before.

"*Sang de St. Denis!* You are a gallant man. But we are lost. They will be on our backs in a moment; I hear them." Amid a terrible din, stones and sticks flew. A pebble struck the marquis in the face. "*Dame!*" he cried, furious, and darted down a step or two, the quick rapier mercilessly stabbing here and there. One madder than the rest set a torch to a priceless tapestry. It flared up, lighting the great space and the stair, and doing in the end no harm. Despard, terrified, was pushed forward to the edge of the fallen bodies on the staircase.

"Surrender!" he called out in a shriek of fear, for here before him were the two men he most dreaded on earth. The noise was indescribable. The butcher beat with the iron gauntlet on a shield beside him; then he threw the steel glove at François. It flew high. There was a cry from the space behind. The little boy screamed shrilly, "They have killed my mama!"

François looked behind him. There was now light enough, and too much. He saw the woman lying, a convulsed, tumbled heap, on the stair. The marquis glanced behind him and lost his cool quietude. He ran down the stair, stabbing furiously. A half-dozen dead or wounded lay before him. In an instant he was back again beside François, his face bleeding from the stones and sticks thrown at him. François was standing, tall and terrible in his anger, a pistol in his hand.

"Shall I kill him, monsieur?"

"By Heaven, yes!" The pistol responded terribly in the vaulted space, and the brute who had thrown the gauntlet, swaying, screamed shrilly, and tumbled—dead.

"Give me your hand!" cried the marquis. "Thank you, monsieur; the devil hath a recruit. Now follow me. Let us kill and die. To hell with this rabble!"

"Wait," cried François, and, running down the steps, put out a long arm and caught Despard. He hauled him savagely after him, calling out, "Hold the stair a moment!" In an instant he was on the landing above, with his prey. His sword he let fall, and set a pistol to Despard's head. The terror of the trapped Jacobin was pitiful. He prayed for life. He would let them all go; he would—he would. François swung him round to face the suddenly silenced mob. "Keep still, or I will scatter your brains, fool! Tell them to go! Tell them to go, or, *sang de Dieu!* thou art a dead man!"

Pierre screamed out his orders: "Go—go—all of you. I order—go!"

The beast he had trained and led was of no such mind. A man called out, "Die like a man, coward!" A stone or two flew. One struck him. The storm broke out anew.

"Say thy prayers. Thou art dead. Shall I kill him, monsieur?"

"No, no; not that man—not him!"

"Mercy!" screamed Despard.

"The deuce!" laughed François. "It gets warm, monsieur. What to do with this coward? Keep still, insect!"

The mob had for a little time enough of these terrible swordsmen on the stair. It was awed, helpless. Below lay, head down or athwart, three dead men, and certain wounded, unable to crawl. The mob shrunk away, and, with eyes red in the glare, swayed to and fro, indecisive, swearing. For a moment no more missiles were thrown. They waited the expected attack from the rear of the house.

Pierre hung, a limp, inert thing, one arm on the balustrade, the thief's strong clutch on his neck, making his shivering bulk a shield against stick and stone.

"It will soon be over," said the marquis, quietly. "There! I thought so."

A dull roar was heard, and the crash of broken glass from somewhere behind them.

This signal set loose the cowed mob. Clubs and stones flew. Something struck Pierre. He squealed like a hurt animal, pain and terror in the childlike cry. More men crowded in, and the mass, with shout and cry, surged forward, breaking mirrors and vases, with frantic joy in the clatter of destruction.

"It is serious this time," cried the marquis. "Adieu, my brave fellow." Another tapestry flared up, slowly burning.

"Let us take toll, François. Come!"

"Good, monsieur! But my fool here—"

At this moment the crowd at the door divided. A dozen soldiers broke in, and with them the man of the wart—Grégoire.

"*Dame!*" cried François; "the Commissioner Grégoire! The wart! It is time to leave."

"Order, here," shouted Grégoire, "in the name of the law!" The guard pushed in and made a lane. One or two persistent rioters were collared and passed out. A dead silence fell on all. The shreds of the tapestry dropped. The mob fell back.

"Help! help!" cried Pierre.

"*Morbleu!* dost thou want to die?"

"It is over," said the marquis. "I prefer my peasants."

Grégoire called out, "Where is the mayor?" A reluctant little man appeared.

"Commissioner, these men have slain citizens," he said.

"And they did well. France wants order. Out with you all, or I shall fire on you. Citizens indeed! See to that stuff burning."

The peasants, awed, slunk away. Grégoire coolly mounted the stairs.

"Hold!" cried the marquis.

"I arrest thee in the name of the law! Here is my order."

The marquis took it.

"The light is bad," he said; "but I see it is in good form. The law I obey—and muskets"; and then, in a half-whisper to François: "Run! run! I will hold the stairs."

Grégoire overheard him.

"The citizen *émigré!* I arrest him!" and he went up a step.

"Back!" cried the marquis, lunging fiercely at the too adventurous commissioner, who leaped down the stairway with the agility of alarm.

"Fire!" he cried.

"Thanks, monsieur; I can help you no more!" cried François. As he spoke, he hurled the unhappy Despard on top of the commissioner. They fell in a heap. The thief, catching up his rapier, was off and away through the drawing-room, seeing as he went the woman lying on the floor, her forehead streaming blood. He picked up his cloak and knapsack, and, followed by Toto, ran for his life down a long corridor to the left. At the end, he threw open a window and dropped, with the dog under his arm, upon the roof of a portico over a side door.

No one was near. He called the dog, and fled through the gardens and into the woods of the chase.

XVII.—*Of how François, escaping, lives in the wood; of how he sees the daughter of the marquis dying, and knows not then, or ever after, what it was that hurt him; and of how he becomes homesick for Paris.*

THE forest was of great extent and intersected by wood roads. Along one of these François ran for an hour or more, until he was tired and had put, as he believed, some miles between himself and the citizen with the wart. The way became more narrow, the forest more dense. At last there was only a broad path. Now and then he saw the north star, and knew that he was traveling southward. He came out at dawn on an open space, rocky and barren, a great rabbit-warren, as he knew by the sudden stampede of numberless rabbits. He turned aside into the woods, and a few hundred yards away found a bit of marsh, and beyond it a brook, with leaf-covered space beneath tall plane-trees, now bare of foliage. He drank deep of the welcome water, and sat down with Toto to rest and think.

"*Mon ami,*" he said, "we like adventures; but this was a little too much." Then he laughed at the thought of Pierre's terror; but the man with the wart was not so funny, and the poor lady who was St. Cecilia, and that cold-blooded devil of a marquis—"What a man!"

Here were rabbits for food, and only a forest bed, but, on the whole, better than the Conciergerie or the Châtelet. He slept long, and was cold, fearing to make a fire. About eleven next morning he left Toto, and went with care to the edge of the wood. He heard noises, and saw boys setting traps; for now my lord's rabbits were anybody's rabbits. The traps pleased him. He slipped away. At evening, being dreadfully hungry, he went to the warren, took two rabbits out of the traps, and went back. The man's patience was amazing: not until late at night did he make a fire to cook his meat; but Toto, less exacting, was fed at once with the raw flesh.

A week went by, with no more of incident than I have mentioned. He explored the woods day after day, and a half-mile away found a farm, whence at night he took toll of milk, having stolen a pail to aid him. It was all sadly monotonous, but what else could he do? Once, after a fortnight, he was bold enough to wander in daylight within the

woods near the château. It was apparently deserted; at least, he saw no signs of habitation; nor, later at night, when he went back, were there lights, except in one room on the ground floor.

François approached with caution, and, looking through a window, saw an old man

this he would not do. He had had enough of house-traps. In the forest they would be secure. To this the servant agreed, and followed him at once. When at last in the woodland shelter, François asked: "What of the marquis?" He had been taken by Grégoire toward Paris, but was said to have



"THE WANDERER TAPPED ON THE PANE."

seated by the fire. Making sure that he was alone, the wanderer tapped on the pane. The man at the hearthside looked up, and François saw, as he had suspected, that he was the majordomo. Again François tapped, and observing the inmate move toward the door, he hurried thither. As they met, François hastened to say that he was the man who had aided the marquis and had himself had the luck to escape. Once reassured, the old majordomo urged François to enter. But

made his escape. "A hard man to hold is my master; and as to the village, it has had to pay right dearly, too." Pierre had been arrested, but was soon set free. And the little gentleman? He had been taken to a cousin's house in eastern Normandy. François hesitated over his final question; he himself could not have told why.

"And Mme. Renée?" he exclaimed, and bent forward, intent.

"The countess?"

"I did not know. Is she a countess? Mme. Renée—what of her?—she who was hurt. I passed her; she lay on the upper stair. There was blood—blood. The little boy cried to me to help her. My God! I could not. I—tell me, was she badly hurt?"

"She is dying, monsieur. Something—a gauntlet, they say—struck her head. She has known no one since."

"Where is she?"

"In the château, with a maid and her aunt. She was too ill to be taken away. She is dying to-night. They say she cannot last long. God rest her soul! 'T is the end of everything."

The thief stood still a minute; then he said resolutely, "I must see her." This the old servant declared impossible; but when François swore that he would go alone, he finally consented to show him the way, insisting all the time that he would not be let in.

In a few minutes they were moving down a long corridor on the second floor. All was dark until the majordomo paused at a door under which a line of light was to be seen. Here he knocked, motioning his companion to keep back a little. The door opened, and a gaunt middle-aged lady came forth.

"What is it?" she said.

"This man—this gentleman would see the countess."

"What do you want? My niece is dying—murdered. You have done your cruel work. Would you trouble the dead?"

"Madame," said François, "I am he who held the stair with the marquis. I am no Jacobin. I shot the man who wounded the countess."

"You! He is dead."

"Thank God! May I see the lady?"

"She is dying; why should you see her?"

"Madame, I am a poor unhappy thief. Once this lady offered me help—a chance, a better life. I was a fool; I let it go by. I—let me see her."

"Come in," said the gentlewoman; and, with no more words, he entered after her, and approached the bed, leaving his dog outside. What he beheld he neither forgot nor, I believe, save in his memoirs, ever spoke of to any one.

He saw a white face on the pillow; a deep-red spot on each cheek; eyes with the glaze of swift-coming death. He fell on his knees beside her, and stayed motionless, watching the sweat on the brow, the breath quicken and then stop as if it would not come again. At last he touched the hand. It was cold, and he withdrew his own hand, shrinking

back. He had seen death, but no death like this. He said, "Madame." There was no answer. He looked up at the older woman. "She is dying; she does not hear."

"No; nor ever will in this world."

He turned, bent down, and kissed the fringe of the coverlet. Then he arose, shaken by the strongest emotion life had brought to him.

"I thank you," he said, and moved to the door. He paused outside.

"Are you sure the beast is dead—the man who did that—that?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry—sorry." He shook his long arms in the air. "I would like now to kill him again—again!" He walked swiftly away, and, not waiting for the servant, left the house and found his way back to his forest shelter.

All night long he sat without a fire, indifferent to poor Toto's efforts to get a little notice, not feeling the cold, a sorely wounded man, with a scar on his memory which no after happiness could ever erase.

The next night he found the majordomo, and learned that the countess was dead. He took away the blankets and provisions bountifully supplied, and once more rejoined his dog.

In this manner the last days of February were passed; and in March the spring began to appear, but with it a new peril. The woodmen went here and there at work, and thrice he narrowly escaped being seen. Early in April his friend the majordomo disappeared, and the great château was infested with men who came and went—for what he knew not.

He began to be troubled with a feverish desire to see the streets of Paris. At last he made up his mind to leave his forest shelter; and sometime in April, having hesitated long, he set out. He hid all day in woods, and walked at night, until he reached the Seine. With this as a guide, he went on, robbing hen-houses of eggs, and milking cows, until he was close to Paris. How to enter it he did not know. The times were doubly dangerous. Spies and suspicion were everywhere to be dreaded. His papers had no certifications from the places he was presumed to have visited. Formidable in the background he saw the man Grégoire, the commissioner with the wart of ill luck.

How the thief and his dog lived near to Paris in woods and fields, there is no need to tell in detail. The month of June was come in this year of 1793. Marat was ill, and Charlotte Corday on her way to forestall the decree of nature. La Vendée was up.

The Girondists had fallen, the great cities of the South were in uproar, the enemy was on the frontier, and the rule of France in the competent and remorseless hands of the Committee of Public Safety. All around Paris the country was infested with wandering people who, for the most part, like François, had good reason to fear. There were beggars, thieves, persecuted nobles, those who had no mind to face the foe as volunteers. Now and then François, ever cautious, picked up a little news on a scrap of gazette found by the wayside. He read that Citizen Amar was of the Great Committee of General Security. François laughed.

"Toto, dost thou think this will add to thy master's security? That was the gentleman with the emigrative mouth. *Ami*, he is still

alive. They must be tough, these Jacobins. What fun, Toto! I can see him pinned to the door like a beetle, and that marquis with a face, Toto, like a white plaster cast those Italians used to sell.

"I like not M. Amar. Toto, we are unhappy in our acquaintances. But the man of the wart is the worst." This was François's black beast; why, he could not have said. Amar, "*le farouche*," was really a more fatal foe. The citizen who dressed neatly, and wore spectacles over green eyes, and was in debt to the conjurer for a not desirable forecast of fortune, was a yet more sinister acquaintance. Yet, it was Citizen Grégoire who came to François in dreams, and the bare thought of whom could chop short a laugh as surely as Mother Guillotine, the merciless.



(To be continued.)

HINDERERS.

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.

YE idle chatterers! Ye who use the pen
As outlet for empoisoned human woe,
And claim as guerdon for the scars ye show
Undying fame, and shuddering ruth of men:
Ye unashamed and shameless! Have ye then
Less pride in ye than very beasts who go,
To hide a hurt and make their moaning low,
Far out of sight in trackless forest den?

Be silent! Give us quietude to hear,
Deep in our souls, words echoing from the height
Of God-inspired genius. Ye but rear
A scowling image to obstruct the light,
And from the gloom of selfish pain and fear
Would curse the world with everlasting night.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

I. INTRODUCTION BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

THE fate of the Spanish Armada, as Mr. Tilton remarks below, stands conspicuous among the great catastrophes of war narrated by history. According to the estimate of the Spanish captain Duro, who has made a close study of the records in his own country, out of one hundred and thirty sail of which the Armada was composed when it left Lisbon on May 30, 1588, sixty-three were lost. Of these only nine fell in battle or in immediate consequence thereof, although the injuries received in the various actions in the Channel doubtless contributed to the ultimate shipwreck of many. Nineteen were cast away on the Scottish and Irish coasts; thirty-five disappeared altogether. Of these last, it is possible that some of the smaller classes of vessels may have reached port, and that the fact passed unnoted; but of the forty-odd larger vessels which never returned, the probability is that those whose fate is unknown perished at sea.

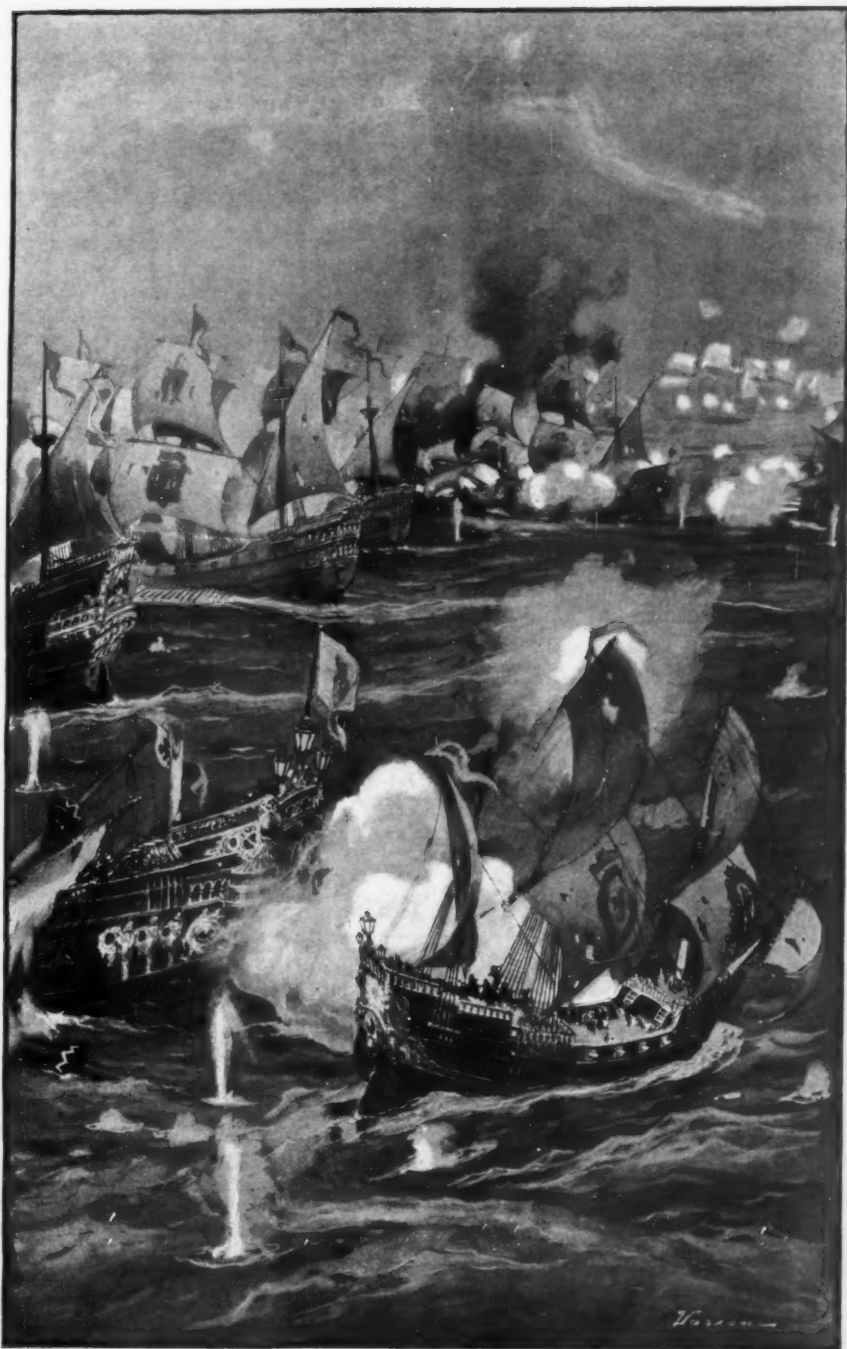
Striking indeed is the contrast between this tremendous issue and the hopes attending the creation and despatch of the Armada, as expressed either in its first name, the "Most Fortunate," or in the title "Invincible," afterward attached to it. The moving pictures of the experience of some of the sufferers, presented in Mr. Tilton's narrative, suggest the anguish of the many victims whose miseries have not reached the ears of posterity.

But although the winds and waves were the means by which was wrought the final ruin of the Armada, the first causes of the disasters that befell the Spanish ships are to be found in very commonplace human mismanagement. It was not that exceptional mischances attended the enterprise. On the contrary, it had some very good luck at critical moments. But the general scheme was defective and ill-knit; the commander-in-chief, Medina Sidonia, was incompetent; and the vessels themselves were not adapted for the kind of fighting which they were expected to do. Relying upon boarding rather than upon artillery, they nevertheless were neither swift enough nor handy enough to grapple their agile antagonists. The latter, expert with their guns, which were more

powerful than those opposed to them, and able by their better nautical qualities to choose their distance and time of attack, fought upon their own terms.

The general scheme, as shown by the instructions to the admiral, was to enter the English Channel, traverse it to the eastern end, and there to make a junction with the Duke of Parma, commanding the Spanish army in Belgium. The combined forces—the Armada itself carried six thousand troops—were then to invade England. The plan was defective, because it did not command, even if it did not actually discourage, a previous battle with the English navy so as to disable the latter from harassing the intended passage. It was ill-knit, for due provision was not made to insure the junction, the place and manner of which were left largely undetermined. Above all, no attention was paid to the advice of Parma, a skilful and far-seeing warrior, to seize Flushing, at the mouth of the Scheldt, so as to provide a safe harbor for the Armada during the period necessary for embarking the troops. Failing this, no anchorage was available for the unwieldy vessels, except such as they might find on the English coast, exposed to constant molestation by the enemy. In short, the security of the fleet, and the time and manner of the junction, were left to chance.

The Armada entered the English Channel on July 30, and on the 6th of August anchored off Calais, having traversed the Channel successfully in a week. Three several actions had occurred. None was decisive; but all tended generally in favor of the English, who utilized their advantages of speed and artillery to hammer the foe with their long guns, while keeping out of range of his muskets and lighter cannon. The Spanish losses in battle, by a Spanish authority, were six hundred killed and eight hundred wounded. The English loss, from first to last, did not reach one hundred. Such a discrepancy tells its own tale; but it is to be remembered, moreover, that men slain means sides pierced and frames shattered. Shot that fly wide, or that cut spars, sails, and rigging, kill comparatively few. With



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"THE VESSELS THEMSELVES WERE NOT ADAPTED FOR THE KIND OF FIGHTING."

hulls thus damaged, the Spaniards had to confront the equinoctial gales of the Atlantic.

At Calais, a friendly town, Parma might possibly join; but there was no harbor for big ships, and it was unreasonable to expect that he, with the whole charge of the Netherlands on his hands, would be waiting there, ignorant when the fleet would appear, or whether it would come at all. Medina Sidonia sent him word of his arrival; but it could not be hoped that the English would allow the fleet to occupy that unprotected position undisturbed. The wind being to the westward, they anchored at a safe distance to windward, and on the night of August 7 sent against the Spaniards eight fire-ships. The ordinary means of diverting these failing, the Spanish admiral got under way. In this operation the fleet drifted nearer the shore, and the wind next day coming out strong from the northwest and setting the ships bodily on the coast, he, under the advice of the pilots, stood into the North Sea. Had Flushing been in their possession, it might, with good pilots, have afforded a refuge; but it was held by the Dutch. The enemy's ships, more weatherly, drew up and engaged again; while the continuance of the wind, and the clumsiness of the Spaniards, threatened destruction upon the shoals off the Flemish coast. The sudden shifting of the wind to the south saved them when already in only six or seven fathoms of water.

Here, again, was no bad luck; nor could it be considered a misfortune that the southerly breeze, which carried them to the Pentland Frith, changed to the northeast as they passed the Orkneys and entered the Atlantic, being thus fair for their homeward course.

The disasters of the Armada were due to the following causes: 1. The failure to prescribe the effectual crippling of the English navy as a condition precedent to any attempt at invasion. 2. The neglect to secure beforehand a suitable point for making the junction with the army. Combinations thus intrusted to chance have no right to expect success. 3. The several actions with the English failed because the ships, which could exert their power only close to the enemy, were neither so fast nor so handy as the latter. Only those who have the advantage of range can afford inferiority of speed. 4. The disasters in the Atlantic were due either to original unseaworthiness, or to damage received in action, or to bad judgment in taking unweatherly ships too close to the shores of Ireland, where strong westerly gales prevailed, and the coast was inhospitable.

All these conditions were preventable by human foresight and skill; but I am far from denying the current idea that the reactionary despotism of Philip was smitten by the hand of Providence. The assignment of human reasons for failure only shifts the ultimate cause a step back. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

II. THE FATE OF THE ARMADA.

BY WILLIAM FREDERIC TILTON.

HISTORY records few episodes that surpass in romantic and tragic interest the fate that befell the Invincible Armada after its repulse from the shores of England.¹ It occupies in naval annals a position similar to that taken in military history by the catastrophe of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. As in Napoleon's disaster, so here, the dumb ruthlessness of nature joined the cruelty of man in marking with scenes of indescribable horror the fatal turning-point in the fortunes of a monarch who was aiming at the sovereignty of Europe. It was

no exaggeration when the Dutch rebels, jubilant over the dispersion of the Armada, struck a medal showing the world slipping from King Philip's fingers.

Europe was waiting with bated breath to hear the result of the conflict between Spain and England; for on the issue of this duel of giants depended the future of mankind. A victory for Elizabeth promised intellectual and political freedom, growth, and strength to the nations which should prove themselves worthy of these gifts, while a victory for Philip meant the ultimate triumph of the mighty Counter-Reformation, the destruction of the work of Luther and Calvin.

At first came rumors of a great Spanish victory. Mendoza, Philip's ambassador in Paris, who during the critical days had done

¹ This paper is chiefly based on the manuscript Irish correspondence in the London Record Office, and on the narratives of survivors and other authentic Spanish documents published by Captain Duro in his "Armada Invencible."

"nothing but trot up and down from church to church" to pray for success, and had boasted that before October his master Armada had naturally been the one all-absorbing theme of boasting or conjecture, in palace and monastery, in street and shop.



FROM PHOTOGRAPHY OF PORTRAIT BY TITIAN IN THE Prado Museum, Madrid. BY PERMISSION OF BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

PHILIP II.

would have public mass said in St. Paul's,¹ at once hurried off couriers to Spain with the good news, and could scarcely restrain himself from having bonfires lighted before his house.

In Spain the progress and fortunes of the

¹ Sir Edward Stafford to Walsingham.

From every altar of the land fervent prayers for its success were rising. The king himself passed hours of every day upon his knees before the sacrament; and those in waiting on him declared that he often rose in the night, sighing to Heaven for victory.

And now came Mendoza's good news. Yet

the king, feverish as was his longing for success, was too old a player to put absolute trust in his ambassador's confused report; for the sanguine, magniloquent Mendoza had a reputation for "deceiving himself." So

gales of the German Ocean. For Philip's fleet, if not actually conquered, had been terribly shattered by the incessant, deadly fire of the English gunners in the great fight off Gravelines. When the Spanish admiral,



DRAWN BY GEORGE VAHAN.

"SILENT GROUPS ABOUT THE DECKS."

Philip, in an agony of conflicting doubt and hope, shut himself up in the Escorial, and would give no one audience until he should receive more certain tidings.

While Mendoza's ridiculous rumors were circulating through the courts of the Continent, the Armada was in reality flying, crippled and miserable, into the fogs and

the Duke of Medina Sidonia, counted over his ships after the battle, several were missing, among them those of the two heroes of the day on the Spanish side, the dashing, irresistible soldier-sailors Toledo and Pimentel, who, having fought till, in the words of a Spanish officer present, their crack galleons were "knocked in pieces, and the crews nearly

all dead or wounded," drifted in the black night, helpless, or rather unhelped, away from their consorts toward the Low-Country coast. Toledo ran ashore on Nieuport beach, and there found himself among Spaniards and friends. Pimentel had a different fortune. Drifting along the coast between Ostend and the Sluys, his ship was reported to "the brave Lord Willoughby" of the ballad, at this time lord-general of the Queen's forces in the Low Countries, who sent out three men-of-war against her. After a sharp fight of two hours, Pimentel, yielding to exhaustion and the odds against him, struck his colors. The "best sort" among the prisoners were spared for their ransoms; the rest were knocked on the head and flung into the sea.

Yet the Armada had not been utterly routed, and Elizabeth's captains knew this full well. In the evening, just after the fighting had ceased, Howard wrote home that he had "distressed them much," and, though he doubted not, "by God's good assistance, to oppress them," yet he would not "write unto her Majesty till more be done." And even jubilant Drake, who, with the insight of the great sea-captain, had at once appreciated almost to its full extent the success achieved at Gravelines, still expected to "wrestle a pull" with the Spaniards, and was keeping a sharp eye upon them night and day.

In spite of their exhaustion, the Spaniards had scarce closed their eyes during the night after Gravelines, fearing every moment to hear their ships strike on the treacherous banks which skirt the Low-Country coast. Soon after day broke their fears were all but realized. The wind had gradually edged to the northward, and was now blowing hard from the northwest. This must have been a fair enough wind for Calais; but Sidonia had no stomach for another fight, and, owing to their crippled state, his ships, bad sailers at best, were now falling off to leeward toward the low line of shoals. With terror the Spaniards saw in front of them the great waves breaking into gray foam on the smooth sands, and close behind them the pursuing English fleet. Sidonia was lagging behind, with his stout-hearted lieutenants, Recalde and Leyva. The pilots declared that the fleet was doomed unless the wind shifted, and that speedily. Chicken-hearted officers begged Sidonia to strike his colors, and at least save ships and lives; but the admiral confessed himself, and resolved to die, if die he must, like a true knight of the cross. The

English, however, did not attack, believing, as the Spaniards afterward concluded, that the Armada was drifting of itself to sure destruction. In ships that drew twenty-five feet the lead was already giving only thirty. "It was the fearfulest day in the world," a gentleman on the flag-ship wrote to the king. "Our people abandoned all hope, and thought only of death. Our Lord made the enemy blind, and kept him from attacking us." Suddenly, by a miracle, as the Spaniards piously thought, the wind veered to the southward. The Armada, rescued from the shoals only to suffer a more terrible fate, eased sheets and sailed out into the deep North Sea, closely followed by the English.

Shaken by the terrible strain of the last ten days, and now utterly unnerved by the narrowness of this last escape from the very jaws of death, Sidonia was in a panic of doubt and despair. Personally brave enough, as became his proud ancestry, he was too incapable and inexperienced to face with energy and decision a responsibility from which stouter hearts than his might well have shrunk. So, hastily summoning a council of war, he asked whether he ought to sail back into the Channel. It was voted to do so if the wind came fair, otherwise to "obey the weather," and sail north about to Spain; for, it was urged, hulls were leaking at a thousand shot-holes, the rigging was terribly cut up, and the ammunition was nearly all consumed. The admiral did not know when the dilatory Duke of Parma would be ready to join him with his Flanders army, and was convinced that in beating back through the Channel he would have to fight again. The danger was certain; the issue seemed more than doubtful. High-spirited, sensitive officers like Recalde, Leyva, and Oquendo realized what a shameful course their commander was contemplating. Recalde begged him to lie off and on till the wind blew fair for Calais; and Leyva protested that, although he had only thirty cartridges left, and his good ship *Rata* was battered and rent and leaking like a sieve, he saw no reason for flying northward like a pack of cowards. Unfortunately for Philip, the honor of Spain had not been intrusted to these gallant men. Their courage was denounced as madness, or ridiculed as morbid chivalry. Promising to turn back if the wind shifted, Sidonia headed his ragged fleet for the Orkneys; yet it may be inferred that he had no wish to face again the devilish tactics of those heretic pirates.

The English admiral, on the other hand, kept up his "brag countenance," as though he had no lack of victuals or ammunition, and continued in hot pursuit. But as Sidonia showed no desire to turn upon his pursuers, Howard decided, when off Newcastle, to abandon the chase. Leaving two smart pinnaces to dog the enemy "until they were shot beyond the isles of Orkneys and Shetland," or to bring back news of any alarming change in their movements, he sailed back to the North Foreland to refurnish his ships and be ready to meet the Armada if by any chance it returned.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were speeding, crestfallen, over the German Ocean, under all the canvas that their torn rigging and splintered spars would bear. For Sidonia's men were thinking only of getting home to the warm sun and sparkling water of their *cara España*—dear old Spain. Soldiers and sailors lounged in sullen, silent groups about the decks. The flag-ship would not respond to the salutes of her consorts. The wind blew northerly at times, but the duke forgot his promise to sail back into the Channel. He thought only of flight, and offered his French pilot two thousand ducats if he should bring him safe to Spain. Soon the autumn storms burst, and the Spaniards had to house everything but a rag of sail to steer by. Thick, black fogs often settled down upon them, so that they could not see each one another's lights at night. One day, however, they had the melancholy satisfaction of capturing a few English pinnaces returning from their fishing-ground laden with cod and ling. This—one almost regrets to say it—was the greatest achievement of the fleet that was to give Philip the sovereignty over western Europe. The men had been supplied with clothes only for a short summer campaign, and these North Sea gales froze them to the bone. "We all expected to come home rich from this expedition," wrote a gentleman on board the flag-ship, as she was floundering past Scotland; "but now we are coming home in our shirts, for our clothes got so ragged that we had to throw them overboard." To increase the wretchedness, it became necessary to reduce the rations to starving-point. The artillery mules and noblemen's horses, which a wise commander would have kept for food, were cast overboard to save water. It was heart-rending to see the wild white eyes of the poor brutes as, plunging and snorting, they tried to swim back to the ship's side.

It seemed imperative to punish somebody

for all this disgrace and misery. A number of officers were accused of disobedience or cowardice. Some of these the duke deprived of their commands; and one captain was hanged in a pinnace, which was sent through the fleet with its gruesome freight dangling from the yard-arm as a warning to the rest.

The weather got ever wilder. The clumsy ships heaved and rolled, and plunged their yards deep into the waves. Hulls got so badly strained that they had to be stiffened with ropes. Strong men flocked to the chaplains, begging for their prayers. Many a poor fellow, losing hope of seeing land again, made his will and intrusted it to the ship's priest. Men sickened and died by hundreds, sons of Spain's noblest houses with the rest. Many ships got so short-handed that they dropped behind the main body, and had to struggle northward in isolated groups. Now and then a rotten lacing would give way, and the sailors, weakened by hunger and sickness, had to go aloft in the gale to house the tugging and bellying sail, lucky if shrouds and spars were not slippery and dangerous with the driving sleet. Though midsummer, it was as cold as Christmas. Everybody except the pilots stayed below as much as possible to keep warm. They were all perishing with hunger and thirst, and the little food they got was moldy. They might have tried catching rain-water in casks, but the spray would have turned it salt. Calderon, one of the paymasters, had a store of delicacies aboard his hulk, and distributed them, as well as the heavy sea allowed, among the sick and wounded of the fleet. The negroes and mulattos, it was observed, nearly all perished with the cold. The men were now kept continuously at the pumps. Woe to the ship when pumps got clogged with ballast pebbles! It was hard and dangerous work shifting the crews of sinking vessels in the tempestuous weather.

August 20, twelve days after the battle of Gravelines, Medina Sidonia doubled the Orkneys. The Armada, which had been badly scattered in the fogs and wild storms of the German Ocean, was now pretty well together again. Yet it had not escaped the dangers of the Northern islands wholly without mishap. The admiral of the great squadron of hulks, in trying to get by Fair Isle, met with a disaster which is vividly described, in his quaint diary, by good James Melville, the Scottish reformer, who was at that time minister of the parish of Anstruther Wester, Fifeshire.

For a long time, says Melville, the news

of a Spanish navy had been blazed abroad, and "about the Lambstide" Scotland would have "found a fearful effect thereof, to the utter subversion both of Kirk and Policy," if God had not "mightily fought and defeated that army by his soldiers, the elements." For "terrible was the fear, piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobs and abounding was the tears at that Fast and General Assembly kept at Edinburgh, when the news were credibly told, sometimes of their landing at Dunbar, sometimes at St. Andrews." Yet these good people soon learned that "the Lord of Armies who rides upon the wings of the winds, the keeper of his own Israel, was in the meantime conveying that monstrous navy about our coasts and directing their hulks and galleons to the islands, rocks and sands, whereupon He had destined their wreck and destruction." For one morning, at break of day, Mr. Melville was startled by a sharp knock and a strange voice at his bedroom door. It was one of the bailiffs of Anstruther.

"I have news to tell you, sir," cried the voice. "There is arrived within our harbour, this morning, a ship full of Spaniards, not to give mercy, but to ask." The officers, it appeared, had come ashore; but the sturdy bailiff had ordered them to their ship again till the magistrates of the town should consider what was to be done; and the haggard Spaniards, who were but the shadows of their usual selves, had feebly bowed their heads and obeyed. So, at the bailiff's request, Melville hurried on his clothes and assembling about him the honest men of the town, consented to grant the Spanish captain audience. He proved to be none other than Juan Lopez de Medina, admiral of the hulks, "a very reverend man," says Melville, "of big stature and grave and stout countenance, grey-haired and very humble-like, who after mickle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue." His story, as reported in English by an interpreter, was that God, for their sins, had been against them, and by a storm had driven his flagship, the *Gran Grifon*, upon Fair Isle,¹ where such of his crew as had escaped the merciless seas and rocks had for "more than six

or seven weeks suffered great hunger and cold," till, having put to sea again in a fishing-smack, they "were come hither as to their special friends and confederates to kiss the King's Majesty's hands of Scotland." And herewith Medina made obeisance to the very ground.

The worthy minister replied that though they and their king Philip were friends to the greatest enemy of Christ, the Pope of Rome, nevertheless they should learn that the men of Anstruther were better Christians than they; "for whereas our people resorting amongst you in peaceable and lawful affairs of merchandise, were violently taken and cast into prison, their goods and gear confiscated and their bodies committed to the cruel flaming fire for the cause of religion, you shall find nothing amongst us but Christian pity and works of mercy and alms." And so the interview came to an end. The next day the Laird of Anstruther, who in the mean time had been notified of what was passing, arrived with a goodly number of the gentlemen of the countryside, entertained Medina and his officers at his own house, and suffered the soldiers and sailors to come ashore. These numbered over two hundred, for the most part young, beardless men, ragged, gaunt, emaciated creatures, scarcely able to drag themselves along. The good people of Anstruther gave them fish and pottage; and Melville, remembering the "prideful and cruel nature of those people, and how they would have used us" if their invasion had succeeded, thanked God to see these great dons making courteous salutations to humble townsmen, and their soldiers abjectly begging alms in the streets. From Anstruther Medina went to Edinburgh, where he met many Spanish castaways, was graciously received by King James, and finally sent back to Spain.

We have lingered too long over Medina's adventures. When he was washed, half dead, upon the rocks of Fair Isle, and watched in despair the last ships of the Armada as they slowly disappeared in the western ocean, little did he dream how good was his fortune compared to the doom that was soon to overtake many of those receding galleons.

The day after he got safe past the Orkneys, Medina Sidonia began to realize that some-

¹ A chair was recently presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which is supposed to have come from the cabin of the wrecked *Gran Grifon*. The inhabitants of the island still manufacture woolen articles, colored in a way so much resembling Spanish pat-

terns that it has been assumed, inasmuch as these patterns and the secret of dyeing the yarn in such varied colors are known only to the natives of that island, that the art was learned from these Armada castaways.

thing must be done to relieve the suspense of King Philip, whose Armada had disappeared so completely that Roman wags were offering, in the Pope's name, indulgence for one thousand years to any who might reveal its whereabouts. So, while tossing on the mighty rollers of the Atlantic a hundred miles to the northward of Cape Wrath, Sidonia wrote a letter to prepare Philip for the worst, and sent it by a despatch-boat, which finally did reach Spain. If this letter was a fresh revelation of the admiral's inefficiency, it at least shows that he was not without feeling for the sufferings of his men. There were over three thousand sick, he said, besides many wounded. Food must be collected for the Armada at the seaports. He had already written asking the bishops of Galicia to make provision for the sick. A gentleman serving in the Armada sent by this same despatch-boat a letter to the Venetian ambassador in Madrid. "Our route outside Scotland is long," he complained; "pray God we come safe home. I reserve all remarks till I arrive at Court, when there will be much to say. For myself I am very hungry and thirsty; the water you cannot drink, for it smells worse than musk. It is more than ten days since I drank any."

Yet Medina Sidonia and his consorts struggled on against the gales. The weather got so wet and black that he lost sight of many vessels, among them those of his gallant lieutenants Leyva and Recalde. Nevertheless, on September 3 he still counted ninety-five sail.

It was usual for Spanish sailors to have snug quarters in the poop-royal and fore-castle, where they could be near their work in heavy weather; but in the Armada the soldiers, who were more numerous than the seamen, and thought themselves quite above them, often took forcible possession of these good quarters, so that the sailors, aloft in all weathers, and constantly drenched to the skin, had no proper refuge after their hard work and exposure. Worse than this, the soldiers were in some cases base enough, after rations had been wisely shortened, to make raids upon the ships' stores. Now and again an arrogant landsman would drive captain and pilots from the helm, and, treating the sailors like so many dogs, run the ship to please himself, and perhaps wreck her, for his pains, among the rocks on the western coast of Ireland, "where," as sixteenth-century sailors knew too well, "the ocean sea raiseth such a billow

as can hardly be endured by the greatest ships."

About the middle of September the fisher-folk along the coast from Bloody Foreland to the Blasket Islands began to catch glimpses of an unwonted number of strange sail hovering on the horizon, and fancied a great invading fleet had come at last to free them from the English yoke.

When the news first reached Ireland that the defeated Armada was laying its course northward, Sir Richard Bingham, Governor of Connaught, had ordered a strict watch on the coast, fearing the Spaniards, with the help of the Irish malcontents, might attempt an invasion. Upon the appearance of any suspicious craft, cattle and provisions were to be hurried inland, and the troops called to arms. To stir the Irish to resistance, he spread the infamous report that the Spaniards meant to kill all inhabitants, friends or foes, male or female, above the age of seven, while those of seven years and under were to be "marked in the forehead with a letter for a note of slavery and bondage to them and their posterity."

Owing to Sir Richard's precautions, the Spaniards who ran into Irish harbors found it impossible to renew their stores. One captain offered a big galleon for permission to take in water, but was refused. Another sent men ashore to get "fresh meat if they could catch it"; but after burning half a dozen cottages, and stealing a few pigs, they were attacked, and forced to leave their prey and run for their boat. One day a hulk took shelter in a small creek of Tralee Bay. Three men swam ashore, and, being seized, said they were of the great Armada. Sir Edward Denny, who commanded at Tralee Castle, was away at Cork; but his lady called out the garrison, and the hulk at once struck her colors. She was leaking like a sieve, and had only twenty men on board—poor famished wretches, who were all put to death "because there was no safe keeping for them," though some of them offered ransom, saying that they had friends in Waterford who would redeem them.

By September 19 Sir Richard had heard of at least twenty-five galleons, scattered from the Erne to the Shannon. Then came, on the 20th, "a most extreme wind and cruel storm, which put him in very good hope that many of them would be beaten up and cast away upon the rocks." He had not long to wait for the fulfilment of his wish; for breathless couriers brought news of wrecks all along the western coast. As a

rule, the Spaniards who did not perish in the waves no sooner staggered half dead upon the shore than they were put to the sword, in compliance with orders from Bingham and the lord deputy, or were knocked on the head and stripped by the Irishry. In one place a crew got ashore so exhausted that a man named M'Cabb killed eighty of them with his gallowglass ax, although in some cases the woodkern and churls of the country allowed them to escape to the mountains, after plundering them to the very skin. Orthodox love for Spain was not so strong in the Irish peasant as greed of booty. In future, said a loyal observer, the Spaniards will know better than to trust "those Irish who so lately imbrued their hands in their blood, slaying them as dogs in such plentiful manner that their garments went about the country to be sold as good cheap as beasts' skins." "The blood which the Irish hath drawn upon them," wrote Sir George Carew, "doth well assure her Majesty of better obedience to come." And Queen Elizabeth herself could write in triumph to the King of Scots: "Albeit, my dear brother, the mighty malice and huge armies of my hateful enemies and causeless foes hath apparently spit out their venomous poison and mortal hate, yet through God's goodness our power so weakened their pride and cut off their numbers at the first that they ran away to their further overthrow. And so mightily hath our God wrought for our innocency, that places of their greatest trust hath turned to prosecute them most; yea every place hath served the turn to ruin their hope, destroy themselves, and take them in the snare they laid for our feet. His blessed name be ever magnified therefore and grant me to be humbly thankful, though never able to requite the least part of such unmeasurable goodness." In the following year a seminary priest came from Rome, bringing dispensation to the town of Galway "for killing the holy Spaniards."

Yet it must not be forgotten that the English in Ireland took their full share in the red-handed work. In this same town of Galway, Bingham executed about four hundred Spanish prisoners in cold blood; and

then, "having made a clean despatch of them both within the town and in the country abroad, he rested Sunday all day giving praise and thanks to Almighty God for her Majesty's most happy success in that action and our deliverance from such dangerous enemies." And somewhat later the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam wrote Walsingham: "Since it hath pleased God by His hand upon the rocks to drown the greater and better sort of them, I will, with His favour, be His soldier for the despatching of those rags which yet remain." The position of the English in Ireland was so precarious that the authorities felt they must stamp out with a heel of iron every spark which might cause the smoldering discontent of the Irishry to burst out in devastating conflagration. Finally, Fitzwilliam, seeing how difficult it would be to ferret out the few straggling wretches who had escaped the waves, Irish clubs, and English swords, yet fearing to leave them like "vermin to infect the people further," proclaimed the Queen's mercy to all who should submit themselves by January 15, 1589. Before the new year some had already reached Dublin, and others were following as quickly as "their weak bodies allowed."¹

One of the most fatal spots for Armada ships had been Sligo Bay. When Geoffrey Fenton went to view this scene of disaster, he found Spanish guns sunk half a horseman's staff in the shifting sand, and "numbered in one strand of less than five miles in length above eleven hundred dead corpses of men which the sea had driven upon the shore"; and the country people told him "the like was in other places, though not of like number." Somewhat later, the lord deputy, on his way, as he expressed it, to despatch "those rags" of the Spaniards which still infected the country, saw with amazement the masses of wreckage scattered along a beach on the same coast—timber enough to build "five of the greatest ships that ever I saw, besides mighty great boats, cables and other cordage, and some such masts for bigness and length as I never saw any two could make the like." A copy of the sailing directions given by Medina Sidonia,

¹ One often hears a type of peculiar beauty sometimes seen in western Ireland traced to a strain of Spanish blood from the Armada castaways. Such an explanation is doubtless quite fanciful. No less an authority than Mr. Bagwell thinks there is not a scrap of evidence for it. Many Spaniards escaped to Scotland, while those who reached Dublin probably induced friendly skippers to take them back to Spain. It is highly improbable that the few who lingered had any

noticeable influence on the population. Any admixture of Spanish blood in the west of Ireland would probably be due to long-continued trade. The Spaniards used to bring wine, "the King of Spain's daughter," and took away fish and hides. At Galway and Kinsale this commerce has left traces in the architecture. The absence of Spanish surnames in Ireland would of course indicate that any connections with Spanish sailors must have been irregular.

found perhaps in some captain's sea-chest among the wreckage, fell into the lord deputy's hands. A grim smile must have flitted over his face as he read the words: "Take great heed lest you fall upon the Island of Ireland for fear of the harm that may happen unto you upon that coast." An Armada relic still more touching than these instructions is part of a letter written off Dingle by a Spanish captain, begging the President of Munster for friendly treatment. Into a bundle of state papers which tell, in the language of the victors, the awful story of shipwreck and bloodshed on the Irish coast, this fragment, rusty and stained as if by salt water, has strayed like a wail from the vanquished.

It will be interesting, with the aid of Irish records and Spanish log-books, to follow in some detail the romantic adventures of one or two Armada crews.

The huge Venetian, *Trinidad Valencera*, having sprung a desperate leak, ran for the Irish coast, and soon found herself off O'Dogherty's country, perhaps in Lough Swilly. Part of the crew swam ashore; others huddled into an old leaky ship's boat. A native rowed out toward them, and, being promised a bagful of ducats and jewels, helped land those in the leaky boat, while another Irishman, bent on richer spoil, and heedless of the cries for help, rowed straight for the wreck, which went down while he was looting in the hold. No sooner had the Spaniards got ashore than "wild people," and even the queen's soldiers, fell upon them, robbing them of their "money, gold buttons, rapiers and apparel," and slaughtering numbers of them in cold blood. But one of the O'Donnells came to the rescue, had a great fire built for some of the officers, and seemed to "pity their case, especially O'Donnell's wife." One of these officers tells how he was lodged in the cabin of a fellow who sold ale and aqua vitæ, and was ruffling it in a stolen "red cloak with buttons of gold." In the night he robbed his guest of two hundred ducats, and the officer heard him "beat out barrels' heads and fill them with plate, money and jewels." The Spaniards, having saved no provisions, were forced to buy a few wretched horses, "which they killed and did eat, and some small quantity of butter that the common people brought also to sell."

Meanwhile one of the big Castilian galleons, which had got separated from her consorts in the heavy, black weather, was feeling her way with lead and astrolabe along

the Irish coast. Suddenly the man in the top sighted two ships, and signaled to them, that night, with beacons. They proved to be Recalde's *San Juan* and a hulk. Joining company, all three sailed for the mainland, and finally dropped anchor in Dingle Bay, between Great Blasket Island and the shore, "a most wild road." The sea-fowl whirled and screeched in their rigging. An ugly surf was beating against the cliffs, upon which a body of the queen's soldiers were patrolling. The Spaniards noticed their flag, white with a colored cross. Nevertheless, Recalde contrived to fill a few water-casks. He had many men on the sick-list, and every day five or six poor fellows had to be dropped over the ship's side. Soon it came on to blow from the westward a clear, dry gale. Recalde began to drag, and before he could get out a second anchor had smashed into the Castilian, carrying away her shrouds and stays. At noon the *Nuestra Señora de la Rosa*, one of Admiral Oquendo's best ships, came tearing into the harbor, firing guns of distress. Her rent sails were flapping in the tempest with the ugly sharpness of pistol-shots. She let go her only anchor, but dragged on to a reef. When she struck, the captain ran the Genoese pilot through the body for a traitor. The officers all rushed to the long boat, but could not get her clear before the vessel went down. All hands, three hundred "tall men," perished except the son of the murdered pilot, who was swept ashore, "naked upon a board." Soon two other ships boomed into the roadstead, one of them with her mainmast clean gone and her foresail torn to ribbons. After the storm had spent itself, this ship was found to be leaking beyond repair. Her company was distributed among the others, and while Recalde stayed behind to take the guns out of her, the Castilian made sail for Spain. But the troubles of her crew were not yet over. While they were at anchor, one night, in a group of islands, it came on to blow again. Finding their ship was dragging, they put canvas on her and got away. Low, black clouds were scudding over them, and it rained in torrents. The sea ran high and broke on the rocks in an awful surf which lighted the black night. Making desperately for the space between two islands, they got into the open sea without striking, but only to hurry into a worse tempest. The great seas broke into them; guns and water-butts plunged about the decks. They thought their last day had come, but, with only a bonnet bent to the foremast, contrived to weather it. When

they reached Spain their ship was little better than a wreck.

While Recalde was riding out the storm in Dingle Bay, Medina Sidonia, having a pilot who knew his business, had given Ireland a wide berth, and was making the best of his way homeward. September 18 he still had fifty sail with him. Then the gale burst upon them, and the duke, being very short of provisions, would not wait for stragglers, but headed his ship, the *San Martin*, for Santander, with all the canvas she would bear. At daybreak, September 21, he arrived, quite alone, off that port. The *San Martin* would not work in the light air, and the vast, smooth billows threw her nearer and nearer the rocks. She fired guns of distress, and pilot-boats put off and towed her out of danger. The duke, who was so weak with fever and dysentery that he could hardly stand, went ashore at once with most of the noblemen. "I cannot express to your Majesty," he wrote, "the sufferings we have been through." The wine was low in the casks. Many a ship's crew had been a fortnight without water. Of the sick aboard the *San Martin*, one hundred and eighty had died, including three of the four pilots. The rest were down with an ugly contagious fever. The duke said he was taking measures to have provisions sent down and the sick cared for. It was certainly a time for prompt decision and tireless energy, but the commander-in-chief confessed that he had "no health nor head for anything." A few days later he wrote Philip's secretary of state, Idiaquez, that nothing would induce him to go aboard the *San Martin* again. "For," he said, "knowing as I do nothing of the sea or of war, I should be sacrificing myself without doing his Majesty any good. So please act in these naval matters as if I were dead. I have said many times that I am unfit for a command at sea; I will not serve again, though it cost me my head. I am too weak to write with my own hand or to leave this town." And then, fearing that he too had death in his bones, he added: "To-day died Admiral de las Alas, who has done the best service of all at sea."

Before Sidonia, crowding sail across the Bay of Biscay, had sighted the blue hills of Spain, King Philip, after agonizing weeks of alternate hopes and fears, had at last been forced to yield to the certainty of disaster. Mendoza's news of victory had been followed by a letter from Parma telling of the fight off Gravelines. This reverse, said Idiaquez, "has afflicted his Majesty incredibly," and

"his distress increases day by day. Not that his health has suffered. Thank God, he is well and his courage superior to any trial; but having undertaken this invasion from holy, Christian zeal, he is overcome with grief at having been unable to do the Almighty so acceptable a service, after thinking himself so near the goal." When men talked to him of wreaking speedy vengeance for this blow to Spain's prestige, he replied, with a feeble resignation that shows how disaster had stunned him: "In that which it pleases God to do there is neither loss nor gain of reputation." This, however, was only a passing moment of apathy. For no one felt more keenly than Philip this awful disgrace to Spanish arms. He still hoped the Armada would turn on the enemy and join the Duke of Parma and his Flanders army in the invasion; and later, while Sidonia was tearing headlong past the Irish coast, Philip even suggested that Parma might cross alone to England. "It will be easy enough to conquer the country," he said, and then "perhaps our Armada can come back and station itself in the Thames to support you." Soon, however, the king got his admiral's despatch from the Orkneys, and then his letter from Santander, with its tale of rout, sickness, and death. "I render His Divine Majesty most hearty thanks," said Philip, when the truth burst upon him at length, though not yet in its appalling fullness, "by whose generous hand I am gifted with such power that I could easily, if I chose, place another fleet upon the seas. Nor is it of very great importance that a running stream should be sometimes intercepted if the fountain from which it flows remains inexhaustible." And to Sidonia's dismal letters from Santander the long-suffering king replied without betraying in the slightest the terrible shock to which he had been subjected. His fondest hopes were dashed to the ground. The great enterprise in which had culminated the tireless striving of a lifetime had ended, largely by his admiral's fault, in ignominious, overwhelming disaster. Yet he has no word of blame for the inefficient Medina Sidonia, whom he still addresses, with perhaps unconscious irony, as his "Captain General of the Ocean Sea." "I have been much grieved," says Philip, "to hear of your illness. I charge you to take good care of yourself, and hope that you will soon be able to resume your duties with the zeal you have always manifested in my service."

Gradually the other shattered remnants of the fleet, which had set forth amid such high

hopes, crawled, wreck after wreck, into the ports of Galicia. It was only a few short weeks since Lope de Vega, Spain's sweetest singer, who himself took part in the expedition, loving, like England's Sidney, to do the noble deeds he sang, had composed his sonnet to the "Famosa Armada de estandartes llena," and bidden it "sail forth and set the world ablaze." And this was the wretched end of it all. It was touching to see the men when they caught sight once more of their native shores. "Such," says one of the Armada priests, "were the rejoicings in our ships that we thought everybody gone mad for very gladness." But in this case the joy came too soon. Before they could make the harbor a storm struck them, as violent as any of the whole voyage. They had to scud all night under bare poles. Many a ship's mast went by the board. The priest relates how, having at last succumbed to his hardships, he was down with the fever. That awful night, however, officers and men came trembling to his berth to be shriven. But the danger passed quickly, and the next day they sailed into Santander harbor. Boats came out to them with grapes. They had got home at last. The sight of fresh food and sweet water made Spain seem a paradise. For, verily, concludes the priest, the sea is only "sky and water, bad days and worse nights." 'T is well named the Briny, for 't is but bitterness."

Even after their arrival in Spain the men continued to die, as if stricken with the pest. They could not get well aboard their ships, which were foul and stinking. For a time there were no doctors, no medicines, no wholesome food. Oquendo had no sooner reached his own town of San Sebastian than, refusing to go ashore to see wife and child, he lay down and died of the pestilence and a broken heart. Recalde, too, finally reached Corunna. Sickness and famine had killed nearly two hundred of his ship's company, and the mortality would not cease. He himself, having done all a brave man could for the honor of his country's flag, was so far fortunate as to survive only a few days the ignominy of this return to Spain.

Not till now had Philip fully realized the awful magnitude of the disaster that had befallen him. Of the great fleet that sailed out of Corunnain July, little more than half ever returned, and these were all torn, strained, and water-logged. Less than a dozen sail had been missing on the morrow of Gravelines; the rest foundered or went ashore during the mad career homeward. Of

the twenty-five thousand men it is doubtful if a third ever saw Spain again, and of this miserable remnant many got home only to die.

Among those still missing was Don Alonso de Leyva, one of the most honored officers of Spain, who, in case of mishap to Medina Sidonia, was to have succeeded to the chief command. With him was a brilliant company of high-born youths, whose fathers had been willing that they should serve under no other. King and people hoped against hope that their idol was tarrying only to win fresh laurels on Irish battle-fields; and, indeed, the news that he had saved twenty-six ships and raised Ireland came to make the heart of Spain beat for a moment more gladly. But the tragic truth was soon known, and may be briefly told.

The English guns had played such havoc with Leyva's ship, the *Rata*, that she was in no condition for the perilous voyage around Scotland and Ireland. She succeeded, however, in getting as far as Mayo, but was there found to be utterly unseaworthy. Leyva, therefore, ran for shelter into Blacksod Bay. Here the *Rata* was slowly settling, as the water gained obstinately on the pumps, when a Spanish hulk, by chance, put into the same roadstead. She took off Leyva and his people, and, after setting fire to the ship on which Leyva had fought so nobly in the Channel, they all sailed away for Spain. But contrary winds baffled them and drove the unweatherly hulk back to Donegal Bay. Here a wild storm burst upon them. Cables parted, and the hulk drove ashore near Killybegs. All hands got safe to the beach, but a lurch of the ship had thrown Leyva against the capstan so violently that he could neither walk nor ride. So they carried him after a few days to the great galleass *Girona*, which had gone ashore at a point nineteen miles distant. Here they all remained a fortnight, till, having called to their aid "some such lewd carpenters as those savage and brutish people had there in the country," they had patched up the galleass with planks from another wreck. Then, hearing that the lord deputy, Fitzwilliam, was approaching with troops, Leyva took "the choice men of the whole company" aboard the galleass, and got away. "The refuse" were left to wander up and down through woods and bogs, venturing forth now and then to beg an alms. Among this refuse was a Tipperary man, who describes Leyva as "tall and slender, of a whitely complexion, of a flaxen and smooth hair, of behaviour mild and temperate, of

speech good and deliberate, greatly revered not only by his own men, but generally of all the whole company."

It was October 26 when the galleass put to sea. Leyva laid his course for Scotland,

ceeded in swimming to land. The bodies of the drowned were gradually washed ashore. Their whitening bones and three brass guns, which glistened in fine weather far under water on the reefs of Bunboys, remained for



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"CAME TREMBLING . . . TO BE SHRIVEN."

and had almost reached the Giant's Causeway when, skirting the coast of Antrim too closely, they dashed upon the rocks of Bunboys, near the huge, sheer cliffs from which Dunluce Castle looked down upon the boiling sea. The galleass was soon ground to pieces, and all hands perished, save five who suc-

a time to mark the spot where Leyva met his fate.

Over a year passed, and it seemed as if the last tale of shipwreck and suffering must have long since been told. But one day in the late autumn of 1589 a courier brought the king a long letter from Captain Cuellar

of the *San Pedro*, who was supposed to have perished with the rest in Ireland. He had just arrived in Antwerp, after a year of the strangest adventures that ever a man had, and wrote the king a lively account of them, hoping, he said, in his trivial cavalier fashion, that his Majesty might while away an after-dinner hour over it.

At Gravelines, he wrote, he had been in the thickest of the fray, and his ship was riddled with great shot. He had scarcely closed his eyes for ten days, and after the English gave up their pursuit he went below to snatch a little rest. While he was asleep his pilot crowded sail and went on ahead of Medina Sidonia, to plug a shot-hole through which the water was streaming. He was about lowering sail when a pinnace came alongside, with orders to hang Cuellar and De Avila, captain of a hulk which had also sailed too far ahead. Cuellar, gasping with rage, asked how they dared put such shame upon an officer who had served the king so loyally. "Ask my men here," he cried, "and if one of them says aught against me, you can pull me asunder with four boats." But he wasted his breath. It was useless, the messengers said, to appeal to the duke, who had shut himself up in his cabin and wanted to be left alone. But when Cuellar was taken to the auditor-general's ship, that officer refused to execute him without a warrant under the duke's own hand, and the duke finally sent word to spare him. De Avila, however, was sent to the yard-arm. Cuellar stayed aboard the auditor's ship, which, with two others, went ashore in a gale on the coast of Sligo. The beach shelved so gradually that they struck far from shore. The huge seas broke clean over them, and they were fast going to pieces. Some of the noblemen got into a ship's boat, with their ducats and jewels, and had the hatch battened down over them. A number of seamen threw themselves into the boat after their betters, and, since the hatch was closed, had to cling as best they could to the slippery deck. They had scarcely got clear of the wreck when a great sea swept them all overboard, and capsized the boat, which was buffeted gradually shoreward, and finally tossed, keel uppermost, on the beach. A band of savages came to strip off her ironwork, and, ripping up the deck, found the noblemen all dead. They took the treasure and clothing, leaving the naked bodies to rot on the sand. Meanwhile Cuellar, crouched on the poop-royal, was watching the awful scene. Many of his comrades, throwing away the gold chains and

money which weighed them down, sprang into the boiling sea, and sank, never to rise again. Others were clinging desperately to casks or planks. Above the roar of the tempest rose the shrieks of men crying to God for mercy. The shore was covered with natives, who rushed about madly and seemed overjoyed at the dreadful spectacle. The moment a Spaniard staggered on to the beach, half a hundred of these wild men fell upon him, beating him and stripping him. Cuellar, seeing that in a quarter of an hour there would be nothing left of his ship to cling to, threw himself upon a mass of wood-work that was floating near. The auditor, heavy with the gold he had sewn into doublet and small-clothes, followed him. The waves dashed against them and stunned them with bits of floating wreckage. The auditor was soon swept off, and went down, shrieking a prayer. Cuellar clung to his frail raft, and, before he knew it, was swept to the shore, more dead than alive. He was covered with blood, and in such miserable plight that the savages thought him unworthy of notice. So, parched with thirst, and suffering agony from the salt in his wounds, he crawled away, meeting many Spaniards, stark naked, and shivering with terror and the cruel cold. One of these joined him, and at dusk they lay down in a deserted tract among the reeds. Two armed men came by, and, taking pity, covered them with reeds before hurrying on to join the wreckers. Cuellar woke only to find his companion dead. Leaving him a prey, like hundreds of others, for wolves and ravens, he dragged himself to a monastery near by, but found it in ruins and empty but for a dozen Spaniards hanged among the charred remains of the chapel. Hastening from this horrid place, he met two Spaniards, naked and wounded. Desperate with pain and hunger, they resolved to go back together to the scene of their shipwreck, in the hope of finding food. They recognized two officers among the ghastly bodies which strewed the beach, and buried them at the water's edge. They had scarcely got them covered with sand when a hundred men rushed up to see if they were hiding treasure. Their leader took pity, and showed them a path leading inland to his own village. Cuellar, barefoot and crippled, was unable to keep up with his companions. As he was limping through a wood, three men darted out from behind the rocks, followed by a girl of extreme beauty. After transferring from his neck to the girl's a gold chain adorned with holy relics which he wore

under his shirt, they dressed his wounds with herbs, gave him oat-bread and milk, and then showed him a range of hills behind which lived an Irish chieftain who loved the King of Spain. As he was toiling thither he met a band of savage men, who beat and stripped him. But he wrapped himself as best he could in ferns and an old bit of sedge matting, and plodded on. Seeking shelter, one night, in a deserted hut, he found sheaves of oats piled up on the floor, and was thanking God for so soft a bed when he was startled by three figures dimly outlined in the gloom. He thought of devils, but they proved to be fugitive Spaniards like himself. It was a sorry group—Cuellar in his old matting, and they stark naked. Cuellar bade them pluck up heart and follow him to O'Rourke's country. They slept that night buried in the oats, supperless but for mulberries and cresses. All the next day men were mowing in the adjoining fields; but after the moon rose, Cuellar and his comrades wrapped wisps of straw about them, and set forth into the cold autumn night. Arriving at O'Rourke's town, they were told that he had gone off to fight the English. A kindly villager gave Cuellar an old blanket, full of lice, which he was only too glad to accept. Wrapped in this loathsome garment, he set out alone for the stronghold of a chieftain who, he was told, lived in open rebellion against the queen. On his way thither he met a blacksmith, who guided him, under false pretenses, to his hut in a lonely ravine, and set him to blowing the bellows. Cuellar worked for him a week, fearing to be thrown into the fire if he refused. Finally a friendly priest came that way, rated the smith roundly for his cruelty, and got an escort to guide Cuellar to the castle whither he was bound. Here he stayed three months, with ten other shipwrecked Spaniards whom he found there. The host's comely wife found favor in Cuellar's eyes, and he used to amuse her and the other women by telling their fortunes.

He gave the king a curious description of the Irish among whom he found himself. They lived among their rugged hills, he said, like wild beasts. Their dwellings were thatched huts. The men had heavy bodies, but their arms and legs were shapely, and their features good. Their hair grew in a tuft down to the eyes. They wore tight small-clothes, and short coats of coarse goats' hair, and in cold weather wrapped blankets about them. They were as fleet as deer, and no hardship was too great for

them. The women had, as a rule, handsome faces but bad figures. They wore only a shift and a blanket, and round the head a linen cloth, tied in front. They were very industrious, and good housewives, after their own manner. The people ate but once a day, and then at night. Their ordinary diet was oat-bread and butter. They would not touch the sparkling mountain water, and drank only buttermilk. On holidays they ate half-cooked flesh, without bread or salt. When at home they slept on damp, freshly cut rushes, spread on the ground. The people of the different villages were constantly attacking and plundering one another, but were always ready to unite against the English, whom they could generally keep at bay by flooding the country. When, however, the English appeared in force, they flew to the mountains with their women and their herds. Though they called themselves Christians, and heard mass, there was no justice among them, and everybody did as he pleased.

During Cuellar's stay an English force came out to punish those chiefs who were concealing Spaniards. Cuellar offered to defend the castle with his ten fellow-countrymen; for it stood in the middle of a broad lake, and was almost impregnable. So the chief left them a supply of arms and provisions, and then fled to the mountains with all his people and his flocks. Cuellar and his comrades were besieged a fortnight. The English laid waste the country, and tried to frighten the little garrison by hanging two Spaniards before their eyes. Finally heavy snow-storms drove them away. Cuellar's grateful host wanted to keep him always, and offered him one of his fair sisters to wife. Alarmed at this prospect, Cuellar contrived to escape, soon after New Year's day, with four of his friends. After long wanderings he got to Dunluce, where Leyva had perished, and saw in the huts of the natives jewels and other relics of his disaster. Finally he reached the house of a good Irish bishop, who procured a pinnace and sent him off to Scotland with a dozen other fugitive Spaniards. They were hospitably received by the Catholic families of Edinburgh, and soon learned that many of their comrades had likewise found an asylum in Scotland. In fact, their number was so considerable as to cause Elizabeth some uneasiness, and a few months after Cuellar's arrival she sent her ambassador Ashby a safe-conduct for all the fugitives. The Spanish officers soon succeeded in collecting seven hundred scattered castaways, nearly half of whom were "some

sick, some lame, and such miserable creatures as they will never be able to do any service."¹ Ashby, however, was determined to retain the safe-conduct unless satisfaction was given for an English trumpeter whom a gang of Spaniards had murdered one night in Edinburgh. "And so," he said, "let them take their hap as it will fall out." He hoped, if they met either the queen's ships or the Hollanders without safe-conduct, they would "have their deserts"; for "they are poor and proud, and not able to resist any force that shall encounter them."

Four Scottish ships were chartered to take them to Flanders, and in these they all embarked, Cuellar with the rest. Passport or no passport, off Dunkirk they did meet a squadron of Dutch ships, which immediately gave them chase. Two of their vessels es-

¹ Ashby to Walsingham.

caped by running ashore. Cuellar and his shipmates, not succeeding in following this example, threw themselves into the sea. Several were drowned, but Cuellar got ashore by clinging to a plank. Meanwhile the Dutch had caught the fourth vessel, and killed nearly every Spaniard in her.

Thus Cuellar's letter ended, as it had begun, with shipwreck and bloodshed. Entertaining enough for us, it was dreary reading for the king. It only brought back with fresh sharpness the painful memories of the fatal year 1588, and made him peer with melancholy foreboding into the future of the country the glory of which was the breath of his life. For the catastrophe of the Armada had been the startling outward manifestation of inner weakness and decay. It was the voice of history proclaiming to the world that the days of Spain's greatness were numbered.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.¹

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH A FANCIFUL REPRODUCTION BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

IT is an old device of city life to increase the precious square feet of standing-room by introducing house-stories as multipliers. The herdsman and the farmer lead, perforce, a one-storied life; they have no use for mother earth except they be admitted on the ground floor. But the city man uses area over and over again. Compactness is the demand, and now that he has discovered the elevator, he threatens to go up until horizontal distances are matched by vertical.

Such multiplication of areas has thus far in the world's history been applied to private holdings rather than to the public space in streets and squares. The old Greek house, with its adobe walls, rarely essayed more than a second story; but Babylon was early famed for its three- and four-storied houses. In Rome, before Nero's conflagration, the buildings rose to altitudes unworthy of their slender foundations and the narrow streets they faced, and Augustus was obliged by edict to fix their height at seventy feet. Martial tells of a poor sinner who had to

climb two hundred stairs to reach his lodging-room. In Tyre, so Strabo says, the houses were taller even than at Rome.

The application of the same idea to public spaces is scantily represented in ultra-modern times by the elevated railways, and the resulting two-storied streets of New York, and by proposed two- or three-storied piers; but even here there is nothing new under the sun. The hanging, or "pensile," constructions of ancient architects embody the whole of the two-story theory. Thus the architect Sostratus of Cnidus is said to have been the first to construct a hanging, or pensile, promenade—i. e., a public promenade raised on piers of masonry. We hear, too, of pensile baths and a pensile theater, which means no more than that they were raised on arches; and Pliny calls Rome itself almost a pensile city, so thoroughly is it undermined by its system of sewers.

The famous pensile gardens of Babylon were built in the midst of the crowded city, and were so constructed as to leave a part, at least, of the space at the ground-level beneath them open to traffic, or available for rooms and offices. Nebuchadnezzar had married him a wife, the Median princess

¹ See previous articles in *THE CENTURY* for April and May, 1898.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

Amytis, whose heart yearned for the hills and the trees of her native land. Babylon was the Chicago of the old world—flat, busy, and practical, perhaps also smoky, and, at least in the compact central part, without park or garden to relieve the eye and refresh the lungs. Now the good Nebuchadnezzar—and he was the one who, in 596 and 586 B. C., had induced the people of Jerusalem, in the interest of peace and quietness, to come into his land and try a change of scene—was not only a vigorous builder, but had every reason to respect his wife and even to humor her whims.

It was his marriage with her that was responsible for cementing that alliance between Medes and Babylonians which had just brought great Nineveh to its fall, and made commercial Babylon the metropolis of power, as it had long been of wealth and trade. But, more than this, the Medes, next neighbors across the mountains, were now the great rivals and the standing peril of the new Babylonian empire; and dread of that power, which a generation later Cyrus was to lead to victory, was always in the air. A Median princess, therefore, must be treated with consideration.

That was the way the Hanging Gardens came to be. They stand in history as a testimonial to a woman's influence, and a monument at once to the fall of Nineveh and to the short-lived bloom of the Babylonian empire built on the ruin. Such of the Judean captives as entered Babylon saw them in building or just completed. The tradition which coupled them with the name of the mythical Assyrian queen Semiramis was only romance.

The monstrous structure, four hundred feet square, stood by the bank of the Euphrates, where it flows, a furlong wide,

through the midst of the city. Divided into four terraces, each one hundred feet wide, the highest adjoining the river, it rose in four mighty steps of twenty feet each to its topmost grade, from eighty to one hundred feet above the level of the ground. Massive piers of brick, twenty-two feet thick, supported it, and between them ran, entering from each side, twelve vaulted passageways, each ten feet wide. The ground-space was thus, as patient arithmetic will show, equally divided between piers and passages.

Over the piers great architrave blocks of stone, sixteen feet long and four feet thick, were laid to support the mass above, and these were joined by meshes of reeds set in cement, above which were layers of tiles, also set in cement; and again above these great sheets of lead, carefully joined so as to protect the walls of the building from the moisture that oozed through the soil above. Over all this was spread deep, rich loam, and therein were planted, after the manner of garden and park, rare shrubs and flowers that delighted with color and perfume, and "broad-leaved" trees that grew into stately dimensions, and clung to the breast of the nurse as trustfully as had it been that of old mother earth.

Through a shaft reaching down to the river, water was drawn up to reservoirs in the upper terrace by some mechanism that Diodorus, surely by an anachronism, speaks of as a sort of Archimedes screw. Thence came the supply for the various fountains and rills that decorated and refreshed the gardens.

This truly was a wonder of the world; for in the vaulted corridors below the politician and the money-changer plied their crafts, but the husbandman and the farmer were for once on top.



THE THREE R'S AT CIRCLE CITY.

BY ANNA FULCOMER.

IN the fall of 1896 the first government school in the interior of Alaska was opened by me, a few miles south of the arctic circle, at Circle City, on the banks of the now famous Yukon. At that date Circle

arctic winter was upon us. The ground was covered with snow, the Yukon was frozen over, and the thermometer dropped lower and lower. Our good-sized modern heater could not warm the large room, especially as our



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NATIVE SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

City was enjoying a "boom," as it was then the richest mining-camp on the river. The white population numbered fifteen hundred, and could boast of "the biggest log-house town in the world."

On October 1 the dirt roof was on the log school-house, and I opened school, despite the fact that for two weeks the carpenter worked among us, planing benches and doors, putting in a partition, and, of course, driving nails. Teaching under such circumstances was difficult, particularly while getting acquainted with the capacities of the pupils. At the same time, it was so cold that during half the session I was shivering, and sometimes my teeth chattered. The

four windows were not yet in. Cotton-drilling was tacked over the openings, for there were no windows in the camp. Toward the latter end of October the weather moderated sufficiently to open a channel in the Yukon enabling a steamboat to reach Circle City. It brought us the needed windows, so for a while we were more comfortable.

The Bureau of Education had instructed me to induce the white people to allow Indian children to attend the school; but I soon decided to say nothing on the subject, for I found that white and Indian children ate and played together, without hindrance from any one.

Thirty-six pupils were enrolled, where I

had expected hardly a dozen. In age they ranged from five to thirty. Three races were represented—Caucasian, American Indian, and Mongolian; that is to say, whites, Indians, and Eskimos, with all degrees of mixture of the three. The six white children who were in attendance during the entire school year did good work, though they were not far advanced. It was no trouble to classify them; but it was difficult during the first

keeping and cooking, and looked with contempt upon their sisters who adhered to their tribal life.

Most of my half-breed scholars were as light-skinned as the white ones; some were really good-looking, many were exceedingly bright, and a few were quite naughty, mischievous, and full of pranks, the boys especially. There was nothing really mean about them, but they seemed to be possessed



DRAWN BY E. W. DEMING, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A GROUP OF SCHOOL-GIRLS.

two weeks to classify the native children, very few of whom, however, were full-blooded Indians. The majority of them had attended school before, though few of them for a longer period than three months. Two bright girls of fourteen had lived for two years in the Church of England mission at Forty Mile Post. Both were in the same reading, writing, and spelling classes with a ten-year-old white boy who had had about the same amount of schooling.

All the native children who entered school at the beginning could speak English. They belonged to the "upper class," according to the Indian notion, which meant that their parents, or at least their mothers, followed the miners from camp to camp, lived in log cabins, dressed like white people, learned something from the miners about house-

keeping and cooking, and looked with contempt upon their sisters who adhered to their tribal life. with an inborn restlessness, and a desire to be doing something with their hands. Twelve-year-old Charley Pitki was one of these unquiet souls. He was a perfect genius in originating mischief, and even after he knew what was proper at school he would sometimes unload his pockets of strings, buckskin thongs, pieces of boards, sleigh-bells, and nails.

With one or two exceptions, the pranks of the native children could not be called cases of premeditated meanness; but one of my white boys, fifteen years old, who had attended public school in the States, played such mean tricks on the children, and proved to be such a disturbing element in the otherwise peaceful school, that I soon found it necessary to expel him. Either he could not, or would not, learn anything. I soon saw



that all the good I could do him would not compensate for the harm he was doing the other children. My two other white boys played with the native children, helped them with their lessons, and studied hard to get their own lessons. As a rule, the pupils did not need correction as often as the same number of white children packed together in such close quarters. My supply of seats was so limited that I had to put three children on a seat, and several remained to decorate the edges of the platform.

The greatest drawback to my school work was the lack of books. Naturally, most of the children required chart and primer, neither of which was included in the school outfit, nor could they be obtained at Circle City. Had there not been a good blackboard and a plentiful supply of crayon, I scarcely know how I should have managed. I would group the little ones about me at the blackboard, and make up the lessons, day by day, in both printing and writing. They liked to write,—it came easy to them,—and each one tried to make his writing look plainer and neater than that of his fellows. The little ones were ambitious to read out of books, "like the big girls." As I had none for them, they hunted up "books," as they called them, seizing upon stray leaves from novels and pieces of newspaper.

A good many grown girls and boys were just learning to read. They were ashamed and awkward at the blackboard, and at first did not progress as fast as the little ones. This made such uphill work, and was so discouraging, that I was afraid I would lose many of the older ones altogether. At this juncture, however, the missionary of the Church of England who was stationed for the winter at Circle City kindly helped me out by the loan of a number of books, slates, and pencils. Among these books were six primers and first readers. How happy I was to get them, even though they had to be divided among twenty-six children! I doubt if such a medley of books was ever before seen in a school-room: a set of ordinary school-books for intermediate grades, including a physical geography and a world's history; English readers, spellers, and little paper-covered arithmetics; twenty pages from "Christy's Old Organ"; about half of the New Testament; one hundred pages from "The Woman in White"; parts of four other novels; newspaper scraps; and a couple of the queerest possible little religious primers, published by a London tract society. The leaves of some of the books were yellow

with age, having been taken into that region by some miners who had studied them thirty or more years ago. It was amusing to watch the children spelling out the words and trying to read in these scraps of old books and papers.

The scarcity of books made my work all the harder. It took every moment of my time to devise ways and means of keeping all the children at work. From nine o'clock until four I could think of nothing else. Often for an hour after school I would be mapping out work for the next day. On the whole, the work done was commendable. Advanced books for the white children were so scarce that it was necessary to adopt a method which, to chance visitors, seemed strange—boys and girls sitting together in order to study out of the same books. One white boy and two native girls were together in several classes, and when sitting on the same bench the girls would try to get the boy in the middle, with the idea of teasing him.

I had been in Circle City scarcely three weeks before I was invited to a dance. I declined, with thanks, on the plea that I did not dance. "But this is a school dance, and you *must* go," said the chairman of the school board. "More miners will go if it is known that the teacher will be there; and we are anxious to raise the money to pay the debt on the school-house." So I pocketed my prejudices, and attended a dance in a mining-camp.

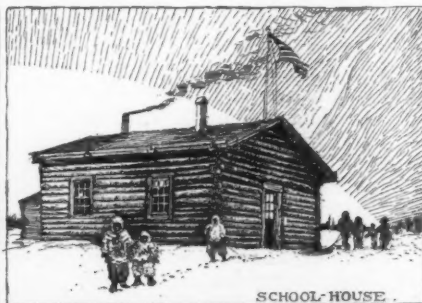
The ball was held in the "opera-house,"—built of logs,—and the "gentlemen" were miners, dressed in a variety of clothing—moccasins, blanket suits, overalls, flannel shirts, ordinary woolen suits, and four or five wore black suits and white shirts. The "ladies" were white women and squaws, who danced at the same time, but not in the same sets. Little half-breed children ran about among the dancers, and their baby brothers and sisters slept, or cried, in a corner. I sat and looked on, enjoying the novel scene. The same men danced with both white and Indian women; but the floor was sharply divided off, three sets in which were white women occupying one half of the floor, while three corresponding sets with squaws occupied the other side. While resting, the women sat on backless benches on their respective sides of the hall, while the men crowded together in one end. The majority of the squaws were dressed about as well as their white sisters, wearing silk waists and satin or nice wool dresses. The squaws were Eskimos and

Indians, including all degrees of mixture, and hailed from all parts of Alaska. A few were rather good-looking, and others were nearly black and extremely ugly. They knew the popular dances of the whites, and for the most part were very graceful. No native men were admitted. After the midnight refreshments I slipped away home, while the rest danced until three o'clock. The sum added to the school fund by that festivity was \$276.50. I soon discovered that money was

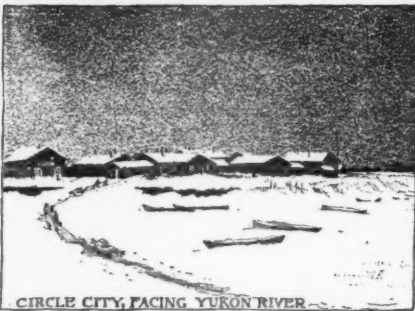
In November the thermometer dropped to twenty and thirty degrees below zero, and how we shivered in that large room with only our ordinary wood heater! The government had made no provision for the services of a janitor, so the school trustees hired a man, at forty dollars a month, to build the fire in the morning and fetch a pail of water. The stove was kept full of wood; still the children were obliged to wear their fur coats, caps, and mittens while in their seats. At



CIRCLE CITY OPERA-HOUSE.



SCHOOL-HOUSE.



CIRCLE CITY, FACING YUKON RIVER.



OUT FOR A SLEIGH RIDE.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

raised in this way for a miners' hospital, library, and other public purposes. The understanding between our Bureau of Education at Washington and the people at Circle City was that the bureau would supply the teacher, the fuel, and the coal-oil, while Circle City would furnish the school-house and the needed furniture. The Alaska Commercial Company had kindly loaned the money to build the school-house, and from five dances \$1714.55 was realized. The remaining \$544.27 would have been raised in the same way that winter, if the "Klondike fever" had not carried off all the men. The school-house consisted simply of rough unhewn logs, chinked with moss, and covered with a pole and dirt roof; but any building costs money when wages are ten dollars a day. The cost of a stove was fifty dollars, and it took a dollar to purchase a fire-shovel.

times they would stand in a circle round the stove, three or four deep, those nearest the stove, when warm, giving place to others. The books were cold, and the slates like so many chunks of ice. When the children breathed on a slate in order to erase the work, the moisture instantly froze. I kept on my fur boots and fur coat all day long.

In December the miners obtained permission to hold the meetings of their literary society in the school-house. I did not attend the first meeting, but understood that they were nearly congealed, notwithstanding their "heated" argument. As we sat shivering at the second meeting, the chairman asked me how the school managed to keep warm with such a stove. "We don't pretend to keep warm, for it is simply impossible to do so," I answered. After some discussion, the miners took a vote on a resolution declaring that

"if there's a Yukon heater to be had in camp, the school-ma'am shall have it, no matter what it costs." Three days later the school-room was furnished with a "Yukon heater" which made the air vibrate. It was a monstrous big coal-oil tank, round and black, one end cut out and fastened upon hinges for a door, and with legs of sheet-iron plate supporting it lengthwise upon the floor. Fur coats were no longer needed. Once filled with cord-wood, it was sufficient to keep the school-room warm for half a day—in fact, almost too warm.

It seemed to please the children to hear me read a story to them on Friday afternoons. I had difficulty in finding stories that could be understood by the native children without being too childish for the white children. I always thought it best to interject considerable explanation as I read. It cheered me, after a trying week's work, to see the children's faces brighten as story-telling time came, and to watch their eager movements. When some particular story took their fancy they would talk about it for months afterward. Reciting was also something in which they delighted. This was not often indulged in, for I did not have the time to teach them "pieces," word by word.

The day before Thanksgiving I explained the meaning of the holiday, which, in that region of frequent food-shortage, they could understand perfectly. I read them a Thanksgiving story, and invited them all to spend Thanksgiving evening with me. When school was out, I was overwhelmed with questions, and dusky little hands clutching at my sleeves. "Are you going to give a party?" they cried. "Can we come and *play* in your room?" "Can my baby sister come, too?" The children fairly danced about the school-room. The next evening the children began to come a full hour before the appointed time. My large room was crowded, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, looking at pictures, playing games, and eating the candy, nuts, and pop-corn which had been provided. Many of the native children had never before seen pop-corn, and the amount which they stowed away was astonishing.

Several families of full-blooded Indians were living in tents and dugouts on an island in the Yukon a couple of miles down the river. When their children came to school my task increased, for they could not speak English, and understood but little. They were slow to learn, but behaved well, and tried to do the work which was required of them. I pitied the poor things, they were

so shy and strange. This was probably the first time they had been among noisy, romping children. In the Indian camps they were half starved and half frozen, and were compelled to work so hard that they looked and acted more like dwarfed men and women than like little children. When they first began to laugh and play with the other children, it gave me more pleasure than when they read their first lessons. I knew that their real reason for coming to school was to be in some place where they could keep warm. These Indian boys and girls dressed almost alike, with fur boots, heavy trousers, and long, sack-like coats, usually made of bright blankets. The girls' coats, made long enough to hide their trousers, were usually belted at the waist with ordinary rope. The only difficulty I had with these children was in making them understand that they must wash their faces and hands, and comb their heads, before coming to school. My greatest dread, in teaching a native school, was of crawling things.

During the short winter days it would often be noon before all the children put in an appearance. When I arrived, at nine o'clock, it would either be dark, or brilliant moonlight. Smoke might be seen lazily rising from four or five cabins out of the four or five hundred. I would light one lamp, and wait. By ten o'clock a few children would straggle sleepily in, just as day began to dawn. By eleven o'clock, shortly after sunrise, the majority of the children were at school, some coming without their breakfasts. By half-past twelve all who were coming that day would have appeared. It was hard to get up before daylight on those cold, dark mornings. I often used to wish that I was one of the little girls, so that I too might sleep until daylight. No one in camp pretended to get up early, unless there was some special work on hand which must be done. As I was going home to my lunch at noon, friends would sometimes call out to me: "Good morning! Come in and have some breakfast. We have fine moose-steak and hot cakes." On Saturdays and Sundays I lived and slept as did other people. Even when one did not sit up later at night than ten or half-past, it required an effort to rise before daylight. There is something in the air and in the manner of life which makes one sleepy. As the days lengthened the children came earlier to school.

It was necessary to light the lamps at half-past one, which was trying to the eyes, as we could not get enough lamps to light the large room. The children would crowd

about the lamps, sitting on the floor, platform, and seats. A visitor might get the impression that there was little order in the school; but strict order was a necessity. Perhaps one reason why I liked the school so much was because it kept me so busy. Recess was limited, in order to make up for the tardiness of the morning. At half-past three fifteen or twenty of the little ones were sent home. If it was moonlight, they would race away noisily over the snow. If it was dark, the more timid ones would take my hand, and whisper, "Please, I want to go with you." Most of the children were so used to the dark that they did not mind it much. The majority of the nights, though, were filled with glorious moonlight. It seemed to me that for days at a time the moon never set. It would shine through the day about as bright as did the weak, pale sun. For about three weeks the sun would slowly rise in the south, skim along for a short distance, its lower rim almost touching the horizon, then suddenly drop out of sight.

As the school-house faced south, the sun did not shine in the windows for several weeks. One afternoon I was startled by the sudden cry: "Look! look! The sun 's coming! the sun 's coming!" and little Henry fairly danced with joy at seeing the sun once more shine in at the window. The children wanted to go to the windows and lay their hands in the sunshine. The change made a difference in our feelings. The children felt brighter, studied better, were more active and better-natured.

Of course the children could not play out of doors when it was so cold and dark; so I set off a corner of the school-house for their playground, and encouraged them to romp and laugh. So long as no harm was done, it made no difference how much noise they made. They studied better and were quieter for this outburst, and it increased their liking for the school. Some of the inmates of the neighboring cabins called the school-house their "clock"; they could "hear" the time of day. The native children played the same games that children in the States do. The boys were particularly fond of leap-frog and standing on their heads. The girls liked tag, dropping the handkerchief, and rope-jumping. As all wore moccasins and fur boots, the noise was not troublesome.

Some copies of the comic papers were sent to me, and the pictures greatly amused the children. The political cartoons, often showing human heads on the bodies of different animals, and other monstrosities, so aroused

their curiosity that they would jabber away excitedly in the Indian language. Sometimes they would bring the pictures to me, and ask, "Do they make men like that where you live?" Caricatures of "the new woman" and "the bloomer girl" amused them greatly.

It seemed almost impossible to teach the native children when to use the pronouns "he" and "she." Not only the children, but the grown natives, would invariably use "he" in the feminine sense, and "she" in the masculine; "he" was also generally employed for "it." The children were so persistent in misplacing these pronouns that I concluded that they would never learn to use them correctly. But one morning I overheard a little girl talking to her Indian mother: "Mama, you must say *she* when you talk 'bout Mary; *he* is a boy; now, 'member"; and away the six-year-old maiden trotted to school.

In October a young man asked permission to attend school. He was an Arab about thirty years of age, had made a little stake in the mines, and now wished to learn to read and write the English language. I told him that my time was more than occupied with the children, but that I would help him all I could. He studied hard; but when several new Indian children came to school I was kept so busy that the young man had to find some one who could give him more time. Soon after the holidays another miner, from the farms of Minnesota, applied for admission. As he went into regular classes with my fifteen-year-old white children, but little extra time was required from me. Several other miners, including a gray-haired man of fifty and a young woman, wished also to join, but I could not give them attention. Then several native women took it into their heads to come to school, but, finding it hard to be under restraint, only two persisted in attending. They went into the same classes with the children. Both were at the time living with white men, and were about thirty years old. They were as industrious as any of the pupils, and I felt elated over their advancement, for it was harder for them to get the lessons than for the children.

A thorough drill was given the school, especially the white children, on the history, geography, mines, resources, and schools of Alaska. Great interest was taken in this subject. The only map we had was a good chart of Alaska, which was presented by the agent of the Alaska Commercial Company.

Hygiene was an important feature of the course, the information being imparted in

talks upon certain subjects as they came to my notice. Indeed, it was not book knowledge that those native children most needed, but information concerning their daily life. I talked plainly to them, and they understood me, and I would go to their homes, where the children would translate what I said to their parents. I had reason to think that some good was accomplished.

As the days lengthened we organized short excursions after school and on Saturdays. The children were fond of coasting, and when "teacher" went the whole school followed. Big dog-sleds, holding twelve and fifteen children, were used in coasting. The older ones took me sleigh-riding, using dogs, of course. But the favorite sport was snow-shoeing with the wide-webbed shoe. I had no trouble in learning to walk with them, and the children were experts in running, walking, and jumping. We would go across the river, up the creeks, and to the lake, often traveling several miles. A general shout was raised whenever there was a stumble and fall. Our last excursion on snow-shoes was taken on May-day, though a week later than this the snow was in excellent condition.

By the middle of April the weather had so moderated, and the days were so much longer, that the children could play out of doors. How they did enjoy the bright sunshine! Everybody rose early now, and the children had time to work and play for an hour or so before school-time. One morning little six-year-old Bella came late. Upon being questioned, she answered: "My mama he know no time. Clock got sick last night; he no go." Bella had an Indian mother, and was one of the brightest children I have ever seen. With her large, black, dancing eyes, she was really pretty, though her hair was black and straight. In reading and spelling she was far in advance of children of her own age, but with them in number work. I grew exceedingly fond of Bella and of two other little half-breeds. After I became acquainted with my children, I seldom thought of them as being Indians or half-breeds, but grew just as fond of them as of the white scholars.

During the spring the school became sadly reduced. In March many of the older ones left for the Klondike, the mines, and to go on hunting-trips. Food was getting scarce, and flour sold at a dollar a pound. The Indian population of the camp changed completely before the snow showed signs of poor trav-

eling. The new Indian children did not have time to become interested in the school before the days were long and pleasant. By the 1st of May scarcely twenty were in attendance. The sun was shining now for nearly eighteen hours in the twenty-four, and the snow began to melt about the houses. It was so warm in the school-house, even with a little fire, that new features of life in a log-house appeared. One warm afternoon I noticed the children were intently watching a place on the floor near the platform. A child sitting on the platform soon jumped up and moved nearer to me. Upon looking closely, I saw a long green worm crawling over the boards. From that day on we had to keep a sharp outlook; the moss chinking between the logs was literally alive with worms, bugs, and mosquitos. They were harmless,—there are no poisonous animals in Alaska,—but disquieting. The children sitting near the walls were obliged to change their seats. The first mosquitos came long before the snow disappeared; but as they were large, very noisy, and not quick in biting, they could be endured.

When it became muddy the children discarded their moccasins for shoes and rubber boots. They had been kept under restraint by the weather so long that now they were perfectly happy. They splashed about in ice-cold water, and then came stamping into the school-house with annoying uproar.

About the middle of May came the great event of the season—the breaking up of the Yukon. It was a sight to see the huge cakes of ice rush madly along with the current. Last May the ice would run for a time, then stop, so that the river was nearly a week in breaking up. I would have had no children in school all this time had I not promised them that just so soon as the ice "ran" they also could run to the river-bank. Those children have so little joy in their lives that I felt it my duty to give them all the pleasure I could.

On the 27th of May the first steamboat came, on her way to the Klondike. Wild excitement prevailed. The grown people, as well as the children, acted as though they were beside themselves. Everybody in camp wanted to go to the Klondike on this boat. When school was opened the next morning, only six children answered the roll-call; and on the 4th of June I closed the most enjoyable year of school work that I had ever known.

THE PASSING OF ENRIQUEZ.

BY BRET HARTE.

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

WHEN Enriquez Saltillo ran away with Miss Mannersley, as already recorded in these chronicles,¹ her relatives and friends found it much easier to forgive that ill-assorted union than to understand it. For, after all, Enriquez was the scion of an old Spanish-Californian family, and in due time would have his share of his father's three square leagues, whatever incongruity there was between his lively Latin extravagance and Miss Mannersley's Puritan precision and intellectual superiority. They had gone to Mexico, Mrs. Saltillo, as was known, having an interest in Aztec antiquities, and he being utterly submissive to her wishes. For myself, from my knowledge of Enriquez's nature, I had grave doubts of his entire subjugation, although I knew the prevailing opinion was that Mrs. Saltillo's superiority would speedily tame him. Since his brief and characteristic note apprising me of his marriage, I had not heard from him. It was, therefore, with some surprise, a good deal of reminiscent affection, and a slight twinge of reproach that, two years after, I looked up from some proofs, in the sanctum of the "Daily Excelsior," to recognize his handwriting on a note that was handed to me by a yellow Mexican boy.

A single glance at its contents showed me that Mrs. Saltillo's correct Bostonian speech had not yet subdued Enriquez's peculiar Spanish-American slang:

Here we are again! Right side up with care—at 1110 Dupont Street, Telegraph Hill. Second floor from top. "Ring and Push." "No Book agents need apply." How's your royal nibs? I kiss your hand! Come at 6—the band shall play at 7—and regard your friend "Mees Boston," who will tell you about the little old nigger boys, and your old uncle Ennery.

Two things struck me: Enriquez had not changed; Mrs. Saltillo had certainly yielded up some of her peculiar prejudices. For the address given, far from being a fashionable district, was known as the "Spanish quarter," which, while it still held some old Spanish

families, was chiefly given over to half-castes and obscurer foreigners. Even poverty could not have driven Mrs. Saltillo to such a refuge against her will; nevertheless, a good deal of concern for Enriquez's fortune mingled with my curiosity, as I impatiently waited for six o'clock to satisfy it.

It was a breezy climb to 1110 Dupont street; and although the street had been graded, the houses retained their airy elevation, and were accessible only by successive flights of wooden steps to the front door, which still gave perilously upon the street, sixty feet below. I now painfully appreciated Enriquez's adaptation o' the time-honored joke about the second floor. An invincible smell of garlic almost took my remaining breath away as the door was opened to me by a swarthy Mexican woman, whose loose *camisa* seemed to be slipping from her unstable bust, and was held on only by the mantua-like shawl which supplemented it, gripped by one brown hand. Dizzy from my ascent to that narrow perch, which looked upon nothing but the distant bay and shores of Contra Costa, I felt as apologetic as if I had landed from a balloon; but the woman greeted me with a languid Spanish smile and a lazy display of white teeth, as if my arrival was quite natural. Don Enriquez, "of a fact," was not himself in the *casa*, but was expected "on the instant." "Donna Urania" was at home.

"Donna Urania?" For an instant I had forgotten that Mrs. Saltillo's first name was Urania, so pleasantly and spontaneously did it fall from the Spanish lips. Nor was I displeased at this chance of learning something of Don Enriquez's fortunes and the Saltillo menage before confronting my old friend. The servant preceded me to the next floor, and, opening a door, ushered me into the lady's presence.

I had carried with me, on that upward climb, a lively recollection of Miss Mannersley as I had known her two years before. I remembered her upright, almost stiff, slight figure, the graceful precision of her poses, the faultless symmetry and taste of her dress, and the atmosphere of a fastidious and wholesome cleanliness which exhaled from her. In the lady I saw before me,

¹ See "The Devotion of Enriquez," by Bret Harte, in THE CENTURY for November, 1895.

half reclining in a rocking-chair, there was none of the stiffness and nicety. Habited in a loose gown of some easy, flexible, but rich material, worn with that peculiarly indolent slouch of the Mexican woman, Mrs. Saltillo had parted with half her individuality. Even her arched feet and thin ankles, the close-fitting boots or small slippers of which were wont to accent their delicacy, were now lost in a short, low-quartered kid shoe of the Spanish type, in which they moved loosely. Her hair, which she had always worn with a certain Greek simplicity, was parted at one side. Yet her face, with its regularity of feature, and small, thin, red-lipped mouth, was quite unchanged; and her velvety brown eyes were as beautiful and inscrutable as ever.

With the same glance I had taken in her surroundings, quite as incongruous to her former habits. The furniture, though of old and heavy mahogany, had suffered from careless alien hands, and was interspersed with modern and unmatchable makeshifts, yet preserving the distinctly scant and formal attitude of furnished lodgings. It was certainly unlike the artistic trifles and delicate refinements of her uncle's drawing-room, which we all knew her taste had dictated and ruled. The black-and-white engravings, the outlined heads of Minerva and Diana, were excluded from these walls for two cheap colored Catholic prints—a soulless Virgin, and the mystery of the Bleeding Heart. Against the wall, in one corner, hung the only object which seemed a memento of their travels—a singular-looking, upright Indian "papoose-case," or cradle, glaringly decorated with beads and paint, probably an Aztec relic. On a round table, the velvet cover of which showed marks of usage and abuse, there were scattered books and writing-materials; and my editorial instinct suddenly recognized, with a thrill of apprehension, the loose leaves of an undoubted manuscript. This circumstance, taken with the fact of Donna Urania's hair being parted on one side, and the general negligée of her appearance, was a disturbing revelation.

My wandering eye apparently struck her, for after the first greeting she pointed to the manuscript with a smile.

"Yes; that is *the* manuscript. I suppose Enriquez told you all about it? He said he had written."

I was dumfounded. I certainly had not understood *all* of Enriquez's slang; it was always so decidedly his own, and peculiar. Yet I could not recall any allusion to this.

"He told me something of it—but very vaguely," I ventured to say deprecatingly; "but I am afraid that I thought more of seeing my old friend again than of anything else."

"During our stay in Mexico," continued Mrs. Saltillo, with something of her old precision, "I made some researches into Aztec history, a subject always deeply interesting to me, and I thought I would utilize the result by throwing it on paper. Of course it is better fitted for a volume of reference than for a newspaper, but Enriquez thought you might want to use it for your journal."

I knew that Enriquez had no taste for literature, and had even rather depreciated it in the old days, with his usual extravagance; but I managed to say very pleasantly that I was delighted with his suggestion, and should be glad to read the manuscript. After all, it was not improbable that Mrs. Saltillo, who was educated and intelligent, should write well, if not popularly. "Then Enriquez does not begrudge you the time that your work takes from him," I added laughingly. "You seem to have occupied your honeymoon practically."

"We quite comprehend our respective duties," said Mrs. Saltillo, dryly; "and have from the first. We have our own lives to live, independent of my uncle and Enriquez's father. We have not only accepted the responsibility of our own actions, but we both feel the higher privilege of creating our own conditions without extraneous aid from our relatives."

It struck me that this somewhat exalted statement was decidedly a pose, or a return of Urania Mannersley's old ironical style. I looked quietly into her brown, near-sighted eyes; but, as once before, my glance seemed to slip from their moist surface without penetrating the inner thought beneath. "And what does Enriquez do for *his* part?" I asked smilingly.

I fully expected to hear that the energetic Enriquez was utilizing his peculiar tastes and experiences by horse-breaking, stock-raising, professional bull-fighting, or even horse-racing, but was quite astonished when she answered quietly:

"Enriquez is giving himself up to geology and practical metallurgy, with a view to scientific—purely scientific—mining."

Enriquez and geology! In that instant all I could remember of it were his gibes at the "geologist," as he was wont to term Professor Dobbs, a former admirer of Miss Mannersley's. To add to my confusion, Mrs.

Saltillo at the same moment absolutely voiced my thought.

"You may remember Professor Dobbs," she went on calmly, "one of the most eminent scientists over here, and a very old Boston friend. He has taken Enriquez in hand. His progress is most satisfactory; we have the greatest hopes of him."

"And how soon do you both hope to have some practical results of his study?" I could not help asking a little mischievously; for I somehow resented the plural pronoun in her last sentence.

"Very soon," said Mrs. Saltillo, ignoring everything but the question. "You know Enriquez's sanguine temperament. Perhaps he is already given to evolving theories without a sufficient basis of fact. Still, he has the daring of a discoverer. His ideas of the oölitic formation are not without originality, and Profesor Dobbs says that in his conception of the Silurian beach there are gleams that are distinctly precious."

I looked at Mrs. Saltillo, who had reinforced her eyes with her old piquant pince-nez, but could detect no irony in them. She was prettily imperturbable, that was all. There was an awkward silence. Then it was broken by a bounding step on the stairs, a wide-open fling of the door, and Enriquez pirouetted into the room—Enriquez, as of old, unchanged, from the crown of his smooth, coal-black hair to the tips of his small, narrow Arabian feet—Enriquez, with his thin, curling mustache, his dancing eyes set in his immovable face, just as I had always known him!

He affected to lapse against the door for a minute, as if staggered by a resplendent vision. Then he said:

"What do I regard? Is it a dream, or have I again got them—thees jimjams! My best friend and my best—I mean my *only*—wife! Embrace me!"

He gave me an enthusiastic embrace and a wink like sheet-lightning, passed quickly to his wife, before whom he dropped on one knee, raised the toe of her slipper to his lips, and then sank on the sofa in simulated collapse, murmuring, "Thees is too mooch of white stone for one day!"

Through all this I saw his wife regarding him with exactly the same critically amused expression with which she had looked upon him in the days of their strange courtship. She evidently had not tired of his extravagance, and yet I felt as puzzled by her manner as then. She rose and said: "I suppose you have a good deal to say to each other,

and I will leave you by yourselves." Turning to her husband, she added, "I have already spoken about the Aztec manuscript."

The word brought Enriquez to his feet again. "Ah! The little old nigger—you have read?" I began to understand. "My wife, my best friend, and the little old nigger, all in one day. Eet is perfect!" Nevertheless, in spite of this ecstatic and overpowering combination, he hurried to take his wife's hand; kissing it, he led her to a door opening into another room, made her a low bow to the ground as she passed out, and then rejoined me.

"So these are the little old niggers you spoke of in your note," I said, pointing to the manuscript. "Deuce take me if I understood you!"

"Ah, my leetle brother, it is *you* who have changed!" said Enriquez, dolorously. "Is it that you no more understand American, or have the 'big head' of the editor? Regard me! Of these Aztecs my wife have made study. She have pursued the little nigger to his cave, his grotto, where he is dead a thousand year. I have myself assist, though I like it not, because thees mummy, look you, Pancho, is not lively. And the mummy who is not dead—believe me! even the young lady mummy—you shall not take to your heart. But my wife"—he stopped, and kissed his hand toward the door whence she had flitted—"ah, *she* is wonderful! She has made the story of them, the peecture of them, from the life and on the instant! You shall take them, my leetle brother, for your journal; you shall announce in the big letter: 'Mooch Importance. The Aztec, He is Found.' 'How He Look and Lif.' 'The Everlasting Nigger.' You shall sell many paper, and Urania shall have scoop in much spondulics and rocks. Hoop-la! For—you comprehend?—my wife and I have settled that she shall forgif her oncle; I shall forgif my father; but from them we take no cent—not a red, not a scad! We are independent! Of ourselves we make a Fourth of July! United we stand; divided we shall fall over! There you are! *Bueno!*"

It was impossible to resist his wild, yet perfectly sincere, extravagance, his dancing black eyes and occasional flash of white teeth in his otherwise immovable and serious countenance. Nevertheless, I managed to say:

"But how about yourself, Enriquez, and this geology, you know?"

His eyes twinkled. "Ah, you shall hear. But first you shall take a drink. I have the very old bourbon. He is not so old as the

Aztec, but, believe me, he is very much lifier. Attend! Hol' on!" He was already rummaging on a shelf, but apparently without success; then he explored a buffet, with no better results, and finally attacked a large drawer, throwing out on the floor, with his old impetuosity, a number of geological

of spirits—tippling was not one of Enriquez's vices. "You shall say 'when.' 'Ere's to our noble selfs!"

When he had drunk, I picked up another fragment of his collection. It had the same label. "You are very rich in 'conglomerate sandstone,'" I said. "Where do you find it?"



"HE EES CALL THE 'COBBLE-STONE.'"

specimens, carefully labeled. I picked up one that had rolled near me. It was labeled "Conglomerate sandstone." I picked up another; it had the same label.

"Then you are really collecting?" I said, with astonishment.

"*Ciertamente*," responded Enriquez. "What other fool shall I look? I shall relate of this geology when I shall have found this beast of a bottle. Ah, here he have hide!" He extracted from a drawer a bottle nearly full

"In the street," said Enriquez, with great calmness.

"In the street?" I echoed.

"Yes, my friend! He ees call the 'cobble-stone,' also the 'pounding-stone,' when he ees at his home in the country. He ees also a small 'boulder.' I pick him up; I crack him; he make three separate piece of conglomerate sandstone. I bring him home to my wife in my pocket. She rejoice; we are happy. When comes the efening, I sit down and

make him a label, while my wife she sit down and write of the Aztec. Ah, my friend, you shall say of the geology it ees a fine, a *beautiful* study; but the study of the wife, and what shall please her, believe me, ees much finer! Believe your old Uncle 'Enry every time! On thees question he gets there; he gets left—nevarre!"

"But Professor Dobbs, your geologist, what does *he* say to this frequent recurrence of the conglomerate-sandstone period in your study?" I asked quickly.

"He says nothing. You comprehend? He ees a profound geologist, but he also has the admiration excessif for my wife Urania." He stopped to kiss his hand again toward the door, and lighted a cigarette. "The geologist would not that he should break up the happy efening of his friends by thees small detail. He put aside his head—so; he say, 'A leetle freestone, a leetle granite, now and then, for variety; they are building in Montgomery street.' I take the hint, like a wink to the horse that has gone blind. I attach to myself part of the edifice that is erecting himself in Montgomery street. I crack him; I bring him home. I sit again at the feet of my beautiful Urania, and I label him 'Free-stone,' 'Granite'; but I do not say 'from Parrott's Bank'—eet is not necessary for our happiness."

"And you do this sort of thing only because you think it pleases your wife?" I asked bluntly.

"My friend," rejoined Enriquez, perching himself on the back of the sofa, and caressing his knees as he puffed his cigarette meditatively, "you have ask a conundrum. Gif to me an easier one! It is of truth that I make much of thees thing to please Urania. But I shall confess all. Behold, I appear to you, my leetle brother, in my camisa—my shirt! I blow on myself; I gif myself away."

He rose gravely from the sofa, and drew a small box from one of the drawers of the wardrobe. Opening it, he discovered several specimens of gold-bearing quartz, and one or two scales of gold. "Thees," he said, "friend Pancho, is my own geology; for thees I am what you see. But I say nothing to Urania; for she have much disgust of mere gold,—of what she calls 'vulgar mining,'—and, believe me, a fear of the effect of 'speculation' upon my *temperamento*—you comprehend my complexion, my brother? Reflect upon it, Pancho! I, who am the *filosofo*, if that I am anything!" He looked at me with great levity of eye and supernatural gravity of demeanor. "But eet ees the jealous affection of the wife,

my friend, for which I make play to her with the humble leetle pounding-stone rather than the gold quartz that affrights."

"But what do you want with them, if you have no shares in anything and do not speculate?" I asked.

"Pardon! That ees where you slip up, my leetle friend." He took from the same drawer a clasped portfolio, and unlocked it, producing half a dozen prospectuses and certificates of mining shares. I stood aghast as I recognized the names of one or two extravagant failures of the last ten years—"played-out" mines that had been galvanized into deceptive life in London, Paris, and New York, to the grief of shareholders abroad and the laughter of the initiated at home. I could scarcely keep my equanimity. "You do not mean to say that you have any belief or interest in this rubbish?" I said quickly.

"What you call 'rubbish,' my good Pancho, ees the rubbish that the American speculator have dump himself upon them in the shaft. The rubbish of the advertisement, of the extravagant expense, of the salary, of the assessment, of the 'freeze-out.' For thees, look you, is the old Mexican mine. My grandfather and hees father have both seen them work before you were born, and the American knew not there was gold in California."

I knew he spoke truly. One or two were original silver-mines in the South, worked by peons and Indian slaves, a rope windlass, and a venerable donkey.

"But those were silver-mines," I said suspiciously, "and these are gold specimens."

"They are from the same mother," said the imperturbable Enriquez,—*"the same mine."* The old peons worked him for *silver*, the precious dollar that buy everything, that he send in the galleon to the Philippines for the silk and spice! *That is good enough for him!* For the gold he made nothing, even as my leetle wife Urania. And regard me here! There ees a proverb of my father's which say that 'it shall take a gold-mine to work a silver-mine'—so mooch more he cost. You work him, you are lost! *Naturalmente*, if you turn him round,—if it take you only a silver-mine to work a gold-mine,—you are gain. Thees ees logic!"

The intense gravity of his face at this extraordinary deduction upset my own. But as I was never certain that Enriquez was not purposely mystifying me, with some ulterior object, I could not help saying a little wickedly:

"Yes, I understand all that; but how about this geologist? Will he not tell your wife? You know he was a great admirer of hers."

"That shall show the great intelligence of him, my Pancho. He will have the four 'S's,' especially the *secreto*!"

of his embraces and protestations, I managed to get out of the room. But I had scarcely reached the front door when I heard Enriquez's voice and his bounding step on the stairs. In another moment his arm was round my neck.

"You must return on the instant! Mother



"THE ONLY NATURAL AND HYGIENIC MODE OF TREATING THE HUMAN CHILD."

There could be no serious discussion in his present mood. I gathered up the pages of his wife's manuscript, said lightly that as she had the first claim upon my time, I should examine the Aztec material and report in a day or two. As I knew I had little chance in the hands of these two incomprehensibles together, I begged him not to call his wife, but to convey my adieus to her, and, in spite

of God! I haf forget—*she* haf forget—we all haf forget! But you have not seen him!"

"Seen whom?"

"*El niño*—the baby! You comprehend, pig! The *criaturica*—the leetle child of ourselves!"

"The baby?" I said confusedly. "*Is* there—is there a *baby*?"

"You hear him?" said Enriquez, sending

an appealing voice upward. "You hear him, Urania? You comprehend. This beast of a leetle brother demands if there ees one!"

"I beg your pardon," I said, hurriedly reascending the stairs. On the landing I met Mrs. Saltillo, but as calm, composed, and precise as her husband was extravagant and vehement. "It was an oversight of Enriquez's," she said quietly, reëntering the room with us; "and was all the more strange, as the child was in the room with you all the time."

She pointed to the corner of the wall, where hung what I had believed to be an old Indian relic. To my consternation, it was a bark "papoose-case," occupied by a *living* child, swathed and bandaged after the approved Indian fashion. It was asleep, I believe, but it opened a pair of bright huckleberry eyes, set in the smallest of features, that were like those of a carved ivory idol, and uttered a "coo" at the sound of its mother's voice. She stood on one side with unruffled composure, while Enriquez threw himself into an attitude before it, with clasped hands, as if it had been an image of the Holy Child. For myself, I was too astounded to speak; luckily, my confusion was attributed to the inexperience of a bachelor.

"I have adopted," said Mrs. Saltillo, with the faintest touch of maternal pride in her manner, "what I am convinced is the only natural and hygienic mode of treating the human child. It may be said to be a reversion to the aborigine, but I have yet to learn that it is not superior to our civilized custom. By these bandages the limbs of the infant are kept in proper position until they are strong enough to support the body, and such a thing as malformation is unknown. It is protected by its cradle, which takes the place of its incubating-shell, from external injury, the injudicious coddling of nurses, the so-called 'dancings' and pernicious rockings. The supine position, as in the adult, is imposed only at night. By the aid of this strap it may be carried on long journeys, either by myself or by Enriquez, who thus shares with me, as he fully recognizes, its equal responsibility and burden."

"It—certainly does not—cry," I stammered.

"Crying," said Mrs. Saltillo, with a curve of her pretty red lip, "is the protest of the child against insanitary and artificial treatment. In its upright, unostentatious cradle it is protected against that injudicious fondling and dangerous promiscuous osculation

to which, as an infant in human arms, it is so often subjected. Above all, it is kept from that shameless and mortifying publicity so unjust to the weak and unformed animal. The child repays this consideration by a gratifying silence. It cannot be expected to understand our thoughts, speech, or actions; it cannot participate in our pleasures. Why should it be forced into premature contact with them, merely to feed our vanity or selfishness? Why should we assume our particular parental accident as superior to the common lot? If we do not give our offspring that prominence before our visitors so common to the young wife and husband, it is for that reason solely; and this may account for what seemed the forgetfulness of Enriquez in speaking of it or pointing it out to you. And I think his action in calling you back to see it was somewhat precipitate. As one does not usually introduce an unknown and inferior stranger without some previous introduction, he might have asked you if you wished to see the baby before he recalled you."

I looked from Urania's unfathomable eyes to Enriquez's impenetrable countenance. I might have been equal to either of them alone, but together they were invincible. I looked hopelessly at the baby. With its sharp little eyes and composed face, it certainly was a marvelous miniature of Enriquez. I said so.

"It would be singular if it was not," said Mrs. Saltillo, dryly; "and as I believe it is by no means an uncommon fact in human nature, it seems to me singular that people should insist upon it as a discovery. It is an inheritance, however, that in due time progress and science will no doubt interrupt, to the advancement of the human race. I need not say that both Enriquez and myself look forward to it with confident tranquillity."

There was clearly nothing for me to do now but to shake hands again and take my leave. Yet I was so much impressed with the unreality of the whole scene that when I reached the front door I had a strong impulse to return suddenly and fall in upon them in their relaxed and natural attitudes. They could not keep up this pose between themselves; and I half expected to see their laughing faces at the window, as I glanced up before wending my perilous way to the street.

I found Mrs. Saltillo's manuscript well written and, in the narrative parts, even graphic and sparkling. I suppressed some general remarks on the universe, and some

correlative theories of existence, as not appertaining particularly to the Aztecs, and as not meeting any unquenchable thirst for information on the part of the readers of the "Daily Excelsior." I even promoted my fair contributor to the position of having been

not aware of any particular service that it did to ethnology; but, as I pointed out in the editorial column, it showed that the people of California were not given over by material greed to the exclusion of intellectual research; and as it was attacked instantly in



"SHE IS OF YEARS ONE HUNDRED AND ONE." (SEE PAGE 243.)

commissioned, at great expense, to make the Mexican journey especially for the "Excelsior." This, with Mrs. Saltillo's somewhat precise Pre-Raphaelite drawings and water-colors, viley reproduced by woodcuts, gave quite a sensational air to her production, which, divided into parts, for two or three days filled a whole page of the paper. I am

long communications from one or two scientific men, it thus produced more copy. Briefly, it was a "boom" for the author and the "Daily Excelsior." I should add, however, that a rival newspaper intimated that it was also a "boom" for Mrs. Saltillo's husband, and called attention to the fact that a deserted Mexican mine, known as "El

Bolero," was described graphically in the Aztec article among the news, and again appeared in the advertising columns of the same paper. I turned somewhat indignantly to the file of the "Excelsior," and, singularly enough, found in the elaborate prospectus of a new gold-mining company the description of the El Bolero mine as a *quotation* from the Aztec article, with extraordinary inducements for the investment of capital in the projected working of an old mine. If I had had any difficulty in recognizing in the extravagant style the flamboyant hand of Enriquez in English writing, I might have read his name plainly enough displayed as president of the company. It was evidently the prospectus of one of the ventures he had shown me. I was more amused than indignant at the little trick he had played upon my editorial astuteness. After all, if I had thus benefited the young couple I was satisfied. I had not seen them since my first visit,—as I was very busy, my communications with Mrs. Saltillo had been carried on by letters and proofs,—and when I did finally call at their house, it was only to find that they were visiting at San José. I wondered whether the baby was still hanging on the wall, or, if he was taken with them, who carried him.

A week later the stock of El Bolero was quoted at par. More than that, an incomprehensible activity had been given to all the deserted Mexican mines, and people began to look up scrip hitherto thrown aside as worthless. Whether it was one of those extraordinary fevers which attacked Californian speculation in the early days, or whether Enriquez Saltillo had infected the stock-market with his own extravagance, I never knew; but plans as wild, inventions as fantastic, and arguments as illogical as ever emanated from his own brain, were set forth "on 'change" with a gravity equal to his own. The most reasonable hypothesis was that it was the effect of the well-known fact that the Spanish Californian hitherto had not been a mining speculator, nor connected in any way with the gold production on his native soil, deeming it inconsistent with his patriarchal life and landed dignity, and that when a "son of one of the oldest Spanish families, identified with the land and its peculiar character for centuries, lent himself to its mineral exploitations,"—I beg to say that I am quoting from the advertisement in the "Excelsior,"—"it was a guerdon of success." This was so far true that in a week Enriquez Saltillo was rich and in a fair way to become a millionaire.

II.

It was a hot afternoon when I alighted from the stifling Wingdam coach, and stood upon the cool, deep veranda of the Carquinez Springs Hotel. After I had shaken off the dust which had lazily followed us, in our descent of the mountain road, like a red smoke, occasionally overflowing the coach windows, I went up to the room I had engaged for my brief holiday. I knew the place well, although I could see that the hotel itself had lately been redecorated and enlarged to meet the increasing requirements of fashion. I knew the forest of enormous redwoods where one might lose one's self in a five minutes' walk from the veranda. I knew the rocky trail that climbed the mountain to the springs, twisting between giant boulders. I knew the arid garden, deep in the wayside dust, with its hurriedly planted tropical plants, already withering in the dry autumn sunshine, and washed into fictitious freshness, night and morning, by the hydraulic irrigating-hose. I knew, too, the cool, reposeful night winds that swept down from invisible snow-crests beyond, with the hanging out of monstrous stars, that too often failed to bring repose to the feverish guests. For the overstrained neurotic workers who fled hither from the baking plains of Sacramento, or from the chill sea-fogs of San Francisco, never lost the fierce unrest that had driven them here. Unaccustomed to leisure, their enforced idleness impelled them to seek excitement in the wildest gaieties; the bracing mountain air only reinvigorated them to pursue pleasure as they had pursued the occupations they had left behind. Their sole recreations were furious drives over break-neck roads; mad, scampering cavalcades through the sedate woods; gambling parties in private rooms, where large sums were lost by capitalists on leave; champagne suppers; and impromptu balls that lasted through the calm, reposeful night to the first rays of light on the distant snow-line. Unimaginative men, in their temporary sojourn they more often outraged or dispossessed nature in her own fastnesses than courted her for sympathy or solitude. There were playing-cards left lying behind boulders, and empty champagne bottles forgotten in forest depths.

I remembered all this when, refreshed by a bath, I leaned from the balcony of my room and watched the pulling up of a "brake," drawn by six dirty, foam-bespattered horses, driven by a noted capitalist.

As its hot, perspiring, closely veiled yet burning-faced fair occupants descended, in all the dazzling glory of summer toilets, and I saw the gentlemen consult their watches with satisfaction, and congratulate their triumphant driver, I knew the characteristic excitement they had enjoyed from a "record run," probably a bet, over a mountain road in a burning sun.

"Not bad, eh? Forty-four minutes from the summit!"

The voice seemed at my elbow. I turned quickly, to recognize an acquaintance, a young San Francisco broker, leaning from the next balcony to mine. But my attention was just then preoccupied by a face and a figure, which seemed familiar to me, of a woman who was alighting from the brake.

"Who is that?" I asked—"the straight, slim woman in gray, with the white veil twisted round her felt hat?"

"Mrs. Saltillo," he answered, "wife of 'El Bolero' Saltillo, don't you know. Mighty pretty woman, if she is a little stiffish and set up."

Then I had not been mistaken! "Is Enriquez—is her husband—here?" I asked quickly.

The man laughed. "I reckon not. This is the place for other people's husbands, don't you know?"

Alas! I *did* know; and as there flashed upon me all the miserable scandals and gossip connected with this reckless, frivolous caravansary, I felt like resenting his suggestion. But my companion's next words were more significant:

"Besides, if what they say is true, Saltillo would n't be very popular here."

"I don't understand," I said quickly.

"Why, after all that row he had with the El Bolero Company."

"I never heard of any row," I said, in astonishment.

The broker laughed incredulously. "Come! and *you* a newspaper man! Well, maybe they *did* try to hush it up, and keep it out of the papers, on account of the stock. But it seems he got up a reg'lar shindy with the board, one day—called 'em thieves and swindlers, and allowed he was disgracing himself as a Spanish hidalgo by having anything to do with 'em. Talked, they say, about Charles V of Spain, or some other royal galoot, giving his ancestors the land in trust! Clean off his head, I reckon. Then shunted himself off the company, and sold out. You can guess he would n't be very popular around here, with Jim Bestley,

there," pointing to the capitalist who had driven the brake, "who used to be on the board with him. No, sir. He was either lying low for something, or was off his head. Think of his throwing up a place like that!"

"Nonsense!" I said indignantly. "He is mercurial, and has the quick impulsiveness of his race, but I believe him as sane as any who sat with him on the board. There must be some mistake—or you have n't got the whole story." Nevertheless, I did not care to discuss an old friend with a mere acquaintance, and I felt secretly puzzled to account for his conduct, in the face of his previous cleverness in manipulating the El Bolero, and the undoubted fascination he had previously exercised over the stock-holders. The story had of course been garbled in repetition. I had never before imagined what might be the effect of Enriquez's peculiar eccentricities upon matter-of-fact people,—I had found them only amusing,—and the broker's suggestion annoyed me. However, Mrs. Saltillo was here in the hotel, and I should, of course, meet her. Would she be as frank with me?

I was disappointed at not finding her in the drawing-room or on the veranda; and the heat being still unusually oppressive, I strolled out toward the redwoods, hesitating for a moment in the shade before I ran the fiery gauntlet of the garden. To my surprise, I had scarcely passed the giant sentinels on its outskirts before I found that, from some unusual condition of the atmosphere, the cold undercurrent of air which generally drew through these pillared aisles was withheld that afternoon; it was absolutely hotter than in the open, and the wood was charged throughout with the acrid spices of the pine. I turned back to the hotel, reascended to my bedroom, and threw myself into an arm-chair by the open window. My room was near the end of a wing; the corner room at the end was next to mine, on the same landing. Its closed door, at right angles to my open one, gave upon the staircase, but was plainly visible from where I sat. I remembered being glad that it was shut, as it enabled me without offense to keep my own door open.

The house was very quiet. The leaves of a catalpa, across the roadway, hung motionless. Somebody yawned on the veranda below. I threw away my half-finished cigar, and closed my eyes. I think I had not lost consciousness for more than a few seconds before I was awakened by the shaking and thrilling of the whole building. As I stag-



“THEN I ERRISE—SO!”
(SEE PAGE 244.)

gered to my feet, I saw the four pictures hanging against the wall swing outwardly from it on their cords and my door swing back against the wall. At the same moment, acted upon by the same potential impulse, the door of the end room in the hall, opposite the stairs, also swung open. In that brief moment I had a glimpse of the interior of the room—of two figures, a man and a woman, the latter clinging to her companion in abject terror. It was only for an instant, for a second thrill passed through the house, the pictures clattered back against the wall, the door of the end room closed violently on its strange revelation, and my own door swung back also. Apprehensive of what might happen, I sprang toward it, but only to arrest it an inch or two before it should shut, when, as my experience had taught me, it might stick by the subsidence of the walls. But it did stick ajar, and remained firmly fixed in that position. From the clattering of the knob of the other door, and the sound of hurried voices behind it, I knew that the same thing had happened there when that door had fully closed.

I was familiar enough with earthquakes to know that with the second shock or subsidence of the earth the immediate danger was passed, and so I was able to note more clearly what else was passing. There was the usual sudden stampede of hurrying feet, the solitary oath and scream, the half-hysterical laughter, and silence. Then the tumult was reawakened to the sound of high voices, talking all together, or the impatient calling of absentees in halls and corridors. Then I heard the quick swish of female skirts on the staircase, and one of the fair guests knocked impatiently at the door of the end room, still immovably fixed. At the first knock there was a sudden cessation of the hurried whisperings and turning of the door-knob.

"Mrs. Saltillo, are you there? Are you frightened?" she called.

"Mrs. Saltillo!" It was *she*, then, who was in the room! I drew nearer my door, which was still fixed ajar. Presently a voice—Mrs. Saltillo's voice—with a constrained laugh in it came from behind the door: "Not a bit. I'll come down in minute."

"Do," persisted the would-be intruder. "It's all over now, but we're all going out into the garden; it's safer."

"All right," answered Mrs. Saltillo. "Don't wait, dear. I'll follow. Run away, now."

The visitor, who was evidently still nervous, was glad to hurry away, and I heard

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her retreating step on the staircase. The rattling of the door began again, and at last it seemed to yield to a stronger pull, and opened sufficiently to allow Mrs. Saltillo to squeeze through. I withdrew behind my door. I fancied that it creaked as she passed, as if, noticing it ajar, she had laid an inquiring hand upon it. I waited, but she was not followed by any one. I wondered if I had been mistaken. I was going to the bell-rope to summon assistance to move my own door when a sudden instinct withheld me. If there was any one still in that room, he might come from it just as the servant answered my call, and a public discovery would be unavoidable. I was right. In another instant the figure of a man, whose face I could not discern, slipped out of the room, passed my door, and went stealthily down the staircase.

Convinced of this, I resolved not to call public attention to my being in my own room at the time of the incident; so I did not summon any one, but, redoubling my efforts, I at last opened the door sufficiently to pass out, and at once joined the other guests in the garden. Already, with characteristic recklessness and audacity, the earthquake was made light of; the only dictate of prudence had resolved itself into a hilarious proposal to "camp out" in the woods all night, and have a "torch-light picnic." Even then preparations were being made for carrying tents, blankets, and pillows to the adjacent redwoods; dinner and supper, cooked at campfires, were to be served there on stumps of trees and fallen logs. The convulsion of nature had been used as an excuse for one of the wildest freaks of extravagance that Carquinez Springs had ever known. Perhaps that quick sense of humor which dominates the American male in exigencies of this kind kept the extravagances from being merely bizarre and grotesque, and it was presently known that the hotel and its menage were to be appropriately burlesqued by some of the guests, who, attired as Indians, would personate the staff, from the oracular hotel proprietor himself down to the smart hotel clerk.

During these arrangements I had a chance of drawing near Mrs. Saltillo. I fancied she gave a slight start as she recognized me; but her greetings were given with her usual precision. "Have you been here long?" she asked.

"I have only just come," I replied laughingly—"in time for the shock."

"Ah, you felt it, then? I was telling these

ladies that our eminent geologist, Professor Dobbs, assured me that these seismic disturbances in California have a very remote center, and are seldom serious."

"It must be very satisfactory to have the support of geology at such a moment," I could not help saying, though I had not the slightest idea whose the figure was that I had seen, nor, indeed, had I recognized it among the guests. She did not seem to detect any significance in my speech, and I added: "And where is Enriquez? He would enjoy this proposed picnic to-night."

"Enriquez is at Salvatierra Rancho, which he lately bought from his cousin."

"And the baby? Surely, here is a chance for you to hang him up on a redwood to-night, in his cradle."

"The boy," said Mrs. Saltillo, quickly, "is no longer in his cradle; he has passed the pupa state, and is now free to develop his own perfected limbs. He is with his father. I do not approve of children being submitted to the indiscriminate attentions of a hotel. I am here myself only for that supply of ozone indicated for brain exhaustion."

She looked so pretty and prim in her gray dress, so like her old correct self, that I could not think of anything but her mental attitude—which did not, by the way, seem much like mental depression. Yet I was aware that I was getting no information of Enriquez's condition or affairs, unless the whole story told by the broker was an exaggeration. I did not, however, dare to ask more particularly.

"You remember Professor Dobbs?" she asked abruptly.

This recalled a suspicion awakened by my vision so suddenly that I felt myself blushing. She did not seem to notice it, and was perfectly composed.

"I do remember him. Is he here?"

"He is; that is what makes it so particularly unfortunate for me. You see, after that affair of the board, and Enriquez's withdrawal, although Enriquez may have been a little precipitate in his energetic way, I naturally took my husband's part in public; for although we preserve our own personal independence inviolable, we believe in absolute confederation as against society."

"But what has Professor Dobbs to do with the board?" I interrupted.

"The professor was scientific and geological adviser to the board, and it was upon some report or suggestion of his that Enriquez took issue, against the sentiment of the

board. It was a principle affecting Enriquez's Spanish sense of honor."

"Do tell me all about it," I said eagerly; "I am very anxious to know the truth."

"As I was not present at the time," said Mrs. Saltillo, rebuking my eagerness with a gentle frigidity, "I am unable to do so. Anything else would be mere hearsay, and more or less *ex parte*. I do not approve of mere gossip."

"But what did Enriquez tell you? You surely know that."

"That, being purely confidential, as between husband and wife,—perhaps I should say partner and partner,—of course you do not expect me to disclose. Enough that I was satisfied with it. I should not have spoken to you about it at all, but that, through myself and Enriquez, you are an acquaintance of the professor's, and I might save you the awkwardness of presenting yourself with him. Otherwise, although you are a friend of Enriquez, it need not affect your acquaintance with the professor."

"Hang the professor!" I ejaculated. "I don't care a rap for him."

"Then I differ with you," said Mrs. Saltillo, with precision. "He is distinctly an able man, and one cannot but miss the contact of his original mind and his liberal teachings."

Here she was joined by one of the ladies, and I lounged away. I dare say it was very mean and very illogical, but the unsatisfactory character of this interview made me revert again to the singular revelation I had seen a few hours before. I looked anxiously for Professor Dobbs; but when I did meet him, with an indifferent nod of recognition, I found I could by no means identify him with the figure of her mysterious companion. And why should I suspect him at all, in the face of Mrs. Saltillo's confessed avoidance of him? Who, then, could it have been? I had seen them but an instant, in the opening and the shutting of a door. It was merely the shadowy bulk of a man that flitted past my door, after all. Could I have imagined the whole thing? Were my perceptive faculties—just aroused from slumber, too—sufficiently clear to be relied upon? Would I not have laughed had Urania, or even Enriquez himself, told me such a story?

As I reentered the hotel the clerk handed me a telegram. "There's been a pretty big shake all over the country," he said eagerly. "Everybody is getting news and inquiries from their friends. Anything fresh?" He paused interrogatively as I tore open the

envelop. The despatch had been redirected from the office of the "Daily Excelsior." It was dated, "Salvatierra Rancho," and contained a single line: "Come and see your old oncle Ennery."

There was nothing in the wording of the message that was unlike Enriquez's usual light-hearted levity, but the fact that he should have telegraphed it to me struck me uneasily. That I should have received it at the hotel where his wife and Professor Dobbs were both staying, and where I had had such a singular experience, seemed to me more than a mere coincidence. An instinct that the message was something personal to Enriquez and me kept me from imparting it to Mrs. Saltillo. After worrying half the night in our bizarre camp in the redwoods, in the midst of a restless festivity which was scarcely the repose I had been seeking at Carquinez Springs, I resolved to leave the next day for Salvatierra Rancho. I remembered the rancho—a low, golden-brown adobe-walled quadrangle, sleeping like some monstrous ruminant in a hollow of the Contra Costa Range. I recalled, in the midst of this noisy picnic, the slumberous coolness of its long corridors and soundless courtyard, and hailed it as a relief. The telegram was a sufficient excuse for my abrupt departure. In the morning I left, but without again seeing either Mrs. Saltillo or the professor.

It was late the next afternoon when I rode through the *cañada* that led to the rancho. I confess my thoughts were somewhat gloomy, in spite of my escape from the noisy hotel; but this was due to the somber scenery through which I had just ridden, and the monotonous russet of the leagues of wild oats. As I approached the rancho, I saw that Enriquez had made no attempt to modernize the old casa, and that even the garden was left in its lawless native luxuriance, while the rude tiled sheds near the walled corral contained the old farming implements, unchanged for a century, even to the ox-carts, the wheels of which were made of a single block of wood. A few peons, in striped shirts and velvet jackets, were sunning themselves against a wall, and near them hung a half-drained *pellejo*, or goatskin water-bag. The air of absolute shiftlessness must have been repellent to Mrs. Saltillo's orderly precision, and for a moment I pitied her. But it was equally inconsistent with Enriquez's enthusiastic ideas of American progress, and the extravagant designs he had often imparted to me of the improvements he would make

when he had a fortune. I was feeling uneasy again, when I suddenly heard the rapid clack of unshod hoofs on a rocky trail that joined my own. At the same instant a horseman dashed past me at full speed. I had barely time to swerve my own horse aside to avoid a collision, yet in that brief moment I recognized the figure of Enriquez. But his face I should have scarcely known. It was hard and fixed. His upper lip and thin, penciled mustache were drawn up over his teeth, which were like a white gash in his dark face. He turned into the courtyard of the rancho. I put spurs to my horse, and followed, in nervous expectation. He turned in his saddle as I entered. But the next moment he bounded from his horse, and, before I could dismount, flew to my side and absolutely lifted me from the saddle to embrace me. It was the old Enriquez again; his face seemed to have utterly changed in that brief moment.

"This is all very well, old chap," I said; "but do you know that you nearly ran me down, just now, with that infernal half-broken mustang? Do you usually charge the casa at that speed?"

"Pardon, my leetle brother! But here you shall slip up. The mustang is not half-broken; he is not broke at all! Look at his hoof—never have a shoe been there. For myself—attend me! When I rride alone, I think mooch; when I think mooch I think fast—my idea he go like the cannon-ball! Consequent, if I ride not thees horse like the cannon-ball, my thought *he* arrive first—and where are you? You get left! Believe me that I fly thees horse,—thees old Mexican plug,—and your de' oncle Ennery and his leetle old idea arrive all the same time—and on the instant."

It was the old Enriquez! I perfectly understood his extravagant speech and illustration, and yet for the first time I wondered if others did.

"Tak'-a-drink!" he said, all in one word. "You shall possess the old bourbon or the rum from the Santa Cruz! Name your poison, gentlemen!"

He had already dragged me up the steps from the *patio* to the veranda, and seated me before a small round table still covered with the chocolate equipage of the morning. A little dried-up old Indian woman took it away, and brought the spirits and glasses.

"*Mirar* the leetle old one!" said Enriquez, with unflinching gravity. "Consider her, Pancho—to the bloosh! She is not truly an Aztec, but she is of years one hundred and

one—and *life*! Possibly she haf not the beauty which ravishes—which devastates. But she shall attend you to the hot water—to the bath. Thus shall you be protect, my leetle brother, from scandal.”

“Enriquez,” I burst out suddenly, “tell me about yourself. Why did you leave the El Bolero board? What was the row about?”

Enriquez’s eyes for a moment glittered; then they danced as before.

“Ah,” he said, “you have heard?”

“Something; but I want to know the truth from you.”

He lighted a cigarette, lifted himself backward into a grass hammock, on which he sat, swinging his feet. Then, pointing to another hammock, he said: “Tranquillize yourself there. I will relate; but, truly, it ees nothing.”

He took a long pull at his cigarette, and for a few moments seemed quietly to exude smoke from his eyes, ears, nose, even his finger-ends—everywhere, in fact, but his mouth. That and his mustache remained fixed. Then he said slowly, flicking away the ashes with his little finger:

“First you understand, friend Pancho, that I make no row. The other themself make the row—the shindig. They make the dance, the howl, the snap of the finger, the oath, the ‘Helen blazes,’ the ‘Wot the devil,’ the ‘That be damned,’ the bad language; they themselves finger the revolver, advance the bowie-knife, throw off the coat, square off, and ‘Come on.’ I remain as you see me now, little brother—tranquil.” He lighted another cigarette, made his position more comfortable in the hammock, and resumed: “The Professor Dobbs, who is the geologian of the company, made a report for which he got two thousand dollar. But thees report—look you, friend Pancho—he is not good for the mine. For in the hole in the ground the Professor Dobbs have found a ‘hoss.’

“A what?” I asked.

“A hoss,” repeated Enriquez, with infinite gravity. “But not, leetle Pancho, the hoss that run, the horse that buck-jump, but what the miner call a ‘hoss’—a something that rear up in the vein and stop him. You pick around the hoss; you pick under him; sometimes you find the vein, sometimes you do not. The hoss he rear up—and remain! Eet ees not good for the mine. The board say, ‘D—the hoss!’ ‘Get rid of the hoss.’ ‘Chuck out the hoss.’ Then they talk together, and one say to the Professor Dobbs: ‘Eef you cannot thees hoss remove from the mine, you can take him out of the re-

port.’ He look to me, thees professor. I see nothing; I remain tranquil. Then the board say: ‘Thees report with the hoss in him is worth two thousand dollar, but *without* the hoss he is worth five thousand dollars. For the stock-holder is frightened of the rearing hoss. It is of a necessity that the stock-holder should remain tranquil. Without the hoss the report is good; the stock shall errise; the director shall sell out, and leave the stock-holder the hoss to play with.’ The professor he say, ‘Al-right’; he scratch out the hoss, sign his name, and get a check for three thousand dollars.”

“Then I errise—so!” He got up from the hammock, suiting the action to the word, and during the rest of his narrative, I honestly believe, assumed the same attitude and deliberate intonation he had exhibited at the board. I could even fancy I saw the reckless, cynical faces of his brother directors turned upon his grim, impassive features. “I am tranquil; I smoke my cigarette. I say that for three hundred year my family have held the land of thees mine; that it pass from father to son, and from son to son; it pass by gift, it pass by grant, but that *neverre there pass a lie with it*! I say it was gift by a Spanish Christian king to a Christian hidalgo for the spread of the gospel—and not for the cheat and the swindle! I say that this mine was worked by the slave, and by the mule, by the ass—but never by the cheat and swindler. I say that if they have struck the hoss in the mine, they have struck a hoss *in the land*—Spanish hoss; a hoss that have no bridle worth five thousand dollar in his mouth, but a hoss that rear, a hoss that you shall not ride, and a hoss that cannot be struck out by a Yankee geologian; and that hoss is Enriquez Saltillo!”

He paused, and laid aside his cigarette. “Then they say, ‘Dry up,’ and ‘Sell out’; and the great bankers say, ‘Name your own price for your stock, and resign.’ And I say, ‘There is not of gold in your bank, in your San Francisco, in the mines of California, that shall buy a Spanish gentleman. When I leave, I leave the stock at my back; I shall take it—*neverre*!’ Then the banker he say: ‘And you will go and blab, I suppose?’ And then, Pancho, I smile, I pick up my mustache—so! and I say: ‘Pardon, señor, you haf mistake. The Saltillo haf for three hundred year no stain, no blot, upon him. Eet is not now—the last of the race—who shall confess that he haf sit at a board of disgrace and dishonor!’ And then it is that the band begin to play, and the animals stand on their

hind leg and waltz, and behold, the row he haf begin!"

I ran over to him, and fairly hugged him. But he put me aside with a gentle and philosophical calm. "Ah, eet is nothing, Pancho. It is, believe me, all the same a hundred years to come—and where are you then? The earth he turn round, and then comeel temblor,—the earthquake,—and there you are! Bah! eet is not of the board that I have asked you to come; it is something else I would tell you. Go and wash yourself of thees journey, my leetle brother, as I have"—looking at his narrow, brown, well-bred hands—"wash myself of the board. Be very careful of the leetle old woman, Pancho; do not wink to her of the eye! Consider, my leetle brother, for one hundred and one year she haf been as a nun—a saint! Disturb not her tranquillity."

Yes, it was the old Enriquez; but he seemed graver—if I could use that word to one of such persistent gravity; only, his gravity heretofore had suggested a certain irony rather than a melancholy which I now fancied I detected. And what was this "something else" he was to "tell me later"? Did it refer to Mrs. Saltillo? I had purposely waited for him to speak of her before I should say anything of my visit to Carquinez Springs. I hurried through my ablutions in the hot water brought in a bronze jar on the head of the centenarian handmaid; and even while I was smiling over Enriquez's caution regarding this aged Ruth, I felt I was getting nervous to hear his news.

I found him in his sitting-room, or study—a long, low apartment with small, deep windows like embrasures in the outer adobe wall, but glazed in lightly upon the veranda. He was sitting quite abstractedly, with a pen in his hand, before a table on which a number of sealed envelops were lying. He looked so formal and methodical for Enriquez!

"You like the old casa, Pancho?" he said, in reply to my praise of its studious and monastic gloom. "Well, my leetle brother, some day that is fair—who knows?—it may be at your *disposicion*; not of our politeness, but of a truth, friend Pancho. For if I leave it to my wife"—it was the first time he had spoken of her—"for my leetle child," he added quickly, "I shall put in a bond—an *obligacion*—that my friend Pancho shall come and go as he will."

"The Saltillos are a long-lived race," I laughed. "I shall be a gray-haired man, with a house and family of my own, by that time." But I did not like the way he had spoken.

"*Quien sabe?*" he only said, dismissing the question with the national gesture. After a moment he added: "I shall tell you something that is strrange—so strrange that you shall say, like the banker say, 'Thees Enriquez he ees off his head; he ees a crank—a *lunatico*'; but it ees a *fact*—believe me, I have said!"

He rose, and going to the end of the room, opened a door. It showed a pretty little room, femininely arranged in Mrs. Saltillo's refined taste. "Eet is pretty; eet is the room of my wife. *Bueno!* attend me now." He closed the door, and walked back to the table. "I have sit here and write when the earthquake arrive. I have feel the shock—the grind of the walls on themselves—the tremor—the stagger—and—that—door—he swing open!"

"The door?" I said, with a smile that I felt was ghastly.

"Comprehend me," he said quickly; "it ees not *that* which ees strrange. The wall lift, the lock slip, the door he fell open—it is frequent; it comes so ever when the earthquake come. But eet is not my wife's room I see; it is *another room*—a room I know not! My wife Urania, she stand there, of a fear, of a tremble; she grasp—she cling to some one. The earth shake again; the door shut. I jump from my table; I shake and tumble to the door. I fling him open. *Maravilloso!* it is the room of my wife again. She is *not* there—it is empty—it is nothing!"

I felt myself turning hot and cold by turns. I was horrified, and—and I blundered. "And who was the other figure?" I gasped.

"Who?" repeated Enriquez, with a pause, a fixed look at me, and a sublime gesture. "Who *should* it be—but myself—Enriquez Saltillo?"

A terrible premonition that this was a chivalous *lie*—that it was *not* himself he had seen, but that our two visions were identical—came upon me. "After all," I said, with a fixed smile, "if you could imagine you saw your wife, you could easily imagine you saw yourself too. In the shock of the moment you thought of *her* naturally, for then she would as naturally seek your protection. You have written for news of her?"

"No," said Enriquez, quietly.

"No?" I repeated amazedly.

"You understand, Pancho! Eef it was the trick of my eyes, why should I affright her for the thing that is not? If it is the truth, and it arrive to *me*, as a warning, why shall I affright her before it come?"

"Before *what* comes? What is it a warning of?" I asked impetuously.

"That we shall be separated! That *I* go, and she do not."

To my surprise, his dancing eyes had a slight film over them. "I don't understand you," I said awkwardly.

"Your head is not of a level, my Pancho. Thees earthquake he remain for only ten seconds, and he fling open the door. If he remain for twenty seconds, he fling open the wall, the house toomble, and your friend Enriquez is feenish!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Professor—I mean the geologists—say that the center of disturbance of these Californian earthquakes is some far-away point in the Pacific, and there never will be any serious convulsions here."

"Ah, the geologist," said Enriquez, gravely, "understand the hoss that rear in the mine, and the five thousand dollar,—believe me,—no more. He haf lif here three year. My family have lif here three hundred! My grandfather saw the earth swallow the Church of San Juan Bautista."

I laughed—until, looking up, I was shocked to see for the first time that his dancing eyes were moist and shining. But almost instantly he jumped up, and declared that I had not seen the garden and the corral, and, linking his arm in mine, swept me like a whirlwind into the patio. For an hour or two he was in his old invincible spirits. I was glad I had said nothing of my visit to Carquinez Springs and of seeing his wife; I determined to avoid it as long as possible; and as he did not again refer to her, except in the past, it was not difficult. At last he infected me with his own extravagance, and for a while I forgot even the strangeness of his conduct and his confidences. We walked and talked together as of old. I understood and enjoyed him perfectly, and it was not strange that in the end I began to believe that his strange revelation was a bit of his extravagant acting, gotten up to amuse me. The coincidence of his story with my own experience was not, after all, such a wonderful thing, considering what must have been the nervous and mental disturbance produced by the earthquake. We dined together, attended only by Pedro, an old half-caste body-servant. It was easy to see that the household was carried on economically, and, from a word or two casually dropped by Enriquez, it appeared that the rancho and a small sum of money were all that he retained from his former fortune when he left the El Bolero. The stock he kept intact, refusing to take the dividend

upon it, until that collapse of the company should occur which he confidently predicted, when he would make good the swindled stock-holders. I had no reason to doubt his perfect good faith in this.

The next morning we were up early for a breezy gallop over the three square miles of Enriquez's estate. I was astounded, when I descended to the patio, to find Enriquez already mounted, and carrying before him, astride of the horn of his saddle, a small child—the identical papoose of my memorable first visit! But the boy was no longer swathed and bandaged, although, for security, his plump little body was engirt by the same sash that encircled his father's own waist. I felt a stirring of self-reproach; I had forgotten all about him! To my suggestion that the exercise might be fatiguing to him, Enriquez shrugged his shoulders:

"Believe me, no! He is ever with me when I go on the *pasear*. He is not too yonge. For he shall learn 'to rride, to shoot, and to speak the truth,' even as the Persian chile. Eet ees all I can gif to him."

Nevertheless, I think the boy enjoyed it, and I knew he was safe with such an accomplished horseman as his father. Indeed, it was a fine sight to see them both careering over the broad plain, Enriquez with jingling spurs and whirling *reata*, the boy with a face as composed as his father's, and his tiny hand grasping the end of the flapping rein with a touch scarcely lighter than the skilful rider's own. It was a lovely morning; though warm and still, there was a faint haze—a rare thing in that climate—on the distant range. The sun-baked soil, arid and thirsty from the long summer drought, and cracked into long fissures, broke into puffs of dust, with a slight detonation like a pistol-shot, at each stroke of our pounding hoofs. Suddenly my horse swerved in full gallop, almost lost his footing, "broke," and halted with braced fore feet, trembling in every limb. I heard a shout from Enriquez at the same instant, and saw that he too had halted about a hundred paces from me, with his hand uplifted in warning, and between us a long chasm in the dry earth, extending across the whole field. But the trembling of the horse continued until it communicated itself to me. I was shaking too, and, looking about for the cause, I beheld the most weird and remarkable spectacle I had ever witnessed. The whole *llano*, or plain, stretching to the horizon-line, was *distinctly undulating*! The faint haze of the hills was repeated over its surface, as if a dust had arisen from some grind-

ing displacement of the soil. I threw myself from my horse, but the next moment was fain to cling to him, as I felt the thrill under my very feet. Then there was a pause, and I lifted my head to look for Enriquez. He was nowhere to be seen! With a terrible recollection of the fissure that had yawned between us, I sprang to the saddle again, and spurred the frightened beast toward that point. *But it was gone, too!* I rode backward and forward repeatedly along the line where I had seen it only a moment before. The plain lay compact and uninterrupted, without a crack or fissure. The dusty haze that had arisen had passed as mysteriously away; the clear outline of the valley returned; the great field was empty!

Presently I was aware of the sound of galloping hoofs. I remembered then—what I had at first forgotten—that a few moments before we had crossed an *arroyo*, or dried bed of a stream, depressed below the level of the field. How foolish that I had not remembered! He had evidently sought that refuge; there were his returning hoofs. I galloped toward it, but only to meet a fright-

ened *vaquero*, who had taken that avenue of escape to the rancho.

"Did you see Don Enriquez?" I asked impatiently.

I saw that the man's terror was extreme, and his eyes were staring in their sockets. He hastily crossed himself:

"Ah, God, yes!"

"Where is he?" I demanded.

"Gone!"

"Where?"

He looked at me with staring, vacant eyes, and, pointing to the ground, said in Spanish: "He has returned to the land of his fathers!"

Neither he nor his innocent burden was ever seen again of men. Whether he had been engulfed by mischance, or had fulfilled his own prophecy by deliberately erasing himself for some purpose known only to himself, I never knew.

Yet the widow of Enriquez did *not* marry Professor Dobbs. But she too disappeared from California, and years afterward I was told that she was well known to the ingenious Parisians as the usual wealthy widow "from South America."



GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

CARTY CARTERET'S SISTER.

"ELEANOR," said Miss Carteret, "I'd like a trap at half-past eleven. Mr. Bennings' and I want to drive over to Captain Forbes's. And you'll come?" she added to Willie Colfax.

He nodded affably, and helped himself to marmalade. Mr. Bennings looked annoyed.

"We're going to buy horses," she continued. "That is, I'm going to buy *one*. Mr. Bennings, I believe, is going to buy a drove."

Mr. Bennings raised his hand in deprecation.

"Aw—I say, not a lot; just a few likely ones," he remarked.

"Polly Carteret," said Mrs. Braybrooke, "you're an extravagant goose! What in the world will you do with a horse?"

"I shall give him sugar," Miss Carteret replied. "That will be one thing."

Mr. James Braybrooke stared at her, gathered up the sporting pages of the newspaper, and left the table.

"You're impossible!" said Mrs. Braybrooke. She went to the window, and looked out. The Braybrookes' breakfast-room com-

manded a stretch of rolling lawn set with mighty oaks. The Indian-summer sun was streaming down upon it.

"You see, Mr. Bennings," observed Miss Carteret, "this is the way they encourage me to patronize Oakdale horses. When I was little I did n't care much about horses, and Eleanor used to make me feel that my life was a failure. Now I want to buy a horse, and she calls me extravagant."

"It's getting married," volunteered Willie Colfax. "Don't do it. You lose your nerve and grow economical. One's always thinking about the little ones who have to be educated and set up in life. Please, more coffee, Nell," he added.

Mrs. Braybrooke colored.

"Don't irritate your sister," said Miss Carteret. "I'll pour it."

Mr. Bennings seemed to have something on his mind. He held the marmalade-jar suspended in air.

"But—aw, I say," he observed seriously, "really, now, a *good* nag, you know, is not a bad investment."

Mrs. Braybrooke turned from the window, and regarded him with something like a sniff.

"But she does n't know a good one. Now, I say, if you don't know horses, just be a lady; only don't pretend. And, Polly Carteret, you don't know any more about horses than"—she looked about as if for a comparison, but found none which was adequate—"than *that*!" she exclaimed. "And the way you *talk* is ridiculous."

"Mr. Bennings," said Miss Carteret, mildly, "do you believe her?" Mr. Bennings deemed himself rather discerning about women.

"No, 'pon my word, Mrs. Braybrooke," he replied, "honestly, now, I can't believe that, you know. You misunderstand Miss Carteret; you really do. We had a long conversation last evening, and she impressed me as very well informed—unusually well informed. Perhaps not so keen about racin', you know, but very well up on huntin'-cattle." He set down the marmalade-jar, and glanced at Miss Carteret for a smile of gratitude; and Miss Carteret smiled.

"There!" she said to Mrs. Braybrooke; "I told you I had learned about horses. Don't be so superior."

Mrs. Braybrooke shot a glance at Bennings, and her nostrils quivered.

"When you finish, come into the morning-room," she remarked. "I want to find Jimmy." She went out, followed by her brother, who

was trying to lead her into a discussion of some ideas relative to matrimony.

"I say," said Bennings, when they were alone,—he spoke confidentially,—"*you were* chaffin', don't you know, about buyin' a nag to feed him sugar?"

"I *was* chaffing," replied Miss Carteret. You 'caught on,' so to speak, very quickly. Seriously, I should never think of buying a horse just to have something to feed sugar to. With so many poor people who can't afford sugar, it would n't be ethical."

"That's so," said Bennings; "but at first it *did* sound just a bit odd, you know. It was a capital joke, though," he added; "and I *do* like a joke."

She dropped her eyelids.

"I could see that," she said. "I can't tolerate people who don't like jokes."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "That's very interesting. You know," he continued, "that's the only thing I have against an Englishman. Awfully good sort, but no sense of fun, you know. I've been over there a good deal, but I can't get used to that. I call it the national defect. This chap, you know,—Mark Twain,—he's noticed the same thing about 'em." This was Bennings's stock conversation on the English people.

"That's very interesting, too," observed Miss Carteret. "Will you be ready at half-past eleven?"

"At your service—always," he exclaimed, jumping up. Then she went out, and left him to his eggs.

P. St. Clair Bennings had arrived at Oakdale the afternoon before. The last time Braybrooke had gone to town he had met him at the club, and they had lunched together. As it was October, they naturally discussed hunting-stables, and Braybrooke asked him down to look over Forbes's string before it went to the Horse Show. Bennings was glad to come, and he was pleased to find Miss Carteret stopping there, because he ranked women only after horses. Miss Carteret had made rather quick work with him. He already considered her a "devilish fine girl," and an inner voice had begun to ask whether it might not be generous to shorten his visit. When Bennings first came into his money he bravely faced the fact that he could not both hunt and marry, so he put the latter out of his mind. He had sojourned long in Great Britain (as unkind persons intimated, to make amends for having been born in a manufacturing town in New Jersey), and, moreover, by nature he had been endowed

with an earnest rather than an acute intellect. There was not much more to be said about him. He rode fairly well. His clothes were distinctive. His speech was that version of the cockney speech of England which is peculiar to the "American *malgré lui*."

Miss Carteret was a school friend of Mrs. Braybrooke's. Their mothers had been connected in some way. She lived in Washington, but she had been born on the James River, which accounted for a throaty, Southern quality in her voice. She spoke slowly, and in her accent there was a soft echo of colored mammies which was attractive. Overlooking such artificial classifications as by complexion and by morals, girls seem to fall into two categories, members of the first of which inspire esteem and nothing more. A woman belongs to the second when men simultaneously pick up her handkerchief and lurk in wait to put hassocks under her feet. Conversely, a woman's habit of confidently dropping things is also a sign of the type. Miss Carteret continually was shedding her handkerchiefs and other portables, and, as a rule, all the available men were adjacent, and anxious to restore them. She was tall and blonde, with a double allowance of pleasing red hair, and her eyes were of a curious dark-blue color. As she herself had remarked, she was intelligent without being hampered by an education.

THE trap which came to the door at half-past eleven was Willie Colfax's tandem. Colfax had suggested this substitution of vehicles to avoid the possibility of being packed in behind, and Miss Carteret had accepted it gracefully. She liked anything which increased the probability of something happening. "I'm sure Mr. Bennings won't mind," she remarked; "and if he does, he won't say so."

She got into the high cart beside Colfax, and looked down pleasantly.

"I do hope, Mr. Bennings," she said, "that you really don't mind sitting in behind with the man, and riding backward. And if you'll get my parasol—I left it on a chair in the hall; and please ask my maid for my field-glasses; they're in my room. You know," she explained to Willie Colfax, "I'm getting near-sighted, and I'm going to look at these horses critically. Besides, the leather case is rather smart."

"Rubbish!" ejaculated Colfax, jerking the wheeler, who was restless. "Oh, hurry up, Bennings!" he bawled.

Presently Mr. Bennings appeared, some-

what out of breath, and climbed up behind, with the parasol and glasses.

"Now, if you'll hold them," remarked Miss Carteret, "I guess we're all ready." She waved her hand to Mrs. Braybrooke, and they drove off. "Good-by, Eleanor!" she called. "I'm going to buy such a nice horsey!"

Mrs. Braybrooke surveyed her with disapproval.

"Jimmy dear," she remarked, when the cart was out of sight, "please, like a good boy, have something saddled, and ride over there. That girl will do something idiotic, and make us ridiculous."

"Why don't you muzzle her?" said Braybrooke. "She's your friend." Then he went in, and telephoned to the stables.

As the tandem swung into Forbes's smooth driveway, Mr. Bennings caught a fragment of the conversation which was going on behind him. Thus far he had been occupied in keeping in, for the roads were bad, and they had galloped most of the way. "Well, those are my ideas about horses," Miss Carteret was saying. "I believe in judging a horse according to the things you want him for, just as you would judge dogs or furniture. Seriously, don't you?" She laughed a little.

"You'll be the death of me," replied Mr. Colfax. "Brace up, and don't make a holy show of yourself. You can make Nell and Jimmy as hot as you want, only behave when you're with me. You don't seem to have any reverence." Bishop Cunningham once had made this comment to him, and he remembered it. Mr. Colfax's acquaintance with Miss Carteret dated from the nursery, and warranted a certain freedom. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, catching a glimpse of the veranda, "there's about a million men there."

"Shall we go back?" inquired Miss Carteret.

"Don't be foolish," he muttered. He made a spectacular turn, and laid his thong over the leader. Bennings caught himself when he was nearly out, and twisted around on the seat.

"But it's all right, you know," he remarked. "Forbes is a married man. It will be all right, Miss Carteret."

"Then of course we need n't go back," replied Miss Carteret. "Thank you, Mr. Bennings. I feel much more comfortable. I'm rather glad, now, that they're there. They can help us choose, can't they?"

"Why, of course," he said doubtfully. "They are all the fellows, you know, from

the club. They've come over to see 'em led out."

There was a chorus of "good mornings" as the cart drew up, and a dozen men in tweed breeches and morning coats lifted their hats and took their smoking-things out of their mouths.

"Glad to see you," said Forbes, coming down the steps. He had been presented to Miss Carteret before. "The show is waiting. How are you, Bennings? You too, Willie?"

"Quite well, dear boy," replied Mr. Colfax. "Send somebody to stand by my leader while Cook gets the reins. I'm going to send 'em to the stable."

Miss Carteret stood up to be helped out, and the dozen men came forward to assist. Miss Carteret could radiate, so to speak, her appreciation of the civil intentions of strangers, and all the while be impassive and good form. People who had studied her said she did it with her eyes, and it may have been so. At any rate, it was a gift which did not lessen her powers of arousing interest.

"The Oakdale Raleigh," observed Varick, nodding toward Chalmers, "will spread his coat over the wheel, and you may descend."

Chalmers blushed, and performed that service. Thereupon Miss Carteret got down altogether successfully. She wore exceptionally good boots, for a woman.

"May I present these fortunate men?" asked Varick. "We shall then suffer Forbes to go ahead with his equine paradox." At this moment a groom appeared, leading a big raw-boned bay gelding, which he proceeded to trot around the circle of turf in front of the house. A serious silence fell upon the company.

"He's not very much to look at yet," Forbes remarked; "but he's clever, and is going to make a serviceable horse in any kind of going. What do you think of him, Bennings?"

"A bit rough—a bit rough, old chap," Mr. Bennings replied regretfully. "Don't you agree with me, Miss Carteret?"

"Oh, quite," said Miss Carteret. "Positively malicious. I don't like his color either, and he's too thin."

Colfax suddenly guffawed, and the men regarded him curiously, and asked him whether he was in pain.

"By Jove—'malicious'!" exclaimed Mr. Bennings. "That's capital! And you are correct about his condition. At least, that's my idea," he added, with a deferential glance at the rest of the company. "I must have more flesh at this time of year—ten stone

more, at least." Miss Carteret looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "Really, now, Forbes, that fellow would n't last the season," he went on. "But his color will assuredly brighten. Oh, yes; his color will brighten."

"Do you think so?" asked Miss Carteret. "I'm very particular about color."

"And quite right—and quite right!" exclaimed Mr. Bennings. "The Duke of Beaufort lays great stress on color. Says you can invariably tell condition by it. Lord Wicke disregards it, but I admit I agree with the duke. It takes a clever eye, though—a devilish clever eye!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Miss Carteret. "You know, people sometimes laugh at me for judging horses by their color." She was on the point of remarking that she preferred circus horses, with black and white geographical divisions, when Forbes spoke:

"I'll have to tell you that if you take anything, I must reserve the right to show in November. I've got them all entered, you see, and they're being schooled for the green classes."

"Of course that's all right, Captain Forbes," Miss Carteret answered, with a smile. "And you can keep all the prizes, too; only you really must give me the blue ribbons. I shall have a glass case made, and pin them up in rows." The men laughed, and Varick remarked that it was a very good way to store blue ribbons, only he had never tried it himself.

"I say," whispered Bennings to Colfax, "she's a tremendous chaffer; ain't she?"

"Is she?" replied Mr. Colfax. The talk subsided again as a second horse appeared. It was a big, well-made chestnut with a free, sweeping action, and a showy way of carrying its head.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Bennings. "Now, here we are! That's a rare good one—regular old-country type, is n't it?" He looked at Miss Carteret.

She hesitated a moment, and surveyed the animal.

"Without doubt," she replied. "I suppose," she added gravely, "they must call him Jenson or Black-letter."

"Yes, of course," said Bennings. He kept his eyes on the horse. "Now, that one will jump like a buck, I'll wager. Look at his quarters! Ah, what a pair of breeches!" he ejaculated soulfully. "Lovely shoulder, too, is n't it?" Miss Carteret nodded approvingly. "I say, Forbes," he called, "ask your

head lad to move him round again, will you? What's the price on him?"

"Fifteen hundred," answered Forbes. "He's up to any weight. You can see that yourself. What do you think of him, Miss Carteret?"

Miss Carteret gasped, but disguised it in a little cough. The folly of spending several satisfactory gowns on one beast struck her forcibly.

"Well," she said, "this is a rather more expensive type than I want."

"You are quite right," observed Mr. Bennings, as Forbes moved off. "You know, there is no sense in paying for weight one does n't need, is there? What do you ride at?"

Miss Carteret thought earnestly.

"Really," she replied, "I don't know exactly." She was on the point of adding that she had never ridden at anything, but checked herself.

Bennings looked at her critically. "I should say about ten stone," he observed.

"I dare say that's just it," she answered. "In fact, I know it is. I remember, now, distinctly."

"I have a rather good eye for weight," he remarked. "Hello! here's Braybrooke. What's up, old chap? Thought you were n't coming."

"Changed my mind," replied Mr. Braybrooke. "Good lot, are n't they?" He gave his horse to a groom.

"They've only begun," said Bennings. "I fancy this chestnut, though. He must be better than three quarters bred, and excellent bone, too. By the way, if you'll pardon me, Mrs. Braybrooke certainly *was* mistaken this morning. That girl, you know, has a capital eye, and, by Jove, understands color uncommonly well. She called it on a rangy bay that ought to be fleshed for six months. And you know, old chap, that's a deuced fine point." Braybrooke glanced apprehensively toward the group of men, and fell to studying a cow in the field beyond. "But of course she ought to be a keen one," added Mr. Bennings. "She's Carty Carteret's sister. You know, I was with Carty at Melton last winter, when he went through thirty minutes with a broken shoulder-blade."

"Really!" observed Braybrooke. He was still considering the cow.

As the next horse was led out, he caught Miss Carteret's eye, and beckoned her aside. "Have you bought anything yet?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"Well, as a personal favor, I wish you would n't. You see, we've got a stable full that you can ride whenever you want, and you'd only pay twelve or fifteen hundred for something that would be very likely too much for you when you got him. If you must own something, pick up a cheap pony to hack about."

"All right," said the girl. "You're really a very nice boy, Jimmy, and I don't like to tease you. But you need n't say anything to Captain Forbes."

Just then Forbes and Varick came up.

"What do you think of this one?" inquired Forbes, nodding toward a well-turned little black mare.

"Very nice, indeed," Miss Carteret answered. "But I think I'll watch the rest from the veranda. It's too hot here." She turned to Varick. "Will you come up and tell me all about them?" she asked.

He looked at her curiously.

"I dare say you know a great deal more about such things than I do," he said. He dragged a steamer-chair into position. "You see, I'm only an amateur, a dilettante,"—he noted the way she was turned out,—"*and you*—well, you're Carty Carteret's sister."

She threw her head back and laughed.

"Two weeks ago," she said, "I read six pages of a book called 'The Anatomy of the Horse.' That's all I know. You see," she went on confidentially, "Eleanor and Carty have made my life a burden. The more they talked horse, the more I despised the whole thing. But you *are* out of it here if you don't like horses, so when Nell asked me down I thought I'd try a new tack. You see, I've suspected all along that they did n't understand half the things they said. They just mumble gibberish, like that unfortunate Mr. Bennings—now, don't they?"

"I must decline to answer," replied Varick. "It might incriminate me."

"There, I knew it!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I just decided to cram up a little, and look knowing; and then I got all these clothes. I knew I could fool them. I can't take in Nell and Willie, of course; so I practise on them, and when they tell me I'm foolish I know enough not to say *that* again. It's really been amusing. Mr. Bennings thoroughly believes in me." She stopped, and watched the little knots of men in the roadway. "Are all those grown men honestly poring over that horse?" she asked.

"They are," said Varick. "An occasion like this is like a sacrament to them."

"How funny it is, when you think about it!" she exclaimed. "And do they really find out all sorts of things when they feel his legs and look at his teeth?"

"They really do," said Varick. "In a rudimentary way, I can do it myself."

"Well," she sighed, "it's beyond me. It's like a telegraph ticking. I know a white horse from a brown one, and I have a preference for long tails, which I consider sensible. You see, when you are driving, it's the tail you see most of, is n't it? A system of judging horses by their tails would appeal to me. But what difference does it make whether a horse has fluted colonial legs, or smooth round ones? Absolutely none!"

"Please, a little lower," suggested Varick. "Somebody might hear."

She laughed.

"But seriously," she continued, "I should like to get a horse with a long tail. My father insists on having his horses docked, and I'm sick of them. They did n't use to do it. My grandfather used to take me driving with a pair of thoroughbreds that had tails that touched the ground, and they could trot—I don't know how fast!—in a minute, I think."

"Do you remember," said Varick, artlessly, "that there was a time—you must remember it—when your mother wore very tight sleeves?"

"Thank you," she replied. "I've trunks full of them myself. But people are the only animals silly enough to have fashions. It's wicked to put horses on the same basis."

She looked down the lawn toward the gateway, where something passing behind the shrubbery attracted her attention. In a moment a fat, undersized gray horse jogged into view, drawing a shabby Hempstead cart. Presently he subsided into a sober walk. From his rough coat and fetlocks he seemed to be of Percheron origin. As he drew nearer a fly attacked him, and he switched a superb tail.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Carteret. "That is the kind of horse I really want. Just look at that tail!"

"Good heavens," cried Varick, "but you must n't!"

She seemed not to hear him.

"Do you think," she went on, "that no one would take me seriously if I bought that horse?" Varick chuckled. "I have a little plan," she added, and went down the steps.

"Glad to see you are going to join us again," said Mr. Bennings, bowing profusely.

"Mr. Bennings," said Miss Carteret, "if I buy a horse, will you ride him home?"

Mr. Bennings beamed.

"My dear Miss Carteret," he cried, "anything!"

"Thank you so much," she said sweetly. She turned away, and went over to Forbes and Galloway.

"Captain Forbes," she said, "Mr. Bennings has promised to ride my horse home. He's been very nice to me, and I really think he would like to do it. Besides, he is a good horseman, and I feel that I can trust him. I want to buy that gray horse in the cart."

Forbes and Galloway looked at each other and then at Mr. Bennings. They showed symptoms of exploding.

"Please be very serious," she said.

"What's his name, and how much is he?"

"His name," replied Forbes, gravely, "is Birdofreedom, and he does my marketing. I have never considered offering him for sale. He is worth about fifty dollars to me, though that may be extortionate."

"It is," said Galloway; "say ten."

"No," replied Miss Carteret; "I'm not going to bargain with you. I'll send you a check to-morrow for fifty dollars. Will you have him saddled and brought down when the cart comes? I don't want to keep Mr. Bennings waiting. No," she replied to Forbes's invitation; "we can't stop to lunch. We promised Mrs. Braybrooke we'd be back. Besides, I want her to see my horse. You know, she thinks I don't know anything about horses."

"I say," gasped Galloway, his sides shaking, "Bennings will never get over this!"

"Not at all," said Miss Carteret. "He has the greatest confidence in my judgment. Ask him." She nodded to Varick, and he joined her. "I've bought him," she said, "and Mr. Bennings is going to ride him home. You won't tell about our talk, will you?"

Varick replied with difficulty.

"No," he said; "I am your dumb slave. Hello! there's your trap."

Willie Colfax drove up to the old-fashioned horse-block, and stopped.

"Better hurry up!" he called. "We're late now. Good-by, Forbes; sorry we can't stop."

"Sorry too," said Forbes. He turned to Miss Carteret, and helped her up. "They're getting your horse out as fast as possible. Bennings won't mind waiting. We'll give him something to drink."

"Very well," said Miss Carteret. "Perhaps I would just as soon *not* see Mr. Bennings start off. You won't mind waiting a minute?" she called to him. "You can overtake us, you know, and Jimmy will wait, too. Good-by."

"What's this?" demanded Willie Colfax. He swung his thong, and the horses went away at a gallop.

Miss Carteret explained. What she said was accurate, as far as it went. She considered it unnecessary, however, to dwell upon her own feelings toward Birdofreedom.

"Well," said Mr. Colfax, "you're a peach!"

"And you'll wait and let them catch up?" she asked.

"We certainly must give Nell the procession effect," he observed. Instead of waiting, however, he tore around a two-mile loop, which brought them to the Braybrookes' gateway just as Braybrooke and Mr. Bennings were arriving.

Mrs. Braybrooke was on the steps as they drove up. They were late.

"What's that Mr. Bennings is riding?" she demanded.

"That," said Miss Carteret, proudly, "is my horse."

Birdofreedom approached, and Mrs. Braybrooke studied him.

"Polly Carteret!" she exclaimed,—it was almost a scream,—"what on earth do you mean?—Jimmy!"

"He's virtually sound," said Braybrooke.

His wife turned and stalked into the house.

"There, now, Mr. Bennings," said Miss Carteret, mournfully, "you see how a horse will separate friends!"

"Aw—certainly," said Mr. Bennings. "Will you kindly ring for somebody from the stables?" His manner was stiff. He realized that he had overrated Miss Carteret's eye for horse-flesh. "Just fawncy buyin' such a brute!" he said to himself. "Just fawncy!" The girl was a disappointment. It mortified him to misjudge people, and he went back to town that night.

ACCORDING to the account which Varick afterward gave Miss Carteret of Forbes's lunch-party, it had been notable for two reasons. First, "horse" was neglected in a manner without precedent.

"You see," said Varick, "it was unani-

mously concluded, something more than a dozen times, that you were a bully girl, and had revenged the American people on that ass Bennings. That took up nearly all the time. And besides the absence of 'horse,' there was an interesting display of woman nature. When Mrs. Forbes heard the story, she remarked in her quiet way: 'Well, I don't see how there was any joke on Mr. Bennings. I just think that girl took a fancy to Birdofreedom, and I'm sorry he's sold. He had *such a lovely tail!*' Naturally the laugh was on Mrs. Forbes." Here both Varick and Miss Carteret smiled. "You know, she distinguishes a horse from a cow, and that's about all. She devotes her life to six children. When we had got through enjoying the joke, Forbes said reproachfully (it mortifies him to have his wife display her ignorance): 'Perhaps you don't know, my dear, that she's Carty Carteret's sister. If you think best, I'll explain about Bennings later.'"

When Varick finished this recital Miss Carteret extended her hand and let him hold it longer than was really necessary. She was a very honorable girl about recognizing her obligations.

"I shall keep away from Mrs. Forbes," she said.

Miss Carteret was much interested in what Varick had told her. It explained certain things which had puzzled her, and she disliked being puzzled. When they had sat down to their own lunch on the day of Birdofreedom's purchase, Braybrooke had been severe and dismal. He had made her feel that she had disgraced the family. But in the middle of the meal he had been called to the telephone, and came back affable—more than affable, for he was talkative, and called her a "bad girl." She knew then that something had come over the wire which reinstated her. The fact was that Galloway had telephoned from Forbes's an invitation to dinner which he had forgotten to deliver; and before he rang off he had added:

"I say, Brooky, the Carteret girl's a queen. I'd give my jumping cow to get as good a one on that beast Bennings. Forbes and Varick have let the thing out."

"What thing?" said Braybrooke.

"Why, buying that plug for a joke, you foolish," said Galloway. "Ta-ta!"



THE LOVE OF A FOOL.

BY I. H. BALLARD.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



WHEN Bob's brother came up to San Francisco from Arizona, his father proposed to him that he take Bob with him on his return.

"He's a good deal of trouble, for he's as helpless as ever. He mortifies his sisters, and the boys outside plague him if he puts his nose beyond the door. Let him go back with you and stay a spell. He's perfectly quiet."

So in July Bob went south with Tom, who was a cattleman.

His mother was dubious. "Be careful where he goes and what he eats. He's never been in the country, you know. I ain't certain about his going."

"Oh, let him," said the sisters, "if only for a little while, mother. He is so much trouble to us all. It's only fair Tom should take his turn."

"It may do him some good," said Tom, looking down on the still figure. "He's palish and hollow. I'll see that nobody teases him down there. Poor critter! Girls, how we did miss his luck! We ought to take good care of him for that alone."

Bob's mother kissed him, his father patted his back and started him forward, and the girls chorused a cheery "Good-by." The boys in the street stared and whispered, and yelled, "Good-by," the kindest thing they had ever said to Bob; for Bob was a fool. No one was sorry to see him go; and, indeed, his family sighed with great relief.

He was slender, pallid, silent, creeping, and harmless, an unresisting butt for the spleen and the facetiousness of his little world; and a well-used butt, too, for only the vicious fool whose nervous hands hunt for a knife has his few poor rights respected.

Bob had never been in the country. He had never traversed the city. Two blocks on Jessie street, and the rough boys and girls therein, were all his world. He did not know that there was a country.

His brother Tom lived in Arizona, within a few miles of the Mexican boundary line. His sheep roamed the mountains, and his

cattle the plains; his adobe house stood in a small cañon surrounded by corrals; and his associates were the cow-boys and the Chinese cook, his visitors occasional peddlers.

"What's this you've got?" asked the men, curiously.

"My brother."

"He ain't got any sense," ventured one.

"No, he ain't; so I brought him down here to keep you company. The city's too sharp for fellers like you an' him. No, boys, he has n't any sense, but I want him well treated."

"Why, cert. Poor devil! Won't it be lonely down here for him?"

"Well, it's a gamble. I'll try it, anyhow."

Said one: "He can have that blue purp I got at Buchanan. It ain't wuth a cuss. That'll be company for him."

"Why, we'll all treat him first-rate, if he's civil. I won't promise to put up with too much foolin'."

"He's quiet," Tom assured them.

And having canvassed all his points, and made sure that he was harmless, and devoid of guile as well as wit, they looked upon him pityingly, and thanked their stars they were not made so.

He sat on a cracker-box, his legs gathered under him, his long arms hanging limp before him.

"Straighten out your feet, sonny," advised an observer. "It gives me an ache to look at ye."

When they went away, Bob raised his head from its stupid droop.

"I never seen them fellers before, Tom."

"No; this is a new place, with lots to make a boy happy."

Bob looked about vacantly. The adobe stood in an oak grove. The cañon fell away immediately into the broken plain, which rolled north for fifty miles, to be circumscribed by timberless mountains. About him were wooded hills the grasses of which were nearly waist-high. Across the cañon was the murmuring of water. Birds by the thousand sang in chorus on the hillside, and lazy flies, maddening biters, swarmed under the trees.

Tom raised a tent addition to the adobe for Bob's use—a little A-tent on a redwood flooring, with a wooden bunk, and a wooden block for a seat.

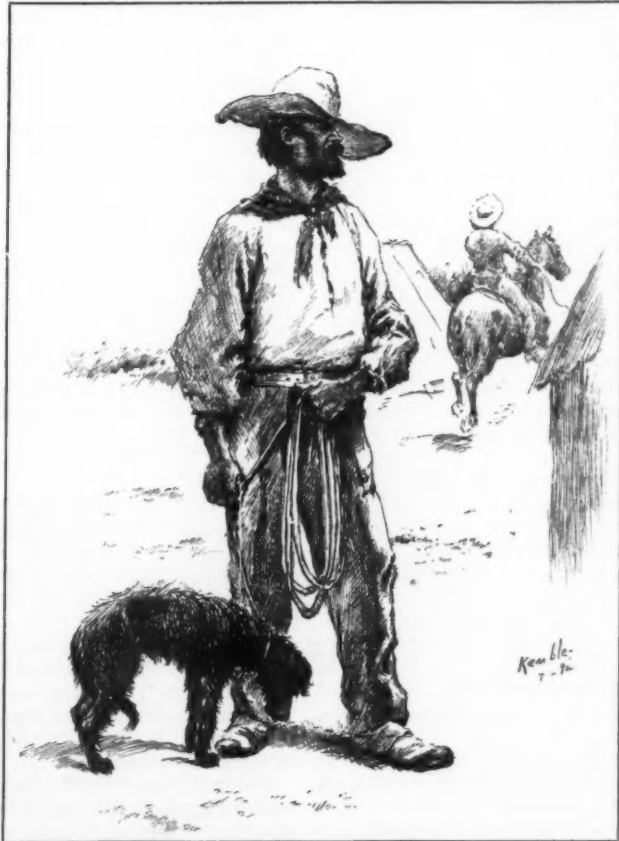
"Now, Bob, here 's your house. This is all yours. It ain't much like the Jessie-street houses, is it?"

"Ain't the girls comin'?"

"No."

"Why ain't they comin'?"

"Now, see here; don't begin. There 's no end to you when you want to drive a man mad. Here 's your house. Go into it, or stay out of it, just as you please; only don't bother



"THE OWNER OF THE BLUE PUP."

"Is paw and maw comin'?"

"No."

"Why ain't they?"

"This is too far away."

"Are the boys comin'?"

"No."

"Ain't there no boys here?"

"Well, you have n't seen any, have you? I drove 'em all away, so they would n't tease you."

Bob nodded with satisfaction, and began:

"Ain't paw and maw comin'?"

"Did n't I say they were n't?"

folks." And Tom thought, as he went away: "He ain't any trouble. One would n't know he was about. What made the girls talk so, anyhow? Must have been ashamed of him."

Bob went into the tent, as he was bidden; then he came out, in similar pursuance of orders. There being no seat outside the flaps, he sat on the ground. He might look entirely across the plain. He could not find the city, though he had looked for it.

Presently the owner of the blue pup arrived, hauling his offering at the end of a hay-rope.

"Here y' are, sonny. This dog's for you—a right smart purp."

With his foot he lifted it and dropped it on Bob's knees.

"That's the best dog in this country. Genooine blue-blooder. I want you to understand I don't give my purps to every feller; but this 'n's for you."

The blue pup looked up at Bob fearfully. It was a bony, ill-shapen, rough-coated, cowardly beast. It shivered when Bob took off the rope; it shivered when he patted it; it shivered when he took it up in his hands, which he did gently, for Bob had never had any pets but the house-cat, which scratched him. Bob thought the pup was cold, so he rubbed it softly, and it licked his hands servilely. He thought it was a beautiful creature. He smoothed its rough hair, and hoped it would come to bed with him. Jimmy Boyd had a yellow dog that went to bed with him—went under the blankets. The boys, during a truce, had told him it was a circus to see them together.

He would make the pup go to bed with him. It settled down on his arm presently, ran its nose into his elbow, and went to sleep.

Bob was very proud. He must rush to Tom as soon as Tom came, to show what the man had given him; and having nothing more to think about, he fell asleep, and was in the afternoon awakened by Tom's boots crunching on the path.

"Oh, Tom, a feller gimme a dog!"

"Keep him, then," advised Tom, casting a careless eye on the gift. "I'll kill him in a year, though. He'll be first sheep-killer of these parts—that is, if he ain't *too* cowardly. You keep your eye on him."

Bob caught dimly at the meaning of the threat, and hastily promised never to let his gift out of his arms.

He grew fond of his tent. For some time he would not go anywhere else. Though the vertical sun scorched the canvas and flies blackened it within, he was always there. He lay on his wooden bunk and slept, or sat on the wooden block and slept, or crouched without and slept. He always carried the blue pup, and was unhappy if it ran off or left him to nose about in pup curiosity.

One September morning he followed his brother and a cow-boy who rode down the cañon. He had never yet taken any notice of camp life. He watched the horses' moving legs, and listened to the leisrrely, pleasant, crisp "pop, pop" of their gray hoofs on the white road. He stopped at the last swell

of the last foot-hill, and gaily saluted the riders with a loud "So long!" which they returned in kind.

Presently he took up the pup's visible fore paw. It was black. He made him run; his feet made no noise. He walked himself, but he could not hear the crisp "pop, pop." Then he chased a ground-squirrel; then went back to the tent, and flung himself down. The great, strange world that flooded his ears with so much pleasant sound, which was a perpetual lullaby, grew quiet. The birds crowded one another on the thick oak branches on the hillside, but did not sing. No wind rustled the grass.

A couple of men passed, going up the hill to hang strips of meat on a rope stretched in the sun. When they went away, the bees and wasps flocked to the rope, where the meat's oozing moisture glistened in the light. The clouds thickened fast, and it grew so still that the buzzing of the feasters at the rope sounded like many flying wheels. When the sun disappeared, the men came back swearing, and carried the meat away.

"What is that?" Bob asked.

"Jerky," they said.

"What's it for?"

"To eat."

"Oh, the bees were eatin' it," he cried excitedly. Tom had called those great black-and-gold round flies by that name just the other day. "Bees they were—I seen 'em; and there was a lot of bees that was n't like the other bees."

"You're wrong," they replied jocularly—"dead wrong. There's none of it gone. We've got it all here"; and they went on laughing.

Vacancy possessed the boy for a moment. Then he laughed. "Course! Them little things could n't eat it!"

The sultry heat made him sleepy, and he went to his tent, and had to be wakened for supper.

He divided his bread and mutton and beans with the pup, muttering the while to himself. When there was a silence among the men, he broke it, saying loud and fast: "How do the horses make their feet go so?"—cupping his palms and striking them together.

An old man by him said: "See your palm, and this 'n'? See that hole they make? You can't make that noise without that hole. There's a hole in the horses' feet."

Bob looked at the pup's feet. They had no holes in them.

Bob was afraid of nothing but boys and policemen, and neither the one nor the other being here, he went about fearlessly.

Once, when it showered, he crouched under a wild grape-vine. Vines grow rank, but often fruitless—one of the beauties of that land, which has yet ever about it the taint of barrenness. On one of the glossy leaves he saw a beetle and a worm. The worm had eaten a hole in the leaf, and the beetle was now feasting on a section of the worm. It was a glossy black beetle with a broad, ridged back. He had noted the kind because it did not run from him, as did the yellow bugs, and the red-tipped bugs, and the water-bugs. He did not know they ate worms. Presently the caterpillar moved a little. Why, it was alive! Bob was a gentle boy. He raised his hand to brush the beetle away; but the latter, detecting hostility in the movement, planted its legs firmly, and eyed him boldly. Bob had seen the men kill two sheep and a steer since he came. Their throats were cut, and they bled; but first they were hit on the head with an ax. Tom said it did not hurt any. Perhaps the beetle did this. Yes, of course; the caterpillar was very still. On a leaf above, briskly crawling, was just such another caterpillar, red and black and furry. It seemed to Bob a pity that a beetle should eat him. He plucked the leaf on which it moved, and flung it away. Then he ran away frolicking down the cañon, feeling the while, judging from his loud laugh, what a fair, gentle home this was, where there were no boys and no policemen.

One day some Indian scouts passed the ranch. They came out of the woods on the west, where Bob had never gone. He had never before seen any Indians, and when the last rag fluttered from sight he started up. He would go into those woods and find the house of the dark people.

The cook, who was expected to keep an admonitory eye on his movements, called him back, and produced some crackers and a bit of beef, and stuffed these, together with some dried peaches, into Bob's pocket, nodding his

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shaven head the while, and patting his stomach. It seemed to him that Bob was not at all different from an animal, and as incapable of speech, wherefore the stomach-ward gestures.

So laden, the fool went westward. A rough road ran among the trees, and under their arches vanished a web of little vales, grown high with gay-colored grasses, flowers, and a few shrubs. Birds sang in the trees.

Wasps sailed along, with bodies pendent. Dragonflies played upon the sunny pools. Lizards tempted the ungainly pup by every fallen tree. Bob shambled onward without seeing any of these things, and about noon came out upon the plain—brown now, for the clouds were spent.

Hesat down on a great mossy rock, and divided his dinner with the dog, laying the two shares near together on two hot stones. And he and his associate amicably and greedily devoured their slim portions, licked up the crumbs, and were satisfied. Tired by their rapid walk, and cajoled by the purple shade of the big boulder, the two companions lay down together and slept.

It was late when Bob awoke. The pup was playing with a stone a few feet away. One of Arizona's most lovely features are its sunsets. There are no woods or mists to shut out or obscure the horizon, and the up-piled, uneasy clouds invariably produce most splendid effects. In the fall, however, when drier, scantier, and higher,—more related to the California cloud,—their sunset fantasies change. When Bob awoke and looked out across the plain, he saw only a flaming mass of clouds, at which he blinked his eyes, and then rubbed them, for the intense reflection hurt him.

Then he looked again, grew still, and watched intently; for in the sky, jutting upon the horizon-line of the high mesa in the far west, was another great plain beyond, rent here and there by blue lakes and a river,



"THE COOK . . . CALLED HIM BACK."

Keable 22

on the banks of which he saw plainly marsh-grass and brush. Beyond was the base of a range, uncurtained by a misty cloud. It seemed to be raining there. The amber plain was broken and hilly, and dark shadows gathered on it. North and south were shapeless flame-clouds.

He had never seen anything like that. He had never seen such a yellow world. He had never seen any mountain or any plain there before. Yet there was a plain,—a hilly one, and a marsh. He had seen a marsh once from the wagon; Tom pointed it out to him. He felt that he could get on his feet and hurry across the mesa, and up a little, and come to the strange place, and walk to the river-bank. He looked from the corners of his eyes. He shut and opened them. There was the strange country. On each side, a little way off, the blue sky came down to the line of the brown hills. Those hills he knew, and that sky; he saw them every day.

Presently the mist came down on the blue mountain base. The marsh looked large. The amber grew brown, and the brown presently darkened. A night wind blew fresh and cool from the mountains behind him. He saw the glimmer of a large star. Then suddenly the strange plain was gone. Instead were brown clouds and a green sky.

He rose and went back to the ranch. The men were at supper, and when he came in he did not speak to any one. The next night he sat at the same rock, but saw nothing. The third and fourth and fifth afternoons he went through the wood to the boulder, and waited; and the sunsets were fiery, calm, clear, but mere sunsets; there was no second world.

The fifth night he followed Tom, who was smoking his pipe, to the stoop of the adobe. The men were in the open, pitching the horseshoe. One was singing while he plaited and worked a lariat. Tom watched the players, and laughed and applauded. When his pipe was out, he patted his brother on the shoulder. "Well, Bob, this is a soft, happy life, ain't it? You 'll never go back?"

"No."

"Perfectly happy, ain't you?"

Bob did not answer. What was "perfectly happy"?

"D' jever see a great place over yonder?" he asked, pointing westward.

Tom, not having heard the question, vouchsafed a "No" as the simplest answer.

"Do folks live in the sky?"

"Some say they do."

"Is there earth and water there?"

"Dunno, sonny."

"D' jever see any?"

"No."

"Any of them fellers ever see any?"

"Dunno, sonny."

Silence, and more lively pitching.

"D' jever see a great yaller plain over yonder?"

Tom heard this time. "There 's yaller plain everywhere."

"But this 'n', why, it ain't like—it ain't like any other one."

"Ain't it? Well, I s'pose you know"—applauding.

"D' jever go—"

"Come, now, none o' yer fool questions. Take my pipe in, and kick that dog out—sneakin' Injun beast!"

Bob rose. "I 'd like to live over there. It 's a prettier place than this 'n'. There ain't no trees, though, and I could n't see a cow critter."

Many evenings he went back to the boulder, and patiently waited for the yellow plain; but he never saw it. The clouds were long drifted to the north, and the sky grew steely clear and cold.

"The fellers says it 'll rain next summer," he muttered. "Mebbe when it rains—I dunno. If I was Tom I 'd jest go there in two-forty, I would."

"I think," said Tom, in December, "that you can go to work, Bob. Don't you think you can herd the cattle?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I 'm goin' to send you off with Sanders to the plain ranch. He says there 's good feed away out on the desert."

Accordingly, Bob was put on a horse. He whistled to the pup, and rode away, digging his heels cheerily into the scarred sides below, which were quite indifferent to the weak, blunt goad. Bob did not trouble himself with adieus.

The plain ranch stood on the edge of the desert, and grew a scanty grass on the sandy, porous soil. Tom had here an *ocotilla*, or reed-cactus hut, for the herders. Bob was expected to ride westward, and herd the cattle south of a certain low hill, north of which lay the lands of the Pima Reservation.

The days were dry and cold, though the sun poured down a blinding brilliance on the gray flat. When night came Bob drove the cattle a couple of miles southward, and rode back to the hut. When Sanders was drunk, —and he was commonly drunk,—and snored, and quite filled the hut, Bob took his blan-

kets, and stretched himself on the ground outside.

Our rich winter travelers, who, shut within their close, hot cars, thunder across the white monotony of the Arizona desert, tell us they find nothing there but dust. They are quite right, for the curved car-roofs open no window on the heavens, and the bitter, powdery, insidious dust closes their eyes to the mighty skeleton world about them. But Bob was stupid, and a herder, and did not mind dust. Moreover, the dainty step of his pony did not raise it, as do ponderous car-wheels.

Bob loved the desert. Perhaps it is only a fool who can love it—a fool who has no senses for the fine and finished elaborateness we enjoy, to whom the mighty simplicity of the desert is as are its wooden blocks to a child. In the morning the sun came up suddenly and in no glory. It cast few shadows. Morning shadows, heavy, dewy, and sluggish, are like eyelids, and a tropical land is eclipsed by its intense and lingering shadows. But the desert is stern and ascetic, and springs wide awake with the first shaft of light.

All day the sun beat upon the cold, bare earth, which had not a cricket chirping upon it, nor a ground-squirrel dodging imagined dangers, nor a bird twittering, nor a breeze stirring; and it sank at night in a cold, golden halo, which purpled almost with the going of its unquivering rim. Then the stars leaped out. The night is not, as in California, a purple sky studded with stars, but stars studded with purple sky. The Milky Way, which is here a smoky wreath, is there a shining scarf flung from horizon to horizon. The stars crowd upon one another; they fall into tangles—into mobs, from which the great ones blaze in untwinkling glory. The desert ceases to be a world, and becomes a stage, across which goes this solemn procession of worlds, not one night, but every night of the cold, calm winter. There are no mists to dim it, no mountains to circumscribe the largeness of the heavens; and the fool may lie in his horse-blanket from sunset to dawn, and have his dull soul made radiant. The desert becomes the comrade of the stars; and the lonely herder, though he be a fool, has set before him earth's best offering.

Bob often forgot that it was his "sleepy time," and lay still in his blanket, watching the dizzy heaven. He did not know what the stars were, nor that they were beautiful, nor that he had any happiness in thus watching them; but he was glad to lie down at night,

and glad to rise in the morning. He went about singing. He talked to the living things and to the desert. There was nothing about him that he did not love.

He had forgotten whence he came; he had forgotten the boys and the policemen. This was his world, and it satisfied him. It pleased him to cuddle his dog in the warm blanket, and, while the air lightly nipped his nose and chin, blink upward at the kindly, placid heaven. He liked the kindly and the placid. The desert was placid now, and its sky far more kindly than the moody, electric cousin of the mountains.

He learned to sit his pony; he learned to throw a lariat passably well, to smoke, and to drink.

With the return of spring he went back to the mountains. There he grew brown and healthy; then he grew strong. He learned to pitch the horsehoe badly, to skin a beef better, to brand the cattle, and to cook a tolerable herder's meal. His silly, flat laugh was frequent about the ranch, and his mutterings. The pup grew mature, fell into evil ways, and was shot. He was succeeded by a line of dogs, big and little, with whom Bob shared all he had.

Tom, returning from Tombstone one fall, said that he expected to sell the ranch to a Texan who had come to Arizona in search of a range. In the spring he would visit the mountains and conclude the bargain. Probably Bob did not comprehend; possibly he did not hear; for he made no remark.

In the spring the Texan arrived, and the sale was made. Tom packed his small stock of clothes, and Bob's yet smaller stock, and they rode away on the wagon to Benson.

Bob shook hands gravely with the herders and the new owner, and watched Tom apprehensively.

"When are we comin' back?" he asked, when they were well out on the plain.

"Never."

"Is he goin' to stay?"

"Yes; he owns the place now."

"Where are we goin'?"

"I've told you. To the city—to your father and mother."

"To the city," Bob muttered—"to the city." When had he thought of the city, or of his father and mother? With an effort he comprehended the dark word.

"I don't want to go away, Tom. I'll herd for that feller."

"He don't want you."

"Yes, he does, if I can herd."

"Well, you've got to have somebody's lass'

about you all the days of your life, and I guess mine's the best."

"He'll take me, Tom. I can walk back. It ain't far."

"You can't go, I tell you. Come, now, Bob, I'll take you with me wherever I go."

For answer, Bob twisted in his seat and looked back. How dim the mountains were! They were already a long way from them.

It was a journey of fifty miles to Benson, and the wagon did not reach that place until after nine that night. As long as it was light Bob looked back, while the mountains grew fainter and fainter, until they were a crescent blue cloud melting in the twilight. Then he dropped his face in his hands and cried.

Poor lad! When his brother brought him to this place, nature had taken pity on the stunted, blind creature, even as of old she pitied the world-worn sinner of Rome who fled to her for death, and found life. She wakened and soothed and warmed him. She gave him eyesight and hearing, and made him rejoice that he lived. All that he knew he learned here; all that he loved was here, and he loved many things. He knew nothing else; he cared for nothing else. Why should he go away? Why must he go away? He must go back, he moaned, he must go back; for he felt his brother's strength, and his own weakness, and dared only plead. No; he did n't want to see anything. He did n't want to see his mother. He wanted no clothes, or money, or big dogs with collars. He wanted nothing but the ranch, and the herd, and the old dogs.

When they reached the corral in town, he became still and mute. It would not do to weep in public. He followed Tom silently to the hotel and to supper. Alas! here were no dogs to feed. He went to the dark bedroom assigned them. He cried awhile. Then he stood up. He would go back. He found the door locked; for Tom, suspecting him, had taken that precaution. The window was not locked—had no lock, in fact; but in the whole course of its existence it had never been tampered with, and it refused to contract its dust-laden frame under any pressure Bob could bring to bear.

He lay down, and fell into a tired sleep. His brother was up in the morning when he awoke, and hurried him from the dining-room

to the train, which had come in for breakfast. From the rear car they could see again the blue crescent. Bob clutched the iron rail, and with wide, distressed eyes—the eyes of a cornered beast—stared south. The passengers, crossing the track and seeing him, nodded wisely. It was so evident that he was a fool!

Tom dragged him to a seat, and the journey was begun. Past them reeled marsh, mountain, plain, hill, and desert. Day and night Bob watched. It was familiar country, not as beautiful as the ranch, but still like home.

He had heard that a great river marked the boundary line of Arizona. At every wet gully and stagnant lagoon he started. "Is that the river, Tom? Is it as big as that? Will I know it? Can I see it?"

It was sunrise when they came into Yuma, where the passengers breakfasted. Bob did not see the river because of its high banks. When the train started, Bob stood in the rear car, watching some begging young Indians. The cars rumbled hollowly, and he saw the dull turning of small red waves, then the broad water shining in the west.

For a moment he stood dazed, then understood. This was the river. Already he was parted from the ranch forever; already he was in a strange land.

I fancy the dying must feel as he did—the dying, to whom the short, swift journey across dull waters is more intense, more terrible, than the passage of eternity.

He rushed to the car door. They were across, and the sharp white sand of California nipped his cheek; the splendid early sun flooded his suffering face. The river sank from sight; the town flattened; the gray desert wrapped itself about its blue ranges and its red hills.

As the full realization of his desolation filled Bob, he uttered a low cry, and leaped. Anything to get down, to get away, and to go back. He had been only a moment on the platform, but alone for that moment, and it sufficed.

When Tom missed him, he stopped the train, got off, and with a couple of section hands and a hand-car went back. They found him where the momentum of the train had flung him and killed him.



AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART.

I. A CRITICAL REVIEW OF DALY'S THEATER.

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE.



THAT Mr. Augustin Daly is, and long has been, at the head of the all too brief list of American managers is a fact which no competent authority would dream of disputing. But he is something more than the leader of his class. He is, taking into account his varied capacities as student, author, adapter, director, and man of business, the last surviving representative here of the type of managers who have formed, developed, and preserved the best traditions of the stage, and justified the claim of the theater to be numbered among the arts. The significance and honor of this distinction will be apparent to all those who recognize in the abandonment of the old system of stock companies the chief, if not the only, cause of modern theatrical decadence, and who discern in the apparent tendency of some of his younger and more intelligent competitors to follow his example ground for hope of an ultimate restoration of the old sound and only progressive policy.

In order to appreciate the value of Mr. Daly's life-work, and to realize how barren the present theatrical outlook would have been without it, it is necessary to understand the relation between existing conditions and their consequences. Any one conversant only with the voluminous, trivial, and irresponsible gossip flooding the columns of the daily press might imagine that managers and stock companies were never so plentiful as to-day. In truth, there are not in the whole country more than three, if so many, of either one or the other. Partly owing to the poverty of the language, there is in the current discussions of those subjects a hopeless confusion, a misapplication of terms. There are, it may be granted, many more or less permanent theatrical groups—companies engaged from season to season for the support of some popular star, or for the performance of some particular kind of play. The lamented Edwin Booth, it will be remembered, was attended by a fol-

lowing of this sort, a comet with a monstrous tail. But such affairs are not stock companies at all; on the contrary, they are, with very rare exceptions, utterly antagonistic to every principle upon which a stock company ought to be formed. The members of them, selected either for some special qualification or the lack of it, are condemned to work in a rut—to do the same thing over and over again, without instruction or encouragement, or any broadening or enlightening influence whatsoever, until, with every natural perception blunted and dulled, and every acquired artistic vice ineradicably confirmed, they sink to the level of mere hacks. The stage to-day is crowded with hopeless wrecks, victims of these unintellectual treadmills.

A real stock company is the only school of acting worthy of the name. This is proved by the patent fact that since their virtual disappearance—that is to say, during the last fifteen years or so—the supply of capable young American actors and actresses has almost entirely ceased. It is notorious that the speculators who control most of our theaters know not where to look for leading men or women to take the places of the veterans who have enacted our heroes and heroines for the greater part of a generation, and who are now retiring from service, or traveling about the country on their own account as "stars," gaining luster from the dullness of their attendant satellites. Nearly all these superior players are now in middle life, and received their early training in stock companies here or in England. It is noteworthy, moreover, that none of them has exhibited any marked development of artistic intelligence or dramatic power in the course of these independent pilgrimages. This may seem a sweeping assertion, but any effort to refute it by example will prove it to be exactly true. Most of them have degenerated, as all students of the stage would expect them to do. Even Sarah Bernhardt, to take a striking illustration from a wider

field, is not nearly so great an artist to-day as she was when she first crossed the threshold of the Théâtre Français. The reason for it is perfectly simple. The player who feels that the success of a performance depends solely or chiefly upon his or her individual achievement soon loses all sense of proportion, acquires the fatal habit of exaggeration, and cultivates special effects which have been observed to command the applause of the commoner order of spectators. Against this degeneration there is but one safeguard—the exercise of that predominating and trained intelligence which is the indispensable prerequisite to the formation of a genuine stock company. Such an organization must be permanent, and, for a variety of reasons which cannot be discussed now, ought to be stationary. At all events, it ought to have a definite home.

The qualifications of the ideal manager are exceedingly complex. The question whether he ought himself to be an actor has been discussed frequently and vigorously, but not always wisely. Charles Kean was a great manager, but an actor of the second class. Edwin Booth was a great actor, but, so far as the creation of a company was concerned, had no capacity for management at all. Samuel Phelps, one of the most accomplished actors of the century, was also the ablest and most successful manager of his time, and built up a stock company which, for versatility and general competence, has not been equaled since. He conducted a school which for thirty years contributed to the British stage a constant supply of actors fit for almost any branch of dramatic work. Everybody knows the triumphs won by Sir Henry Irving in both capacities, and other examples might be cited. But logically they do not bear, except very indirectly, upon the point at issue. If a great actor possesses also the managerial faculty, his opportunities for fame and profit are increased very largely; but it does not follow that he would have been less eminent or efficient as a manager if he had been unable to play the principal characters himself. Great actors do not necessarily possess the faculty of imparting all or any share of their powers to their subordinates; while, on the other hand, some of the best instructors in the art of acting have been unable themselves to put their own theories into practice, or to win distinction before the footlights. In other words, a teacher may know how a thing ought to be done, without being able to do it himself. All that is certain is that the ideal manager must not only be a judge of

good acting, and thorough master of the principles that govern it, but must also be capable of detecting and developing ability in beginners, and of exercising direction and control in the case of players of wider experience. He must, of course, be acquainted fully with all the possibilities of stage representation, and have sufficient literary and dramatic judgment to be able to recognize a good play in manuscript form. More than this, he must be well informed concerning the best authorities on matters of architecture, ornamentation, furniture, and costume, and on the artistic use of light and color in stage pictures. He must, in short, be the possessor of a vast fund of general and special information, as well as of great executive ability and tact. How many of our "managers" are there who can boast of all or any of these qualifications?

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt an answer to so contentious a question; but a brief review of the career of Mr. Daly, since the days when he produced "Under the Gaslight" in the old New York Theater, thirty years ago, will show that he has distanced all his contemporaries, partly by virtue of greater natural aptitude, but chiefly because he has been inspired by a worthy ambition, and from the first has regarded his profession not merely as a speculative means of making money, but also as an opportunity for the elevation of public taste by forcing all the sister arts to do service in the cause of popular entertainment. His success is the logical result of his constancy in the pursuit of high standards. In early boyhood the fascination of the theater laid hold upon him, and he began what proved to be a lifelong study of it in all its phases. The amount of information which he had already acquired enabled him while yet a youth to win recognition in New York as a keen and authoritative critic. In his leisure hours, borrowed from the night, he wrote plays—crude affairs, doubtless, but invaluable exercises in dialogue and construction. As long ago as 1864, an adaptation by him from the German, "Lorlie's Wedding," was produced in the Winter Garden Theater; and a little later on he made the English version of Mosenthal's "Deborah," known as "Leah the Forsaken," and rendered famous all over the English-speaking world by Kate Bateman. About the same time he had a hand in the preparation of "Taming a Butterfly," founded on Sardou's "Le Papillon." These were noteworthy juvenile achievements, but his individual powers as a playwright were revealed

more strikingly in "Under the Gaslight," a strong and ingenious melodrama, notable for stage-craft and vivid character-drawing.

In 1869, undeterred by the disastrous failure of John Brougham upon the same spot, he assumed control of the little playhouse in Twenty-fourth street, soon to become celebrated as the Fifth Avenue Theater. It was there that, with an abiding faith in the capacity and eagerness of the theater-going public to appreciate and support first-class work, he entered boldly upon that liberal and enlightened policy to which, in the main, he has been faithful ever since. It was an extraordinary, rich, and varied bill of fare which he presented in that first season. Classic and poetic comedy were represented by "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado about Nothing," "The Good-natured Man," "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and "She Would, and She Would Not"; modern comedy by the works of Robertson and Boucicault; romance by "The Duke's Motto" and "Don C sar de Bazan"; and French social drama by "Frou-Frou" and "Fernande." And what an array of names in the casts! Among them were those of E. L. Davenport, George Holland, William Davidge, Clara Jennings, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Agnes Ethel, James Lewis, Mrs. Scott Siddons,—then a vision of delight,—D. H. Harkins, George Clarke, and J. B. Polk. Other theatrical enterprises may have been started with equally brave promise and equally good intention; but it is the great distinction of Mr. Daly's almost unrivaled record that for more than a quarter of a century, in spite of difficulties, disappointments, and misfortunes, he has been steadfast in his course. It cannot be pretended that he has succeeded always in keeping his company and his productions up to the standard set in the beginning. He has not always been able to repair the losses caused by death and desertion, and, like all other men of independence and self-reliance, he has made some mistakes; but as a rule his aim has been high, and all his undertakings, from the choicest of old comedies to the frothiest of modern farces, have borne the marks of the same conscientious and intelligent supervision.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a sketch like this, to give even the briefest summary of his managerial work; but a few selections, taken almost at random from the long list of his productions, will give some idea of its scope and variety. Among the old comedies which but for him would have remained virtually unknown to the

present generation are "The Heir at Law," "The Busybody," "Wives as They Were," "The Provoked Husband," "The Belle's Stratagem," "The Inconstant," "Love's Labor's Lost" (which had never been played in this city before), "She Would, and She Would Not," "The Country Girl," "The Recruiting Officer," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Taming of the Shrew," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest." Of the emotional French plays may be mentioned versions of "Article 47," "Alix ," "Monsieur Alphonse," "L' trang re," "Fernande," "Odette," and "Denise." Of the scores of other modern pieces, light or serious, original or adapted, "Saratoga," "Divorce," "Charity," "The Big Bonanza," "Our Boys," "Pique," "The Passing Regiment," "Red-Letter Nights," "A Night Off," "The Lottery of Love," "The Last Word," and "The Countess Gucki," are a few of those best remembered; and of many of these, and of many others, he was himself the author or adapter. Prompt as he was to discover and profit by the fund of entertainment in modern German plays, he never has overlooked the works of contemporary American or English playwrights. The charming plays of Tom Robertson, the brightest of Pinero's comedies, the adroit imitations and confiscations of Dion Boucicault, the earlier efforts of Bronson Howard, and pieces by Edgar Fawcett, H. J. Byron, Sidney Grundy, Frank Marshall, and others, have received at his hands speedy and generally adequate representation, while scarcely a season has been permitted to pass without an elaborate revival of one or more of the many masterpieces in his comprehensive repertory.

A schedule of titles, especially when it is admittedly imperfect, is not in itself very interesting reading, but in the present instance affords the quickest and best possible demonstration of the sort of training to which the players under Mr. Daly's direction have been subjected. In no other theater in the country, during the last quarter of a century, have any such opportunities for study and practice been offered. And it is important to remember that throughout this period Mr. Daly has exercised supreme control in every department, ever adding to his experience, and conferring the benefit of it upon all in his employ. His company, of course, in the passage of years has undergone many changes; but these have been so gradual, and his organization has been so perfect, that he has never been at a loss for capable substitutes to fill vacancies as they have occurred,

and thus maintain the standard of general efficiency. If he had been a great actor his object would have been to furnish adequate support for one star instead of many, and his whole policy would have been circumscribed by the necessities of his own histrionic limitations. As it is, his players have enjoyed the privilege of acting with all the great specialists of their time—with Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Charles Mathews, Charles Fechter, Adelaide Neilson, Clara Morris, Fanny Janauschek, and a host of others scarcely less distinguished, to say nothing of the many accomplished performers always to be found at the head of the permanent company. This is the reason why his theater is now the richest repository of the best dramatic tradition, and the only true school of acting in the United States. Many of the most promising actors of the younger generation are his graduates, and several of them—the mention of names might seem invidious—are already started on the road to possible future fame.

In short, he has proved almost to demonstration the truth of the propositions advanced in the beginning of this article: that stock companies are indispensable to a healthful dramatic condition; that, to be worth anything, they must be permanent, and subject to the influence of a cultivated and catholic intelligence; and that power to act is by no means an essential managerial qualification. He has proved, moreover, that, whereas the speculators, who have nine tenths of the actors in their bondage, admit their inability to find suitable performers, he is able to create them out of the raw material. Within a very brief period he has lost, from death and other causes, a number of players who were held to be, and who were, the very backbone of his organization. He could not replace them, for the equals of some of them do not exist; but all the gaps in his ranks have been quickly filled, and his forces, in the season just ended and its immediate predecessor, have been able to meet every emergency in a range of entertainment extending from Shaksperian comedy to musical melodrama. No more indisputable evidence of his rare faculty of selection and administration could be desired. Almost all his players, from the hon-

ored veteran Mrs. Gilbert to the novices of two or three years' standing, making all due allowance for natural talent, owe their several degrees of artistic excellence chiefly to his instruction and guidance. Miss Ada Rehan is the most conspicuous example among them of his discernment. It would be difficult to find a more striking instance of natural gifts encouraged and developed by managerial tact and skill. Her advancement has been exceedingly rapid, and her powers are still ripening. In the whole field of old and new comedy, from ephemeral farce to the loveliest of Shakspeare's immortal conceptions, her work has been more comprehensive and various than that of any other actress of her years, and has won fervent tributes of critical and public approval on both sides of the Atlantic. In her own line, especially in the interpretation of all the varying types of feminine archness and gaiety, of pretty petulance and mischievous coquetry, with an undercurrent of tenderness and sincerity, she has no rival to dispute her preëminence; while her unfailing intelligence, wide experience, and conscientious earnestness, give value even to those interpretations for which she is not equally well fitted by her temperament and resources.

It is no reflection upon her abilities as an actress, but a recognition of them, to say that she has known how to avail herself of the rarest advantages. Had she fallen under the direction of any other manager, she would not have enjoyed them. She is one of the items in the account of that heavy debt of gratitude which all lovers of the theater owe to Mr. Daly, who has done more to maintain the dignity of the stage, and to make its possibilities and purposes manifest, than any other American of his generation. His productions have not only been delightful as entertainments, but valuable as illustrations of literature and the arts. He has instructed a great public in matters of taste and knowledge by the beauty of his stage pictures, and their accuracy in the details of furniture and costume; and in times of great depression and disgrace he has set up a bulwark against the tide of frivolity and corruption which threatened to overwhelm the whole profession. In these respects, at least, he has realized some of the highest ideals of management.

II. THE INSIDE WORKING OF THE THEATER.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.



THE STAGE-DOOR KEEPER.

THE theater, viewed from "the front," is a texture of illusion and mystery. Looked at from "the back," its illusion vanishes, but a great deal of mystery remains—the mystery involved in the smooth running of so complicated a mechanism, and reproducing night after night, or day after day,

the brilliant, composite, living effects which grow out of that mechanism.

Every important theater has a character and an atmosphere of its own; and these, and the influence they exert, depend chiefly on

the ideals, higher or lower, and on the character, of the manager. A competent manager, who joins with the ability to guide the policy and oversee the business or financial working of his theater the more difficult, delicate, and far-reaching function of handling as an artist himself the resources of art at his command, will achieve things as distinctive as the compositions of a particular painter, sculptor, musician, or poet. Because of the vital influence he may thus bring to bear on the fine art of acting and on the drama, and because the more the thinking public knows regarding the life of a good stage, the better will be the kind of encouragement it is able to give, it seems worth while to sketch briefly, to disclose even a mere glimpse of, the way in which matters go on in such a theater as Augustin Daly's.

Daytime in a theater is the dark time, a twilight that reigns unbroken while the outer world is gay with sun, and yields only to brief



Charles Leclercq.
William Gilbert.
John Moore.
James Lewis.
George Parkes.
Mrs. Gilbert.
John Drew.
Ada Rehan.

Augustin Daly.
Charles Fisher.
May Fielding.
Virginia Dreher.

MR. DALY'S COMPANY IN 1884.

From a photograph retouched in crayon by Napoleon Sarony.

glories of *matinée*-time, except when displaced by the full dazzle of the night hours from eight to eleven. The material habitation, the building, of Daly's, which, as in all such cases, one should regard as secondary to the life within it, since a playhouse, however beautiful, is only the body that the indwelling life of art needs, stands on histrionic ground, occupying the place of the old Wood's Museum and Theater. The structure and its atmosphere have been transformed in the twenty years since Mr. Daly first made it his stronghold; and by gradual accretion, the annexing of first one and then another adjacent lot or strip, it has become a most interesting labyrinth, full of nooks and corners, offices and store-rooms, passages, cellars, lofts, and outlets, that are saturated with theatrical memories and associations. The very shadows teem with that mystery of management and artistic creation which, as I have said, survives the loss of external illusion which one experiences on being inducted into the interior workings. This whole territory now covers about half an acre, an immense, rambling expanse and height and depth, of which no one who knows only the auditorium and the foyers—the latter alone capable of holding the entire audience—has any conception. For example, the entrance-foyer and the main seat-floor, which one approaches so easily by a system of graduated steps and planes that they seem to be nearly even with the street, are in reality on a level with the second story of the neighboring buildings on Broadway.

To transact the ordinary business of the theater here involves as much running to and fro, as much climbing up and down, and communication by message, as would the personal overseeing of a large hotel, and the visiting of its various parts. One may spend most of his time within this great inclosure, yet have more exercise in walking than is obtained by most citizens engaged in other business. An interior private-telephone system connects the different quarters of the theater, and quickens the despatch of inquiries and orders; yet every one engaged in the practical affairs of the place must be ready to go to any point quickly by means of his legs. Curious enough it is to see others, or to feel one's self, moving through this twilight shadow-world at all hours of the darkened day, up and down unexpected steps, along corridors, plunging down abrupt descents with little light, or winding up the corkscrew iron staircases that run from earth up through the various grades of green-room

and dressing-rooms, the stage, the upper dressing-rooms and store-rooms, the platforms from which the drops, the "flies," and the curtains are maneuvered, to the paint-room, paint-bridge, or paint-loft, as you may choose to call it, highest toward the sky. Every one, however, soon acquires an automatic faculty of skimming through and up and down these regions with little effort and little risk, and I have never heard of an accident occurring by any misstep in the maze.

A point which merits emphasis, too, is that this particular building, although in a mannersocomplicated, and not originally planned for such an expansion of activity and resources as it now represents, is one of the best adapted for its purposes that could be, and in its arrangements is much superior to some of the more modern theatrical edifices that have since grown up in great number.

The remark is often made, even by habitual playgoers, "I suppose there is not much going on in the theater during the day"; and when the mistake of such an inference is pointed out, the question is asked, "But what do so many people as are employed there find to do?" It would be more pertinent to inquire, "What *don't* they have to do, and how do they find time to accomplish it all?"

Let us begin with the manager's day, since he is the head on whom everything depends, especially in this case, where the whole theater is but a complex radiation from his one individuality, and the expression of it. He is always in his office by nine o'clock in the morning, often earlier, and has been known, on occasion, to arrive at six or seven, when the mechanics and other stage-hands and house-hands are just beginning their tasks. First there is the usual correspondence and private business to be attended to, all letters and details of this sort being promptly put through, in order to keep each day's affairs finished, so far as possible, before those of another can accumulate. In addition to other things, there is a constant stream of applications for places in the company, or for other positions. These come steadily by mail, from beginning to end of the season, at the rate of perhaps twenty-five a week. Every one is answered without delay. Those with whom appointments are made are usually seen immediately after the correspondence is disposed of. When it is remembered that, as a rule, nothing can be known of the applicants except what may be guessed or discerned from their letters, and that each one has to be personally and criti-



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

A DEMI-DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE REVIVAL OF "THE COUNTRY GIRL."

cally observed in a very brief space of time, it will be seen that this second function in the process of the day is an exacting one, which would be something of a burden to any one whose perceptions were not extraordinarily keen by nature and agile from long practice. The figure and face, the voice, the past achievements, and—not least—the *temperament* and the histrionic possibilities, of each candidate must be taken into account and judged within a few minutes.

This over, it is time to prepare for rehearsals, which, in fact, are the heaviest labor in all the twenty-four hours for everybody concerned. They occur every day, sometimes taking up portions of the piece then running, for alterations or improvement, or for the training of a company of new actors to take the piece out on "the road." Sometimes it is one of the many rehearsals which must precede the bringing out of a new play already announced for some time ahead; or of a few trials of a drama not yet fixed for any date, and perhaps destined later to be given up altogether. When several or frequent changes of bill are contemplated, each play that is to be given must go through its course of preparation in advance, the different ones proceeding in this way simultaneously, instead of each being put off until a short time before performance. Hurry and imperfection are thus avoided, and the actors also have time to grow into and feel at home in their parts—not merely to know them, but to be the persons of that drama. Various plays are therefore ready at the same time, waiting their turn to come before the public or to meet an emergency. It is generally taken for granted, outside, that the famous plays of the repertory, those which have been given scores of times or have had long runs, do not need all this drilling when they are taken up again. But the notion is quite incorrect. After a long interval, even the principals in such a production, though they may be letter-perfect, feel the need of preliminary practice, the exercising and suppling of the part, so to speak, and, still more, the getting back to its mood and living in it again; for it is this identification with the character, this renewing of the imaginary personality, which is the vital element. Then, too, there may be new people in the cast for the revival, and these need to be carefully worked into relation with the others. The "business" of the scenes, also, while it may be very well remembered and recorded, is so delicate a matter, the right effect of it is often so elusive, that it is

highly important to have it all studied and enacted anew repeatedly, until it is once more thrilled with the life-current of the personages and the situation.

These few hints will show how large a place and how much time rehearsals must occupy in the diurnal routine. The most important are usually called for ten, or not later than eleven, o'clock, and last for two, three, or four hours. Partial rehearsals may be called for noon or one o'clock. Sometimes, on the eve of a new and elaborate production, the company may be at work all day until five o'clock, giving the afternoon to dress rehearsal. Then, again, the training of understudies or new members goes on all the time; and there are the choruses and dancers—constant and important elements at Daly's—to be drilled every day. It is a never-ending thing. Frequently, too, while one play is being rehearsed on the stage another play is undergoing the same process in the ample foyer eighty feet distant. There have been as many as four rehearsals carried on at the same time in this building, some of them being minor ones, or for dance and chorus. In the dimly lighted foyer one might pass a troop of graceful figures swaying and springing in time with piano music, or, near the other end of the theater, might hear mysterious voice-tones, and the plaintive solo of a violin, from unseen depths where, in the green-room, appropriated for the nonce, members of the company, ranged along the low wall-bench like a row of birds on a telegraph-wire, were learning a song for the stage.

Just when and how Mr. Daly makes ready for the rehearsing, no one but himself can tell; but, as the hour approaches, he banishes everything that may disturb the creative mood, and at the rehearsal itself, seated in a low easy-chair which has become the cathedra of this stage, or moving about rapidly and energetically to illustrate his meaning in the business and the gesture or the tone and the emphasis he desires, he develops that abundance of thought and suggestion, and definite, comprehensive plan, which command the admiration of every one, and show how thoroughly he has matured the whole conception in advance. The text is at his tongue's end, and, as a rule, he can correct, or at least detect, any error of memory in the various parts. His work, indeed, is not simple rehearsing, but *directing*; it is the work of a master.

It is one of the strict contract rules of this theater that every member of the company shall obey, under penalty, the directions of



ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MRS. GEORGE MARSTON WHITEL.

ADA REHAN. FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

the manager as to the performance and "business." His word is law. Yet I have never seen any one accept a change or suggestion more swiftly or completely than he does the instant he sees that it will affect detail of scenery, furniture, bric-à-brac, in the setting, down to an inch or an angle. It might be supposed that the strictness of his direction would restrain his artists or discontent them. If this happens at times, it must



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE PROPERTY-ROOM.

the artistic result favorably. His grasp of the total situation is extraordinary; and he has a peculiar gift of enforcing perfect precision and quickness of action, so that nothing on his stage can ever "drag." He also plans, notices, and controls every smallest be said that the general tenor of feeling has been, for these many years, one of satisfaction at receiving such thorough training; and it is certain that he has preserved and brought out a wonderful variety of individuality in his players. One of his most efficient men said



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE OFFICE-STUDY.

to him: "I have had some experience, and you see what I can do, so far; but you must shake me up and limber me." It is this shaking up and limbering, as well as the gentler modes of development he so well understands, which the progressive and capable among his people are apt to enjoy and profit by. George

Clarke, the dean of the company, if not also of the profession in New York, speaks of having twice left Daly, although, on the whole, he has played with him the greater part of the time since the latter began his career as a manager, and adds: "I could not keep away from him. I was able to make a great



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE WOFFINGTON ROOM.

deal more money elsewhere; but I never found elsewhere the artistic atmosphere, the home of art, that remains unchanged here always." It is, in truth, an academic school of the histrionic art, and of the finest art of theater management. A stranger wrote to Mr. Daly, asking whether he knew of any night-school of acting which he could attend, as the correspondent was a very busy man during the day, but wished to learn the profession of acting after business hours. Mr. Daly's reply, brief, but courteously worded, was

that he knew of no night-school of acting except a good theater in action at night.

But his own theater in action by day is the most wonderful school of acting known to me. There is none in the country where the great art is taught and made real as it is here, every day but Sunday, and almost every hour of the day.

The physical and mental effort, and the strain on the nerves, of rehearsal would exhaust any man who is limited to average or what we call normal powers; and after

undergoing this, Mr. Daly takes a little of what he deems rest—that is, the occupying himself with innumerable other matters of moment, alone. Proposed plays pour in almost as numerous and steadily as applicants for position. These must all be read, and *are* read and carefully considered, by the manager, although in some instances many days, weeks, or months may be requisite for reaching a final result. Besides the play-reading and all that it involves, the manager plans and attends to all the scenery, costumes, furnishings, and small “properties” (objects that are to be used on the stage) in each play about to be produced. He gives directions regarding the scenery, using books, engravings, photographs, to explain his ideas. He must see the tiny models of scenes, like those of toy theaters, and criticize or change them. Then he must know all that is going on in the paint-room afterward, see the scenery placed upon the stage, and alter and perfect it. Mr. Henry E. Hoyt, the scenic artist, said to me one day: “The old idea of scene-painting was that you must use gaslight, whitewash, and no brains to speak of; but that’s all done away with now.” Scene-painting has become a very subtle and difficult art, and the paint-room is a place where its problems are slowly, steadily, laboriously, solved on a great scale. Every bit of scenery now must be a picture, or part of a picture, done with extreme nicety. The manager watches its growth, too, with constant care. And then there is the carpentering of the scenery, the building of the framework for the canvas, involving numberless details, which must go on and be supervised at the same time with the painting. Oftentimes one will find the whole of the stage in odd hours covered with lumber, and painted canvas, and sawhorses, and busy workmen, and long planks sliding up or down between the back part of the stage and the paint-loft through a great opening overhead. The cellar, too, is suddenly invaded by a gang of workmen, who hammer and saw and fit things together for rocks, bridges, runways, or other massive paraphernalia. I have known Augustin Daly to begin a regular set-to rehearsal of the scenery for a new production, after the play of the evening was over and the theater closed, at midnight, and continue there, working with the scene-painter and the stage artisans, setting and resetting and correcting the disposition of the flats and side-pieces, and so on, and giving orders for changes and retouching, until seven o’clock

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in the morning. He then breakfasted, rested for a while in his office, attended to the usual morning business at nine o’clock, and was on the stage again at eleven, to direct a long and critical rehearsal of the entire company!

What more shall we say of the manager’s work, except that, besides going over, cutting, and rearranging every play he produces, he is also a playwright? He has created original plays and numerous adaptations, which any one who is at all conversant with theatrical writing knows perfectly well involve almost as much originality and skill as the composition of something wholly new. Further, he orders and supervises all the costumes, and studies and directs the selection of incidental music—a most important element—and the manner of performing it, picking out himself the special music he wants. He arranges every particular of varicolored and changing lights for the stage at every point throughout the play, guards against every infraction of his orders, and is in front and behind the scenes seemingly at once. He has an extraordinary faculty of appearing always in every part of the theater where his presence is most needed, exactly at the right moment—or what may seem to others, just then, the wrong moment.

This manager is a general; his ability is nothing less than that of a great commander, when you reflect that he is managing and directing every day some two hundred people on his actual list—people by the very nature of their artistic gift most sensitive and susceptible, or if they are employed in the business and mechanical departments, subject to incessant drain on their physical endurance and their excitability from the numerous and unexpected calls upon strength and patience that such a life makes.

Others are on hand simply to carry out the manager’s ideas and system without flaw, if possible; to aid him and the public in every way. Some of them keep track of the rehearsals and watch them. Others help in making ready for productions, in looking up materials, historic points, costume, or doing the various literary work always going on in artistic theaters. Some watch the performances and the audiences; for every separate audience is like a separate individual, and its varying impressions must be noted in order to ascertain the effect of “the piece,” and its likelihood of vitality, apart from the immediate sale of tickets. Others watch and minutely study the players themselves, since the work offered by them each night is affected by the mood of every actor and

actress, and the mood of the whole company, and the influence which the particular audience at that performance has upon them. The best company in the world may flag or fall off at any one representation, owing to a variety of causes, the perfection of a play performance being as difficult and dainty as the blending of a harmony of colors at haphazard, no matter how much care and effort and good will may have gone to the preparation. The precise note of each person in the cast, and the chording of all of them together,—or the discord,—can be judged in its impression, from night to night, only by skilled and patient observers "in front," who are part of the theater.

Mr. Daly's office is a secluded study, a spot so quiet and esthetic that one would hardly believe, even when beholding it, that it is in the heart of throbbing, noisy New York. It holds its place in what would be taken outwardly for a private residence, on the Twenty-ninth street side of the theater territory, and is a delightful museum of old Empire furniture, rare and standard books relating to the stage, innumerable bric-à-brac and quaint mementos from all parts of the world, portraits, clocks, musical instruments, desks, tables, secretaries, portfolios, and cupboards. In other portions of the theater are other smaller treasuries of rare objects, pictorial, literary, and artistic; and one such cave of marvels and gems of association, in the upper regions, is used on special occasions for supper-parties of a few old friends after some great success, or to celebrate the coming of a new year. This is the Woffington room.

It is in this room, where Woffington's lovely face looks down upon the revel, that Mr. Daly has for seventeen years gathered round him the loyal members of his company each last night of December to say good-by to the old year and welcome the new.

Here James Lewis, and John Drew, and Charles Fisher, and Charles Leclercq, Sidney Herbert, and George Clarke, and Herbert Gresham, Henry Widmer, and Richard Dorney, Mrs. Gilbert, and Ada Rehan have lent their happy presence to those yearly gatherings; to which, with the exception of Mr. Daly's brother, Judge Joseph Daly, and one other "auld acquaintance ne'er forgot," no stranger has been admitted.

Besides these annual festivals many famous little suppers have been given here; notably, certain "after-play" reunions, at which Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Coquelin, Boucicault, Jefferson, Sir Eyre Shaw, the Lon-

don fire magnate, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, General Porter, General Sherman, John Hare, and John Russell Young, have been in turn honored guests.

Then is the soul of the theater opened to those who are present; and it is an ideal, artistic soul that reveals even far more than the stage can reveal; and the manager becomes the witty, brilliant, genial talker, the exquisitely courteous host, that he always is when the incessant cares of his work, and his natural shyness with all but intimates, are thrown aside.

The theater contains all the scenery, and most of the costumes, of all the chief productions that have been given here since it was opened. There are great rooms filled with massive furniture and genuine porcelain and metal-work of incalculable value, besides an "armory" devoted to a big collection of armor and weapons having intrinsic worth as well as stage serviceableness. The rooms above the marvelous office contain a copious and unmatched "wardrobe," and an apartment for fitting new costumes, besides a music-room for the director of the orchestra, and a place for copying. In addition to all this, a big hall in a neighboring street is used for storing another great mass of furniture and properties.

I have said nothing of the work of printing, of the program, the bills, the posters with pictures, the planning of routes through the country, and the details of tours and transportation, all of which come under the manager's immediate observation and decision; or of the fact that he goes with his regular company when it travels out of New York, even for a day, in order to see that everything is done as he wishes, and that the standard of high workmanship in every particular is maintained. Still, I think enough has been said to indicate that the willing and enthusiastic labor performed in one great American theater—the only theater, thus far, which has gained lofty and general fame in Europe, and has planted itself there, too—is a labor of conscientious devotion to art. All such devotion is good for the people, and for their souls, through their senses. It will do the people good, further, to know that the inner life of a great theater is governed by the strictest code of good manners and good will; that the prevailing tone of Daly's Theater is absolutely that of a circle of self-respecting acquaintances; that there is no fooling and no dawdling; that tobacco and liquor stop at the threshold; that there is no running in and out of visitors, and no loafing

at the stage-door. This very important means of ingress to the labyrinth, by the way, is made impregnable by a strong and faithful keeper, a man of remarkable stature, old Owen, who is uniformed, and carries always a small official baton of dark wood encircled by five rings of brass that somehow give it a very convincing air of authority. Both he and Richard, Mr. Daly's colored personal attendant, are regarded as "institutions" of the theater, one of them having been with him for twenty, and the other nearly thirty, years. I mention them because it is a distinctive element in the atmosphere of Daly's that in every department there are people who have been there a long time, and that

there is a prevailing sentiment of loyalty to the establishment, as though it were home or government or country, which is quite in keeping.

No loud talking, noisy laughter, or other disturbance is tolerated behind the scenes, in the green-room and dressing-rooms, or elsewhere. The whole place is dedicated to honest, hard work and high aspirations; so that, notwithstanding all the ambitions, hopes, disappointments, triumphs, or heartburnings which inevitably enter into the composite life of a number of players, wherever they may be gathered together, the reigning spirit here really is quieter, sweeter, and more earnest than that of most drawing-rooms.

LINES TO A CHILD.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

DEAR little face,
 With placid brow and clear, uplifted eyes,
 And prattling lips that speak no evil thing,
 And dimpling smiles, free of fair-seeming lies,
 Unschooled to ape the dreary world's pretense!
 Sweet imager of cloudless innocence!
 The tenderest flower of Nature's fashioning,
 A dewy rose amidst the wilderness,
 Amidst the desert a clear-welling spring—
 So is thy undissembling loveliness,
 Dear little face!

Dear little hand!
 How sweet it is to feel against my own
 The touch of this soft palm, which never yet
 The taint of soul-destroying gold hath known!
 Here Nature's seal of trustfulness is pressed,
 Even as her loving touch the lily blessed
 With stainless purity—even as she set
 The golden flame upon the daffodil,
 And heaven's clear blue upon the violet.
 May her best gifts be for thy clasping still,
 Dear little hand!

Dear little heart,
 That never harbored any ill intent,
 That knows no bitterness, nor doubt, nor care,
 But only young life's nestling wonderment,
 And strange, new joys, amidst thy incomplete,
 Unfledged emotions and affections sweet!
 Veiled, by the unlived years, thy field; but there
 The sowing for thy harvest hath begun.
 When thou shalt reap and bind, may no despair
 Rise from that ground betwixt thee and the sun,
 Dear little heart!

AN OUTLINE OF JAPANESE ART.

BY ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA.

WITH UNIQUE AND UNPUBLISHED EXAMPLES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

IV.

REOPENED INTERCOURSE WITH CHINA.

ABSORBED in herself for four centuries, Japan about the year 1400 was almost ignorant of the great events which had transformed China. The Tang dynasty, her old friend of Kobo's day, had been succeeded by the Sung, the Yuen, and the Ming, the second of which Japan might have courted, had it not been for the hostile attempt of the Mongols to add her to their dominions. During the fourteenth century sixty years of civil war had absorbed all native energies; and it was not until another long era of peace had opened the fifteenth that the new Ashikaga shoguns felt strong enough to send friendly embassies to the Ming court. These being reciprocated with courtesy, travel and commerce between the two empires were resumed. Scholars again studied in Chinese universities, and thus Japan suddenly fell heir to all the intellectual glories of the Sung age, which the Ming was strenuously attempting to revive. Hence we may call her fourth age of culture, about to dawn, the Second Chinese Period.

THE COMING OF ZEN BUDDHISM.

It is not quite true, however, that Japan had been wholly uninfluenced by China during the interval. The Mongol reaction against Buddhism had dispersed the Sung priesthood, of whom some pioneers now imported into Kioto that peculiar form of the Indian religion which had dominated Sung under the name of the Zen sect. It was their monasteries the somber architecture and academic groves of which eventually grew into the Ashikaga universities.

THE CRISIS OF CHINESE CULTURE.

The supreme crisis in the history of China was her struggle for intellectual freedom in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Her institutions had been based by Tang upon lit-

erary education; but that education had been almost entirely controlled by Confucian scholars. Confucius, as Aristotle for medieval Europe, had become a finality, a limitation. His system was the apotheosis of human authority, a semi-socialistic statics, in which no guaranty for the preservation of individuality had been provided. A changed empire had new problems to face; but its mental machinery offered no clue to readaptation. The very root of its strength, free human reason, was threatened. Its lack of political check left officialdom open to corruption. In short, repression of the soul's spontaneity was disintegrating character.

CONFUCIANISM AND BUDDHISM.

THE problem was complicated by the presence of Buddhism. Here was a second spiritual stimulus, unknown in the days of Confucius. This idealistic faith, founding its practice upon the creativity of immanent spirit, refused to coalesce with the pragmatic agnosticism of the scholars. The mutual hostility, however, did not come to an open issue during the Tang dynasty.

THE NEW SUNG CULTURE.

BUT with the advent of the Sung a practical necessity for reconstruction became apparent. The threatening antinomy between the two motives stood open and revealed. The ultimate menace to Chinese institutions being the repression of individuality, the Sung leaders now instituted an effort to rebuild upon the bases of rational insight and of the rights of the citizen. The wonderful, if tragically brief, efflorescence of this movement was the Sung illumination. Had its radical break with the past been permanently successful, China would not to-day be lying a giant in hopeless self-bondage.

ECONOMIC REFORM.

THE attempted solution embodied itself in several parallel movements. One was a reform in civil administration. The new laws

revolutionized the economic relation of state to subject. They redistributed the land among the people; loaned capital to the farmers, to be repaid from the produce of good years; loaned capital on good security to traders, thus constituting the government a state bank; bought up food in good years, to be sold reasonably during famine, thus mitigating fluctuations in price; reorganized the groups of householders, and established a separate military yeomanry for war and police service. No wonder that the Confucian officials, thus divested of their pecuniary prerogatives, resisted to the point of resignation.

EDUCATION.

A SECOND reform was in the civil-service examinations. Character was made a test. A course of study in the new laws became obligatory, for examinations were now to bring out a knowledge of realities. The prose style of the students became designedly changed so as directly to embody their thought. Interpretations of the classics in the new spirit were prepared for text-books. The emperor and his radical ministry in person conducted the exercises.

INDIVIDUALITY.

ANOTHER change, in the spirit of the people rather than in formal law, concerned the passionate joy of the young thinkers, poets, and artists in their new-found individuality. Those who have always ascribed stagnation to Chinese culture would be surprised at the prevailing radicalism. It was the freeing of inspiration, the coming of a perfect plasticity of form to the sway of imagination. "My father," cries Jakkio, in his preface to Kakki's great essay on landscape, "in his youth studied under a Taoist teacher, wherefore he has ever been inclined to throw away what is old, and to take in all that is new."

NEO-CONFUCIANISM.

A FOURTH effort was a revolution within the ranks of Confucianism itself, which produced the famous Sung philosophy, the most metaphysical and original of all China's systems of thought. It undertook to explain progress itself as a series of interactions between extremes, during which the universe passes from abstract reason to self-realization in the human spirit, thus reminding us strongly of the Hegelian idea and dialectic. This philosophy of evolution, although Confucian in phraseology, was permeated throughout by Buddhist principle, with which latter the pure idealism of Tao had

already thrown in its allegiance. Thus, for the first time, an approximation was being made to a unification of the three systems in absolute idealism.

ZEN IDEALISM.

BUT the most powerful factor in the new movement was the nature of Sung Buddhism itself. This was the sect of Zen, or Contemplation, which conceived of spirit as a creator immanent in a double garb, acting with equal clearness under the parallel series of orderly changes in the worlds of soul and nature. In this respect it foreshadowed the philosophy of Schelling. Its business was to unfold in nature the infinite analogies of human process. Its thought was the very substance of subtle poetry. It anticipated our modern Western love of scenery. It took the spontaneity of nature for a type of character.

THE ART OF SUNG.

THE outcome of all these forces was the deliberate making of art to be the most typical and inclusive manifestation of the spiritual life. For is not art the meeting-point of man and nature? In her perfections are mirrored as identical the two spontaneities. The world is only one vast metaphor. Even Confucius had asserted that the harmony of human living is a kind of music. So the painter, at one with poet and priest, is no mere skilful specialist, but an interpreter of the great book of analogies into form's more pregnant language. "Why," asks Kakki, in his opening sentence, "do men love landscape?" And he answers: "Because it is the well-spring of life." No peculiarity of plant growth or color is unsuggestive of character. Birds are winged souls for these Zen Thoreaus. But, as chief decipherer of the eternal classic, landscape art was born for the Eastern world seven centuries before it achieved its freedom in Europe.

THE HANGCHOW ILLUMINATION.

THE fruition of these several movements rendered Hangchow, the capital of southern Sung in the twelfth century, the veritable Athens of the whole East. Marco Polo calls it, even in decay, the most splendid city of the world. Its scenery was unsurpassed, combining as it did mountain, sea, and lake. Temple courts and private villas crowned every telling site. There statesmen, priests, painters, and poets wandered on terms of spiritual comradeship, throwing the last fine bloom of academic taste over their interconnected work. Such conditions were uniquely

ideal—the worship of the fresh voice, the depth of insight in its song, the simple charm of its melody. It is to the perfection of this brief idyllic life at Hangchow that the Ming statesman looked back, and the Japanese scholar still looks back, as we to the days of Pericles.

THE ASHIKAGA SHOGUNATE.

LET us now return to Japan. It was something of the flavor of such poetic idealism that the immigrant Chinese priests had tried to transplant into Japan during the unfavorable years of the civil war. From the anarchy of these latter had issued the founding of a second feudal dynasty by the triumphant general Ashikaga, who again fixed the capital at Kioto. The greatest of his successors, his grandson, Yoshimitsu, whom we may call the Cosmo de' Medici of Japan, became shogun in 1368, resigned to become a Zen-monk in 1394, but still actually dominated affairs of state from his superb temple-palace of Kinkakuji, in the northwest of the city. His descendants maintained a weak hegemony over the still turbulent barons until overthrown by Nobunaga in 1573. It is not for their military prowess, but for their lasting impress upon Japanese culture, that their rule is notable.

YOSHIMITSU'S PROBLEM.

SELDOM occurs to a great ruler, as to Yoshimitsu, the opportunity to recreate, by the magic of his word, a national civilization. The cessation of civil war had come from utter exhaustion. The fall of the third period was due to its experiments in localism and its unbridled individualism. The early refinements of Nara and Kioto were forgotten. Scholarship was nearly extinct. Some of the country districts had relapsed into barbarism. The great lack was of a principle of unity, some guide or organizer for man's scattered energies. Yoshimitsu foresaw that the imaginative and restless temper of his race would demand from him a new banner of peace. The more extreme the reaction from violence, the better. What more natural than to turn for guidance to the great Zen monasteries of Kioto, the priests of which were already preaching the individuality of contemplation? Through their eyes he beheld as in a vision the whole intellectual spoil of the Sung world lying waiting at his feet. Yes; the renaissance of Japan should be a new culture of idealism and art, and life at Kioto should be a repetition of the Hangchow idyl.

THE FOURTH CIVILIZATION.

HE now turned boldly to China, sent scholars thither, encouraged immigration, enlarged and multiplied the monasteries, and enriched them with enormous importations of books, manuscripts, and paintings. The new architecture and landscape-gardening of the age were based upon the simple dignity of Sung types. Bright colors were eschewed. Literary seclusion became a passion. Individuality of thought, even oddity of expression in manner and word, were encouraged. Daimios lived over the Chinese poetry which they dreamed. The sons of freebooters who had carried their enemies' heads on bloody pikes now let their souls be absorbed in nature-contemplation. It was a change of standard as profound as that from Gothic to humanistic in contemporary Florence.

ITS NATIONALITY.

It is a mistake to regard this age as barren or merely imitative. Many peculiarly Japanese products of the new insight then emerged. It was Yoshimitsu who first constituted the samurai class, a separate caste with special privileges and duties. Then was originated the drama in its severe form of the operatic "No," the lofty poetic text of which is a relief from the inanities of later Japanese verse. It was the age, too, of the tea freemasonry, during the ceremony of which commoners could meet even the shogun on terms of equality and fellowship. The wealth of culture on which the Ashikaga lavished their resources was a solid investment in national imagination which has borne interest for five hundred years. It is as much a part of Japan and Japanese genius as Spenser and Shakspeare are English, and not Italian.

THE FOURTH PERIOD OF ART.

BUT, as in China, it was art that became the supreme expression of the reawakened spirit. This was as unlike all previous forms of Japanese art as can well be imagined. Though in a sense still religious, it was not now chiefly either the sculpture or painting of Buddhist divinities, still less a representation of the violent human drama of the middle ages. It was the reverent, poetic study of spiritual types as embodied in natural forms. Hence we may say briefly that it was the art of landscape-painting.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

HERETOFORE landscape in Japanese painting had figured only as meager background,

as a suggestion of softly swaying masses. Now it was to be studied as a world of primary forms, to be rendered with the same care and grandeur, the same wealth of modulated "lead-lines," formerly lavished upon the drawings of supernatural deities. On the other hand, it was not to be filled in with the sensuous distractions of gorgeous color, but to render the poetic suggestions of atmosphere by the massing and opposition of monochromatic values. Hence this painting is chiefly in black and white. When color is used, it is sparingly, as if it were a timid efflorescence growing naturally out of a soil of grays.

MURAL DECORATION.

THE form of such art could no longer be confined to altar-pieces or illustrative scrolls. Since its aim was to stamp nature upon human life, it must be primarily a school of mural painting. The walls of palaces and temples were now covered with this somber decoration. A whole room became a shadowy bamboo forest, or a silhouetted grove of pines. In his own chamber one dreamed along the borders of Hangchow's villa-dotted lake. The folding-screen also afforded an important ground for painters. A third form of mounting, the kakemono, was an accentuating feature of wall decoration.

CHINESE PROTOTYPES.

THE culmination of such suggestive landscape-painting had been reached in the Sung dynasty during the twelfth century. Its work is to Japanese art what Athenian sculpture is to ours. The Sung artists were legion. They formed an academy under imperial patronage, an institution as important as the university. The Emperor Kiso, himself a great painter, mingled with them on terms of fellowship.

KAKKI.

ONE of the founders of Sung landscape was Kakki, in the eleventh century. I have spoken of his critical essay. One of his scenes is full of the softness of early spring, the melting snow, the blending of young foliage.

THE HANGCHOW SCHOOL.

BY the twelfth century it would seem as if every citizen of Hangchow had become a painter. I shall mention here only three: Bayen, the delineator of life in the sequestered villas; Mokkei, the Zen priest, whose shimmering masses are like the incense of mist in forest naves; and Kakei, who tested every mysterious bond between mountain shores and the moods of water.

KAKEI.

THE works of Kakei, the greatest landscape artist of Asia, have a fresh charm which makes them look modern even beside modern French. Figures rarely appear, but there are hints of mossy roofs and wayside inns. The luminous tones of his ink are golden, with the suggestion of sun-soaked mists. The masses of his foliage cluster in thick drops, as if they had just fallen from the pen.

YUEN AND MING ART.

AFTER the reaction from the Mongol conquest, some of the pupils of these artists were welcomed at court. The nearest to Kakei is Danshidzui, whose treatment of bamboo groves in wind and rain is exceptionally beautiful. But when, in the fourteenth century, Ming artists tried to revive the glories of Bayen and Kakei, it was as if some colder spirit restrained their hand and tainted with a shade of affectation the ambitious stroke.

THE QUADRILATERAL OF KIOTO SCHOOLS.

JAPANESE art of the fourth period divides itself naturally into three stages, of which the first is that of the transplanting and the appropriation. Its work centered in four great Zen monasteries at Kioto. At Tofukuji, in the southeast, lived Cho Densu, priest and painter, himself a teacher of Ashikaga Yoshimochi, Yoshimitsu's son and successor. At Sokokuji, in the northeast, a Chinese priest and painter, Josetsu, had founded an art academy from which issued many of Japan's most noted masters. At Daitokuji, in the north, had become naturalized, under the family name Soga, a professional Chinese landscape-painter, Shubun, who, retaining more of Kakei's original fire than his Ming contemporaries, found here a freer scope for his genius. From the gray, weather-beaten verandas of Daitokuji to-day one looks out over sanded courts, streaked with carpets of moss, across crumbling walls, and between ancient pine-trunks white with lichens, to the long, successive swells of rice-farms and millet-patches, which break at last in a line of golden foam against the ramparts of the eastern hills. The walls of the rooms are themselves hoary with the stained monochromes of Shubun and his son Jasoku.

THE SHOGUN'S COURT SCHOOL.

BUT in the northwest, at the palace-temple Kinkakuji, with its unrivaled pine groves,

garden lakes, and storied pavilions, the shoguns Yoshimitsu and Yoshimochi surrounded themselves with priests, poets, and artists, like the Chinese emperors at Hangchow. Here the Japanese layman Naomi was the presiding genius, superintending gardening, building, dramas, and fêtes, criticizing the latest imported Sung treasures, and painting himself in a style worthy of Mokkei. He is the first type of a shogun's court painter and critic, afterward made professional and hereditary in the Kano family.

THE CULMINATION UNDER YOSHIMASA.

IF Yoshimitsu had been the Cosmo de' Medici of Kioto, his great-grandson Yoshimasa was surely her Lorenzo. Shogun in 1449, he too resigned, in 1472, in order to spend his time in literature and art at his new northeastern mountain palace of Ginkakuji, where he ruled as hierarch of the fourth period's second and culminating stage until his death in 1490. Here Soami, the grandson of Naomi, succeeded as master of the feast of culture.

SESSHU.

BUT from these prolific nests of art should there not arise some central genius powerful enough to seize the scattered threads of tendency and weave them all into a single fabric of supreme expression? Such was indeed the function of the great priest Sesshu, who at first became a pupil of Josetsu at Sokokuji. He spent nine years in Ming, following and sketching in the footsteps of Kakei, examining the great Sung originals, and painting on the walls of the imperial palace. He was recognized as easily the superior of all living Ming artists. When he returned in 1469, laden with thousands of sketches, he seemed to Japan like the supreme embodiment of the Chinese genius which they worshiped—like Kakei newly risen in the flesh. He realized to the full the wealth of his unique opportunities in a long life of superb work down to 1507.

SESSHU'S STYLE.

IN quality Sesshu must be ranked side by side with the greatest Sung masters; yet he is no mere imitator. He reigns, in his own right, as a new, supreme type. His style reaches the farthest limit of simplicity and force. The strokes of his angular black outlines shoot about like splinters shivered by lightning from the heart of an oak. His river landscapes are as direct and eternal as

a charcoal sketch by Millet. Unlike Kakei, a figure-painter also, he invests such closely woven compositions as his "Jurojin" (Fig. 1), the personification of the spirit of longevity, with a mystery of charm which reminds us in the West of Leonardo alone. The old, old face, charged with a consciousness of all humanity,—and of what spiritual races beside!—peers Merlin-like from the sympathetic tangle of pine-boughs, plum-stars, and bamboo wands. In Sesshu's screen of the drama of human life, parasites of habit bind the masculine limbs of the maturing pine; the willow, woman-like, droops in tears; wild hawks pursue the innocent soul of the heron, while its mate seeks religious asylum under shadowy lotus leaves; a pair of mandarin ducks, symbols of conjugal love, spurn earth in their flight to a secluded paradise; while the old philosopher owl, which, alert in the gloom of his own reflections, is dazed by the sunlight of facts, stares from his branch, blandly unaware of the tragedy which is perpetrated beneath him. But the grandest of all Sesshu's bird-and-flower compositions is the stork stepping out from its nest of gnarled plum branches richly crossed by the woof of tall river-grasses. (Fig. 2.)

KANO MASANOBU.

BEFORE Yoshimasa's death, Sesshu had recommended to him Kano Masanobu as a man fit to be his chief palace decorator. In style inferior only to Sesshu himself, his commanding position virtually established the office of court painter, which remained a monopoly of his family till 1868. Like Sesshu, he is great in all subjects. His portrait of Confucius has intense intellectual expression. His finest landscape is a design of a Chinese terrace. (Fig. 4.)

KANO MOTONOBU.

THE third stage of the art, its gradual decay, fills the sixteenth century. At first the fall was not apparent, thanks to the extraordinary genius of Masanobu's son, Motonobu. The Ashikaga were tottering to their fall. A new era of civil warfare had begun. The barons had rent nine tenths of Japan from the shogun's rule, and were thundering at the gates of Kioto. But in art Motonobu stood firm and alone. In Yoshimasa's time a dozen great geniuses had disputed his father's supremacy. Now he had no rival but his brother Utanosuké. He was heir to all the Chinese traditions, all the Japanese Zen

styles. There was no fresh importation from abroad, to be sure, and faith within was beginning to wane; but Motonobu was a genius greater than his environment, who painted now for the sake of painting. His snow-landscape screen, with herons and blackbirds (Fig. 5), and his brother's colossal eagle (Fig. 3), will hold side by side with Sesshu's masterpieces. He died in 1559, after a long life of undisputed triumph.

NOBUNAGA AND HIDEYOSHI.

THE last third of the sixteenth century witnessed an interregnum between the Ashikaga, whom Nobunaga destroyed, and the Tokugawa. Hideyoshi, the low-born general of Nobunaga, after the latter's death ruled Japan as military dictator from 1582 to 1598. The so-called Napoleon of Japan, he conquered Korea and invaded China. In the stress of such martial deeds idealism died. In palace life it was an age of frank material splendor. Hideyoshi tried to base the customs of his court upon the model of the Tang emperors, thus, like Napoleon, investing his parvenu reign with a reminiscence of the greatest imperial power his hemisphere had known. In Kano Yeitoku, the gifted grandson of Motonobu, Hideyoshi found an artist capable of gratifying his decorative ambitions. Yeitoku filled his master's palaces with enormous mural compositions, in rich, dark colors and gold, representing the magnificence of Chinese court life in the eighth century. The Zen motive of monochromatic nature-study was thus at last worked out, and it could now be only a short time before art would naturally return to Japanese subjects.

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V.

REAWAKENING OF JAPAN.

FOR two centuries a Chinese wave had submerged most earlier Japanese landmarks. Nothing native had seemed of interest. National history and poetry were neglected. The Tosa panoramas of life were thrown away as so much waste paper.

But the new wars had at last redrawn attention to life and character. The Korean invasion had stimulated national pride. Japanese ships had explored far to the south, and a Japanese colony was powerful in Siam. Moreover, interest in Western countries had been excited by the coming of many Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and English. Could the dawning age have been left free to take the best in Western thought as its inspiration, Japan might soon have become the rival of England.

ISOLATION.

YET the time was not ripe. No conditions of true freedom could then have issued from either East or West: from the West, because Europe itself was in the deadly throes of

a Catholic reaction; from the East, because the mass of the Japanese people were not yet educated up to the responsibilities of self-government and international relations. Already, it was believed, the Jesuits were tampering with national allegiance; hence the remarkable edict of seclusion which virtually shut Japan off from the world in 1639. The long peace which followed enabled national consciousness and ability to expand to the full limits of their racial area—to take, as it were, an inventory of their re-



FIG. 1. SESSHU'S "JUROJIN."

sources before plunging into the unknown issues of world competition.

RISE OF THE COMMERCIAL CLASSES.

THE true relief from the feudal system in Japan, as it had been in Europe, was the rise of the industrial classes in the large cities. The opportunities of peace, and the peculiar aloofness of the samurai life, fostered this independent growth. Before Ashikaga, the

ble characters. The successor of Hideyoshi, his desire to rule, like Yoritomo, where his strength lay, determined the center of population to his new city of Yedo, in the north. A keen statesman as well as a warrior, he undertook to establish by profound measures an everlasting peace for the nation. Cool, firm, not over-scrupulous, but on the whole just, the Japan of two centuries and a half was built upon his character.



FIG. 2. SESHU'S STORK AND PLUM-TREE.

farmers and the soldiers had been scarcely differentiated. The artisans, who formed part of the households of the nobles, were aware of no caste inferiority, and craved no great education. But when the Tokugawa erected the samurai into an aristocratic institution, the people, with new opportunities of wealth, began to push out toward a social culture of their own. This, which is almost the only new constructive element in the coming age, gives us the right to call its fifth civilization the Second Japanese Period.

TOKUGAWA IYEFASU.

THE founder of this period, Tokugawa Iyefasu, was one of Japan's most remarka-

THE PROBLEM OF IYEFASU.

THE world lay plastic to his will. Unity was the prime desideratum, and unity could be derived, not from individuals, but from institutions. Weak successors were inevitable; there must be a system to stand the shock. Now, the strongest institution in Japan was the class right of the daimio and samurai. This must not be abolished, but strengthened, elevated from mere feudal privilege to a constitutional bulwark of the shogunate, purged of its turbulent and irresponsible atomcity, and consolidated by a caste law as immutable as the standards of a soldier's honor. The third Tokugawa, Iyemitsu, pur-

suings the spirit of his policy, crowned the system in 1642 by obliging the daimio to dwell a part of each year in the capital city, and thus added to the local functions of the peculiar institution its importance as a civic aristocracy.

THE FIFTH CIVILIZATION.

UNITY confirmed, the Tokugawa thought next of intellectual and moral development. It seems that Iyeyasu had no new ideas on court organization, custom, or art; for he took over bodily from the Ashikaga the visible details of a daimio's environment. He quietly passed behind the extravagance and ostentation of Hideyoshi's heyday to the simplicity and somberness of an earlier age. Mural decoration returned, in a measure, to monochromatic landscape; but this did not mean a surrender to Zen contemplation. Distrustful of religious zeal, the Tokugawa wished to humiliate both Christianity and Buddhism. The former was crushed; the latter was offset by a deliberate importation of Confucianism from a now weakened and pedantic China. This was Iyeyasu's new contribution to ideals, a practical and agnostic moral education which would subordinate theory to discipline, conviction to honor.

ITS ESSENTIAL DUALITY.

BUT neither Iyeyasu nor his immediate successors could foresee that in this careful plan lay germinating the seeds of a national weakness. They could not know that, in consolidating Japan's higher life into a changeless institution, they were opening a wider and wider gap between it and the modifiable factors of the race; that the common people, cut off by barriers of caste education from the

finer elements of culture which normally leaven society from above, would be forced to evolve in separation a more plastic type of civilization for themselves. It is as if the sparkling, sun-breathing surface of a river were suddenly frozen, and hung forever, an isolated crust, over the living stream that wore deeper and deeper into its bed.



FIG. 3. KANO UTANOSUKÉ'S EAGLE.



FIG. 4. KANO MASANOBU'S LANDSCAPE WITH TERRACE.

THE POPULAR LIFE.

BESIDE the general fact of growing wealth, the distinctive culture of the middle classes was a gradual self-education along seven or eight new lines. The first of these was a wide diffusion of printed literature among

tions throughout the ranks of a people who learned to prize the education requisite for their perusal. Fresh literary research and creation were encouraged by this outlet. Temple and private archives were searched for manuscripts. A school of genuine criticism arose.

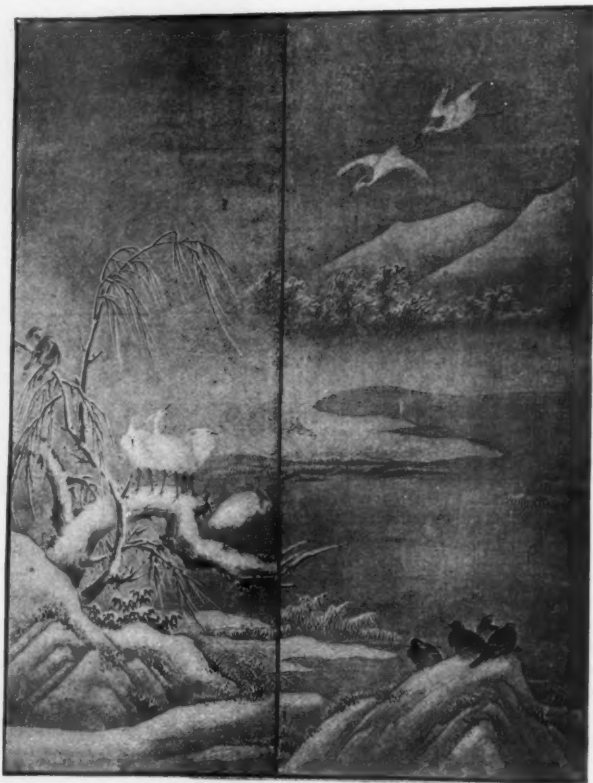


FIG. 5. KANO MOTONOBU'S SNOW LANDSCAPE WITH HERONS AND BLACKBIRDS.

the people. It is true that printing had been practised for centuries in China, that Chinese books had been imported into Japan, and that some volumes, especially Buddhist texts, had issued from native presses. But the motto of Zen had been rather to build afresh from thought than to acquire fragmentary knowledge from external reading. Books had been rare, and the property of the rich. A large part of the treasures of the past had remained only in manuscript.

BOOK-PRINTING.

BUT this scattered wealth of the Asiatic world became now diffused in cheap publica-

BOOK-ILLUSTRATION.

ANOTHER adjunct of popular education was the pictorial designs with which books now became embellished. Heretofore illustration had been a special profession of illuminators. Now, cut from wooden blocks and printed in black outline, it could furnish a mirror of life more vivid than words, and one that could appeal even to the illiterate.

STUDY OF HISTORY.

A RECASTING of Japanese history in more or less popular form was the inevitable result. Between 1650 and 1720 half a dozen impor-



FIG. 6. SOTATSU'S PORTION OF FLOWER-SCREEN.

tant histories had been published. The dense forgetfulness of Ashikaga centuries was pierced. The usurpation of the Kamakura shoguns was exposed. The literary treasures of the Fujiwara, and the patriarchal simplicity of early Yamato sovereignty, were demonstrated. A tide of revelation which Tokugawa repression could not stem was washing away a gap beneath its feet.

REVIVAL OF SHINTO.

AGNOSTIC scholarship, despising Buddhism as an importation, now turned to the buried archives of Shinto as the source of an ancient national faith and ideal. The "Kojiki," a semi-mythical record of Japan's primitive age, virtually unknown for a thousand years, was now dug out, carefully edited, and published. It was a political weapon of keenest edge, for it seemed to prove the religious sanctity of a mikado who for seven centuries had been relegated to inaction and poverty. It required severe measures on the part of the government to stem the rising tide of indignation.

FICTION.

A FIFTH innovation was the cheap romance, mainly semi-historical, in which, in easy syllabic type, an imaginative synthesis of fact was left to tell its own story. The resources of Chinese chivalry and intrigue also

were drawn on for material. Hence the universal knowledge in Japan of Asiatic legend.

THE THEATER.

STILL more telling in its power was a new school of dramatic representation. The "No" opera, of stately form, slow chant, pantomimic dance, and severe poetic text, had originated with the Ashikaga. But a people's theater, where realistic scenery, unconventional acting, and a common vernacular should render any romantic or historic theme whatever, was a Yedo invention of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Here was a mirror of life which reflected for the capital's populace that contemplative recast of things which is the basis of culture.

SCIENCE.

STILL another novelty was the passionate collection and analysis of facts. Study of plant and animal life was zealously pursued. And here the thin stream of European knowledge flowing in through the Dutch at Nagasaki was turned to good account. Especially did medicine and surgery establish the foundations of true scientific practice.



FIG. 7. PRINT. GEISHA FISHING.

TRAVEL.

LASTLY, the newly awakened popular interest in everything Japanese led to extensive traveling from end to end of the land. Illustrated guide-books of such itineraries are among the most beautiful productions of the nineteenth-century press. It should now be clear why the fall of the shogunate and the daimio system was only hastened by the advent of Perry in 1853.

THE FIFTH PERIOD OF ART.

WE have now to investigate the bearing of this complex set of conditions upon the nature of art in the Tokugawa age. If this were indeed a period of blossoming, art should have reached its final triumphs. The fact is that esthetic energies were weak, uncentered, and scattered through a host of misconceptions and petty contradictory efforts. There was no clear ideal to lift design above narrow literalism. But especially as the social world was split into irreconcilable halves, so had to be the several ministering arts. Both the aim and the technic of the aristocratic and the plebeian schools remained alien to each other. Each missed the invigoration that should have been derived from their normal friction.

THE DISPERSION OF THE SCHOOLS.

THERE were additional causes of weakness. The efforts of each were broken up into



FIG. 8. HOKUSAI'S GIRL AND CHERRY-TREE.

small and half-hearted experiments. At least nine distinct genera of schools, to say nothing of the species, can be traced by the historian; and their average excellence is so low and unimportant that we could hardly declare a fifth culminating period to exist at all, were it not for the power, novelty, and scope of three among their number. One of these, the Korin school, is aristocratic. The other two, the Ukiyo and the Shijo, were plebeian.

DECORATION.

IT would be unfair, however, to the Tokugawa age not to allow it whatever credit is due to an absorption of art-energy in decorative industries. This is both an effect of the repressed ideal and a sign of the period's being one of popular discipline rather than of supreme creation. Naturally the foreign collector has made the charm of ornamented utensils the basis of his art classification. Our method is dissimilar, and for two reasons: first, because material

and technical secrets furnish less esthetically important quality than design; and second, because we find that the design of this age, as of all ages, follows the guide of contemporary painting and sculpture.

KANO TANYU.

LET us first notice the aristocratic school of the earlier Tokugawa. This was the court-painting machinery of the Kano family,



FIG. 9. OKIO'S FARM-HOUSE IN SNOW.

handed down from Ashikaga. Its leading genius was the grandson of Yeitoku, Tanyu, who executed his master's intention to bring back decoration to the simplicity of ink-painting. Even in colored work the heavy splendor of Yeitoku was avoided. Tanyu's subjects and forms were the outcome of a conscious eclecticism which looked back to Motonobu and Sesshu as models. The lack of sincere faith shows itself in a looser and more decorative composition, the secret of which was soon caught by the hundreds of Kano relatives and pupils now distributed among the local courts of the daimio. By the eighteenth century this afterglow had faded into an almost empty tradition. It is notable, however, as inspiring early work in lacquer and porcelain, and the new architecture exemplified by Nikko.

THE GENROKU CAR-NIVAL.

THE end of the seventeenth century marks the first open consciousness of the threatened duality, and the rise of popular thought and art. Seeds of revolt were ripe in both court and street. The scholars fraternized with the people. In the great fairs of the period, Genroku, jugglers and mountebanks dressed in semi-European costume stirred merriment. A riot of oddity in fashion arose even among the knights. Extraordinary attitudes, strange, conspicuous designs on garments, and the wearing of swords upon the wrong side, were affected. These childish pleas for individuality accompanied a bizarre and showy life of license. Never was dissipation so easy, never ladies so fascinating. If the movement had been a little more serious it would have become rank demoralization.

ARISTOCRATIC ASCETICISM.

It was sufficient, however, to alarm the government. An order of strict repression was issued for the samurai camps. The painted and printed illustrations of city gaiety were excluded from the *yashikis*. No knight might enter the vulgar and demoralizing precincts of the theater. In the weakness of this open dualism we have something like that between the profligate court of Charles II and the Puritan populace of England, only with the social ranks reversed.

THE SCHOOL OF KORIN.

It was at this individualistic age that a new aristocratic school arose to compensate for the decay of the Kano. This was the splendid school of Korin, which based itself upon an expansion to larger scale of suggestions of natural impression found in the ancient Tosa Makimono. It turned especially toward the delineation of plant and flower forms. In such subjects its breadth of drawing and wealth of color are inim-



FIG. 10. GANKU'S DEER.

itable. Unlike Sesshu's line-rendering, it threw in its masses with solid impasto, running the wet, glowing colors and thick gold pigment into one another, like the glazes on faience.

This grand impressionistic school had also an eye to industrial design. Koyetau, one of its founders, began inlaying lacquer with disks of pearl and lead. Sotatsu, the other, was purely a painter. Korin inherited from both. His brother, Kenzan, adapted the school design to pottery. Sotatsu's painting here reproduced (Fig. 6) is from a screen owned by M. Bing of Paris.

THE UKIOYE.

BUT the most original, if not the best, of all Tokugawa schools, though confined to Yedo's popular artists, was that which monopolized book-illustration, color-printing, and theater advertising. As in its painting proper, it confined its attention to contemporary life. So minute was its observation that it mirrored the passing fashions of the years. In function it was like Tosa art in the third period, but with differences. The latter had been an aristocratic art, and still, like the Kano, burdened the Tokugawa courts with its later inertia. Ukiye was forced to create fresh aim and technic, and that solely out of popular subject, talent, and patronage.

COLOR-PRINTS.

ITS strength came from designing for printed illustration. Though its strange tints and brutal frankness have been condemned by scholars as vulgar, it solved, as never elsewhere has the world's art, the problem of a primary grammar of harmony in a few flat juxtaposed tones. Hence the wide influence of Japanese prints upon art education in the West to-day. Such color-prints were issued by the thousand, in single sheets, as a cheap substitute for painting.

FROM MORONOBU TO KIYONAGA.

THOUGH early in the sixteenth century a shadowy artist, Matahei, had revived the painting of popular subjects, the true origin of Ukiye lies with Moronobu's strong monochrome line-prints in the Genroku age. Kiyonobu and Okumura, later coloring simi-

lar designs by hand, found about 1740 that they could far more cheaply print the colors also from wooden blocks. It was the flatness of their two tints, green and rose, that led to their solidity of design. In 1765 Harunobu used from five to ten blocks in giving landscape and architectural background to the rich garments of his graceful groups. By 1785 Kiyonaga had reached the height of the art by substituting for evolution in variety of tints true atmospheric detachment, and an enhancement of the breadth of his simple flat masses. This, and his nobility of design, left him momentarily above the prevailing vulgarity of Ukiye.

HOKUSAI.

THE gradual decay from Kiyonaga is due to the intolerance of even esthetic ideals by a people who, now quite certain that they are to be allowed to care for nothing but novelty and pleasure, have taken the bit in their teeth, and have declared frankly for a carnival of riotous excess. Utamaro openly lives in Yoshiwara. Hokusai wonderfully mirrors for us the average thought and bad taste of the populace. A *fin-de-siècle* cleverness and extravagance vitiate their work. A little later the school ends with

Hiroshige, who designs printed landscape in colors so graded as to belie the principle of his predecessors' strength. Ukiye design also stamped itself upon many small decorated industries.

THE SHIJO SCHOOL.

A NARROWNESS of Ukiye lay in its Yedo boundaries. It was almost unknown in Kioto. The latter, and its neighbor Osaka, had, how-



FIG. 11. SOSEN'S MONKEYS ON CHERRY-TREE.

ever, an entirely distinct popular school of their own. That its artistic merit should be high is due to the long refinement of Kioto's industrial classes. Rich families of merchants transmitted the tradition of fine living along with their beautiful ancestral homes. They craved an art of their own, and early in the seventeenth century many experiments were made to naturalize some picturesque suggestions of modern Chinese style. At last Okio issued, about 1770, with his new, vivid power of drawing Japanese subjects. Unlike those of the Ukiyo, these drawings were of the landscape and the bird and flower life which gladdened Kioto's mountain suburbs. It was the esthetic originality and beauty of Okio's professed realism that founded a school. Its outcome was better than its theory, for it really involved the ideal of a civic pride in local natural scenery.

JAPANESE LANDSCAPE.

BEFORE Okio there had never been a distinctive school of Japanese landscape. Tosa scenery was confined to vague backgrounds. Ashikaga landscape had been drawn from Chinese motive. There yet remained many characteristic beauties of mountain and tree form for a new appreciation to render. These landscapes seem weak beside those of Kakei and Sesshu, yet they have their justification. They feel their way into the mold of new proportions. Here are light, sunny, green expanses of rice-field, bounded by pine-shaded red temples, and backed by a blue film of mountains. Especially are these things loved when sanctified by snow. (Fig. 9.)

ANIMAL-PAINTING.

ANIMAL life offered another untried field. Motonobu's fauna and flora were Chinese. No one had rendered the fine specific drawing of line, mass, and texture in lithe, furry bodies. Almost every Shijo artist is a fine

animal-painter. Okio excelled in swimming fish, Sosen in incredibly minute studies of monkeys; Ganku is the greatest delineator of tigers and deer. The finest known examples in the last two lines are here pictured (Figs. 10 and 11) from the collection in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

HOYEN.

BUT the last great master of the school is Hoyen, who died at Osaka in 1867. Like Okio, he was great in all subjects. His feminine delicacy of touch is unsurpassed. How like the modern French is his rough sketch of a farm hut characteristic of the wide Osaka plains! His, too, is the greatest rendering of a wild-plum branch since the days of Tanyu.

SUMMARY.

IN recapitulating the movements of these five periods of Japanese art, from 600 to 1870, it should be remembered that the first step toward a true knowledge of such a complex whole is a rationally chronological ground of division between the broadest and most general qualities of their several esthetic styles. This I have tried to furnish. To repeat: in the first period, Corean-derived religious sculpture had stood at Nara for patriarchalism and faith; in the second, Chinese-



HOYEN'S WILD-PLUM BRANCH.

derived religious painting had stood at Kioto for oligarchy and power; in the third, Japanese historical painting had stood at Kamakura and Kioto for war and individuality; in the fourth, Chinese-derived landscape-painting had stood at Kioto for the idealization of nature; and in the fifth, Japanese realistic and genre painting had stood at Kioto and Yedo for the education into national self-consciousness of the common people. Should a sixth period fortunately supervene, may we not trust it to stand for a demonstration of the value of Asiatic ideals as a factor in the whole world's coming type of civilization?

THE CONFEDERATE TORPEDO SERVICE.

BY R. O. CROWLEY,

Formerly Electrician of the Torpedo Division, C. S. N.

ORGANIZATION AND FIRST EXPERIMENTS.



At the outbreak of the war, one of the most pressing needs of the Confederacy was some effective method of defending its water approaches, especially the James River, leading direct to Richmond, its capital city. The South had no ships of war, and the few old-fashioned brick-and-mortar forts located here and there were mostly armed with smooth-bore iron cannon, relics of a past age, and rusty from neglect.

To look back now, it seems wonderful how very defenseless we were at the start, and how apparently easy it would have been for a single second-class war vessel to have steamed up to Richmond in the early days of the conflict. For the defense of the rivers men's minds turned toward torpedoes, which were then but little known in the military world. Scores of plans were submitted to the War and Navy departments, some advocating mechanical torpedoes,—that is, those which exploded by contact or by timed mechanism,—others strenuously urging electrical torpedoes. Those generally intended for use on land naturally fell into the hands of the War Department, while electrical torpedoes for use under water came within the province of the Navy Department. It is of the latter class that this article treats.

The idea of using torpedoes on the Confederate side originated, I believe, with the Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; and he directed the distinguished Captain M. F. Maury to make experiments, with a view to their general employment, if practicable. His work began in the spring of 1862, and continued for a few months only with electrical torpedoes. He had arrived at no definite conclusion from his experiments when he was despatched on an important mission to Europe, where he continued to make experiments in electricity applicable to torpedo warfare, discovering an ingenious method of arranging and testing torpedo mines. The fact that there was no practical

result from his experiments in the South was due simply to the want of time to organize his forces and collect material.

At that time the Federal government had no system of torpedoes; indeed, they did not consider it "honorable warfare." They had no necessity for submarine defenses, because early in the war we had no ships to attack them. Frequent reports reached us that they intended to hang or shoot any man they should capture who was engaged in the torpedo business. It was, therefore, a very risky business on our part, as we were constantly exposed to capture. As some slight security against being summarily executed by the Federals, in the event of my being captured, I was furnished with a document from our Navy Department, which read as follows, as near as I can remember:

The bearer, R. O. Crowley, is in the service of the Confederate States Navy as electrician; and in case of his capture by the United States forces, he will be exchanged for any general officer of their army who may be in our hands.

(Signed) S. R. MALLORY,

Approved. Secty. of the Navy.
(Signed) JEFF'N DAVIS, Presdnt.

This document I always carried on my person, although I had no great confidence in its efficacy.

The experiments made under the supervision of Captain Maury consisted of placing a series of hollow spherical shells of iron, containing about fifty pounds of powder, and extending across the bottom of the river, and connecting them electrically by insulated copper wires leading to galvanic batteries on shore. Inside these shells fuses were placed, which were to be ignited by the passage of an electric current through a fine platinum wire.

It was confidently expected that the simultaneous explosion of these shells under a passing vessel would instantaneously destroy the vessel and all on board. Experiments soon demonstrated, however, that fifty pounds of powder in from ten to fifteen feet of water would scarcely do any harm; and very soon the whole plant was entirely disarranged,

the wires broken, and the shells lost, by a heavy freshet in the river.

Captain Maury was succeeded by Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, and it was at this time that the writer was appointed electrician of the Torpedo Division. Our headquarters were on board a small but swift steam-tug called the *Torpedo*, and two Parrott rifles were put aboard of her for emergencies. In the cabin of this little steamer we studied, planned, and experimented for months with various fuses, galvanic batteries, etc., and finally we determined on a system.

Our first object was to prepare a sensitive fuse of fulminate of mercury, to be exploded by the incandescence of fine platinum wire by means of a quantity current of electricity. We succeeded in this, and our fuses were made by taking a piece of quill, half an inch long, and filling it with fulminate of mercury. Each end of the quill was sealed with beeswax, after fixing a fine platinum wire through the center of the quill and connecting the protruding ends of the platinum wire with insulated copper wire. Enveloping the fuse was a red-flannel cartridge-bag stuffed with rifle-powder. The fuse, thus prepared, was ready to be placed in a torpedo-tank containing cannon-powder.

I have been thus particular in describing the fuse because on it depends entirely the certainty of explosion. Our torpedo-tanks were made of half-inch boiler iron. There was an opening to pour in the powder and to receive the fuse. The opening was then fitted with a screw-plug, in which there were two holes for the passage of the wires, and packed with greased cotton waste to prevent leakage of water to the inside. There was a heavy ring by which the tank was slung into position, and through this ring was passed a heavy iron chain attached to a mushroom anchor about twenty feet distant. These tanks were generally manufactured at the Tredegar Ironworks, and subjected to a heavy hydraulic pressure to show any leaks or defects.

Before we decided on the shape of the tank we prepared some ordinary copper soda-water tanks, capable of holding about one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, and anchored them floating midway between the bottom of the river and the surface of the water. It was soon found, however, that, owing to their oscillating rotary motion, the electric wires became twisted and the electrical connection was broken. We also found that such floating tanks spent half their explosive force *downward*, and that

copper was too soft to allow a fierce tearing power to the confined gases.

We experimented a long time with tanks of various sizes, and at various depths of water, and finally decided that a tank containing two thousand pounds of cannon-powder was sure to destroy utterly a ship of any size at a depth of not more than thirty feet.

To give some idea of the many difficulties we encountered, I will mention, first, the scarcity of cannon-powder; secondly, we had only about four miles of insulated copper wire in the entire Confederacy; thirdly, we could obtain only about four or five feet of fine-gage platinum wire. Battery material was very scarce, and acids could be purchased only from the small quantity remaining in the hands of druggists when the war broke out.

In the autumn of 1862 we planted three of these copper torpedoes, each containing one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, in the Rappahannock River, below Port Royal, the intention being to destroy any Federal gunboat passing up. Our plans, however, were disclosed to the enemy by a negro, and no attempt was made to steam over the torpedoes. In December of that year, when Burnside was about to attack at Fredericksburg, it was deemed prudent to abandon our station near Port Royal, to avoid being cut off if the Federal army should succeed in making Lee retreat.

To this end, I was instructed to proceed without delay to Port Royal, to save all the wire possible, and bring off our galvanic batteries and other material. This was a hazardous undertaking, as our station was outside the Confederate lines, and the enemy was in strong force on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock. In pursuance of orders, I arrived at the station about sunset one evening, and after making due preparations for the transportation of our men and material, the galvanic battery was charged and the circuit closed, and a tremendous explosion took place, throwing up large columns of water, and arousing the inhabitants for miles around. We then began to retreat, and did not get inside our lines until near day-break the next morning, being much delayed by the muddy roads.¹ Such was the con-

¹ On arriving at Milford depot, on the Fredericksburg Railroad, next day, I found immense numbers of sick and wounded soldiers retreating from Fredericksburg toward Richmond.

I boarded the ambulance-train myself, in company with a lieutenant of engineers belonging to General Lee's staff, on his way to the War Department at Richmond,

sternation of the few inhabitants of Port Royal at hearing the explosion, that the town was immediately deserted, and I understood that about forty persons slept that night in a small log hut on a hill about two miles distant.

OPERATIONS ON THE JAMES RIVER.

HAVING our system now perfected, we established a torpedo station, some five or six miles below Richmond, by submerging two iron tanks, containing one thousand pounds of powder each, in twelve feet of water, leading the wires ashore, and connecting them with a galvanic battery concealed in a small hut in a deep ravine. From the battery-house the wires were led to an elevated position near by, where the man in charge could keep a lookout for passing vessels. The position of the torpedoes in the water was indicated by two sticks, planted about ten feet apart on the bluff, and in a line with each other and the torpedoes; and the watchman's instructions were to explode them by contacting the wires as soon as an enemy's vessel should be on a line with the two pointers. All this being prepared, we awaited the approach of a Federal gunboat. As was usually the case, one came when least expected, on a beautiful clear day, when our entire force except the man stationed as lookout was absent in Richmond, preparing other war material.

We were apprised by telegraph of the rapid approach of the gunboat, and immediately hastened toward our first station; but we arrived too late. The man in charge had not seen the United States flag for a long period, and never having previously seen a gunboat so near, lost his presence of mind, and fired one of the 1000-pound powder-tanks when the gunboat was at least twenty to thirty yards distant. A great explosion took place, throwing up a large column of water to a considerable height; and the gunboat by her momentum plunged into the great trough, and caught the downward rush

with plans of General Lee's intended route in the event of his being forced from Fredericksburg. When our train arrived at Ashland, we found the village in possession of Colonel Kilpatrick, of the Federal cavalry, who immediately summoned everybody to surrender and get off the train, which was then demolished and the engine run off the track. Here was a predicament, and I thought that the time had perhaps arrived when it would become necessary for me to show my document signed by Secretary Mallory. But, upon reflection, I concluded to keep as quiet as possible; so I went up to Colonel Kilpatrick, and said: "Colonel, what shall you do with citizens?" "Nothing," said he; "you may stand

of a wave on her forward deck. The guards were broken away, half a dozen men were thrown overboard, and other damage to the gunboat was caused. The steamer then turned about as quickly as she could, and prepared to retrace her route down the river, after picking up the men who had been washed overboard. There was a brilliant opportunity to accomplish her total destruction by firing the remaining torpedo as she passed back over it. But alas! the man had been so astounded at the first explosion that he had fled precipitately, without waiting to see what damage had been done, and the gunboat was thus enabled to return down the river in safety.

The partial success of this attempt at exploding torpedoes by electricity immediately established the reputation of the Torpedo Division, and created great excitement all over the South, it being an undisputed fact that but for this explosion a Federal gunboat would have been moored at the wharf at Richmond that morning, and would have captured the city.

A description of the defenses of the James River would be incomplete that did not include the barricade at Drewry's Bluff. The river here is very narrow and deep. The right bank is a high, precipitous bluff, and the left low, flat land, so that the fort on the bluff commanded a wide sweep of country. The barricade was formed by driving piles, and then making square cribs of them, with the interior filled with broken granite, of which there were large quantities at Richmond. These cribs were stretched across the river in an irregular line, and were exposed a little at low tide. Between the cribs several steamboats and schooners were scuttled and sunk. No direct passage was left open, even for our own vessels, except a very labyrinthine route on the left bank, just large enough for small tugboats.

When the time came for our own iron-clads to pass down the river, the Torpedo Division was sent to break up some of the cribs by exploding torpedoes on the top

aside." "All right," I replied, and immediately vanished in the background.

If he had only known what a nice capture he would have made of my friend the lieutenant, and also the aide-de-camp of the Governor of Virginia, who happened to be on the train with a large amount of money belonging to the State, which he was taking to Richmond! The next day I started for Richmond on foot, the railroad bridges and tracks having been destroyed by the Federals. We found their cavalry all along the route, even up to the very fortifications, which they could easily have entered, with scarcely any resistance.

of them. In this manner a passage sufficiently wide was effected without damage to the remaining cribs. The barricade was left in such a shape that it could thereafter be quickly reconstructed so as to close the passage entirely.

Blowing up these cribs was great fun for our party, besides affording us practice in experiments. Numbers of fine fish were stunned by each explosion, and, floating to the surface, were speedily captured by us. There were no other barricades in the James River of any magnitude during the war. There was a slight one of stone cribs and sunken vessels at Howlett's Reach, but it was not considered effective. In fact, the main reliance on the barricades was that they would prevent a surprise movement by the enemy at night; and it was not believed that the one at Drewry's Bluff would do more than hold a determined enemy at bay for a few hours, while the shore batteries on the bluff could be pouring plunging shot on the decks of attacking vessels.

Immediate steps were now taken to establish other torpedo stations at several points lower down the river, using in every instance 2000-pound torpedoes. At our lowest telegraph station, which was located on General Pickett's Turkey Island plantation, opposite Presque Isle, we erected a lookout tower, about one hundred feet high, from which the Federal gunboats at City Point could be seen distinctly. At Presque Isle we stationed a scout whose duty it was to signal the man in the tower when anything suspicious occurred. Presque Isle is only a short distance from Bermuda Hundred, which is near City Point. The lowest torpedo station was at a place called Deep Bottom, about five miles above City Point by land, but more by water. As there were a good many free negroes in the vicinity of Deep Bottom, we had to do our work with great secrecy, generally planting the torpedoes at night, in a position previously surveyed by day. At Deep Bottom we located the galvanic battery on the right bank of the river, in a pit about four or five feet deep, the top covered over with twigs and brush, and in another pit, some distance off, a place was prepared for the lookout; this pit was also concealed by twigs and brush.

We were duly advised of the advance of General Butler's army from Bermuda Hundred toward Drewry's Bluff, the entire Federal fleet also advancing up the river, covering his right wing. The Federals had been told by the negroes that there were

torpedoes at Deep Bottom, and used great caution in advancing. As soon as the fleet rounded the point below Presque Isle, the Federals began shelling our tower, and it was soon demolished; but no one was hurt, as our men took away the telegraph instruments, and rapidly retreated up the river road. A force of marines was landed on both sides of the river, in order to discover the whereabouts of our batteries. A squadron of boats, heavily armed, went in advance of the fleet, dragging the river for wires and torpedoes. Their grapnels, however, passed over and over our wires, without producing any damage, our lookout, from his concealed station in the pit, noting all the movements of the men in the boats, and hearing every word of command. After a while the Federal commander, apparently satisfied that there were no torpedoes there, ordered the *Commodore Jones*, a double-ender gunboat carrying eight guns and manned by a force of two hundred men, to move up to Deep Bottom, make a landing, and report. This was done, the gunboat passing over our torpedoes; but our man in the pit kept cool, and did not explode them, because, as he afterward said, he wanted to destroy the ironclad *Atlanta*, recently captured by the Federals from us near Savannah, Georgia.

The *Commodore Jones* steamed up to the wharf at Deep Bottom, and found our quarters deserted. This looked suspicious, and the order was then given for her to fall back. Our man now concluded that the entire fleet would retire, and he determined to destroy the *Commodore Jones*. As she retreated she passed immediately over one of the two torpedoes planted there. All at once a terrific explosion shattered her into fragments, some of the pieces going a hundred feet in the air. Men were thrown overboard and drowned, about forty being instantly killed. The whole Federal fleet then retreated some distance below.

The Federal marines on shore continued their explorations, and our man in the battery-pit suddenly jumped out, and was as suddenly killed by a shot from the marines. The small boats again began dragging for our wires, and finally caught them, and by underrunning them to the shore at length discovered the man in the lookout pit, who was immediately taken prisoner and carried on board one of the vessels composing the fleet. He was subsequently imprisoned at Fort Warren, but about a year afterward was exchanged. Both he and his assistant, when taken aboard the fleet, were securely

placed in a conspicuous position on the wheel-house of a double-ender gunboat,—the foremost vessel,—in order, as they were told, that if any further explosion took place they should share the consequences.

Thus was accomplished at one blow, and almost as quick as lightning, the complete destruction of a war steamer by submarine torpedoes. So far as I know, it was the first instance of the kind in the annals of war. Its effect astonished the world, and its immediate result was the safety of Richmond from a second peril. General Butler, finding his army completely uncovered on the right wing, was unable to accomplish anything by land, and retired to Bermuda Hundred.

Shortly afterward the land forces again advanced, and compelled us to abandon all our torpedo stations below Dutch Gap.

While we were busily engaged in perfecting our system of submarine defenses, making it necessary that we should have unobstructed navigation of the river, some mechanical torpedoes were planted, under the direction of army officers. As these were entirely unreliable as to certainty of explosion or contact, and were as dangerous to us as to the enemy, our chief, upon being advised of it, demanded their removal. The Secretary of War gave a reluctant assent to his demand that we should drag them up and put them out of harm's way. There was not much accord between the army and the navy in those days, however; and we were not fully advised in the premises, as will be shown herein. The steamer *A. H. Schultz*, formerly used as a passenger-steamer between Richmond and Norfolk, and commanded by Captain D. J. Hill, was at the outbreak of the war laid up as useless at the wharf in Richmond. Later she was taken possession of by the Confederate government for the purpose of transporting prisoners to and from Varina, on the James, the point of exchange. One day she started down the river, having on board four hundred and fifty Federal prisoners. She passed the barricades at Drewry's Bluff safely, and landed her prisoners at Varina, where they were duly turned over to the Federal authorities, and it was expected that she would then bring back to Richmond a like number of exchanged Confederates; but owing to some misunderstanding on the part of the commissioners of exchange, no Confederates were brought up by the Federals to Varina, so she was obliged to start on her return to Richmond. When she reached a point just below the

barricades at the bluff, she came in contact with one of these mechanical torpedoes, placed there by army officers, and an explosion followed, killing two firemen and two Confederate soldiers. The steamer sank in five minutes, and was a total loss. On the downward trip the torpedo probably swung down-stream with the strong current, and for this reason the steamer did not come in contact with the percussion fuse; but on her return the torpedo, still swinging with the current, offered a fair mark for the steamer's hull coming up. It was a most fortunate thing for the South that the *Schultz* did not strike the torpedo on her downward trip, as the Federals, most of whom were just from the hospitals, and in a weak and sickly condition, would probably all have been drowned, and universal condemnation would have fallen upon the destruction of four hundred and fifty prisoners under a flag of truce.

OPERATIONS NEAR WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

NOTHING more of consequence took place on the James River, and we were transferred to Wilmington, North Carolina, to defend Forts Fisher and Caswell, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, from any attempt of the Federal fleet to pass the forts. Here we were confronted with a new difficulty—that of laying torpedoes in the sea, in a wide channel; and our resources in the matter of copper wire and battery material were getting very scarce. We had plenty of cannon-powder only. The channel in front of Fort Fisher was about half a mile wide; but just at the bar, over which it was necessary for a vessel to pass to enter the channel, there was scarcely room for more than one or two ships to pass at a time.

We first planted in the regular channel near the bar seven torpedo-tanks, each containing two thousand pounds of powder. It was thought that at least one of these would be covered by a vessel in passing; and we knew from experience that if one vessel was destroyed by the explosion of a torpedo, no other vessel would dare to renew the attempt.

Of the electric wires, one from each torpedo connected it with a wire leading to one end of the battery, which was located in a bomb-proof comprising a part of the fortifications; another wire led from each torpedo to the opposite end of the battery, and hung disconnected until desired to be exploded. All these wires were intrenched in the sand

from the shore-line to the battery. These latter wires were numbered from 1 to 7, and sights were placed showing when a ship covered any particular torpedo.

About this time we received a supply of wire, acids, battery, and electrical appliances through the blockade from Europe, and we intended to plant a torpedo right on the bar, the entrance there being very narrow. Everything was prepared for it; but the appearance of the Federal fleet put an end to the attempt, so we had to rest contented with the seven already planted.

Among the apparatus received from Europe was a lot of Wheatstone exploders and Abels fuses. With these we hastily prepared several copper tanks of a capacity of one hundred pounds of powder, and planted them about three feet deep in the sand on the land side of the fort, about three hundred yards in front, and led the wires in trenches to the traverses of the fort. This was done in expectation of an assault by the Federal land forces. The Federal fleet, however, proceeded to bombard that angle of the fort, and one by one our guns on that side were demolished. At the same time it was discovered that the heavy shells, plowing up the ground in front, had utterly destroyed all our wires, so that the plan of exploding the 100-pound tanks on shore failed entirely.

The result of the bombardment of Fort Fisher is well known. No attempt was made to pass our batteries until the fort was in the hands of the Federals.

As in former instances, our plans were betrayed. One or two nights before the attack, the writer was up at a very late hour, talking to his assistant about our preparations, plans, etc., in a room of a building occupied in part by the midshipmen and officers of the naval squadron doing land duty in Fort Buchanan, which commanded that part of the channel nearest the Cape Fear River. Our conversation was fully overheard by one of the ordinary seamen in the next room, who deserted in a boat that night, and went to the Federal fleet. But for the intelligence conveyed by this deserter, it is believed that the Federals would have made an attempt to pass our land batteries.

Above Fort Fisher, toward Wilmington, we had planted two submarine batteries of one thousand pounds of powder each, connected by electric wires with a Wheatstone exploder located in an old earthwork on the bank of the river. During a heavy thunderstorm the wires were struck by lightning, and both tanks exploded simultaneously,

damaging nothing, but frightening the fleet, and causing great watchfulness in their slow advance toward Wilmington. The Cape Fear River could be entered by two channels, one leading up to Fort Caswell, and thence via Fort Campbell into the river, and the other leading up to Fort Fisher and via Fort Buchanan into the river.

The first-named route, via Fort Caswell, or the "old inlet," as it was called, was entirely undefended by submarine torpedoes, and probably would have been easy to turn with a small ironclad, as the two forts there were old brick-and-mortar constructions armed with old-fashioned smooth-bore guns; but the channel-way was comparatively shallow and tortuous. The other route, via Fort Fisher, was more commonly used by the blockade-runners, as there was no impediment to navigation except the bar in front of the fort.

I have previously noted the great scarcity of materials. To get up a battery without glass tumblers to hold the acid, and without platinum strips to immerse in the nitric acid, was a great difficulty. There was no glass manufactory in the South. Platinum strips could not be obtained. The only platinum suitable for that purpose was being used in the batteries in the telegraph offices. I finally arranged a battery as follows: with the zinc plates formerly used in the Wollaston battery in our early experiments, I had a number of zinc cells cast in the shape of an ordinary glass tumbler, having a projecting arm for a handle as well as to connect it with the next adjoining cell in the series. The inside of these zinc tumblers was amalgamated with mercury, and a solution of sulphuric acid, composed of one part of acid and thirteen parts of water, was poured into each tumbler or cell. In this solution was placed a cylindrical porous cup, open at the top, and filled with nitric acid. In the nitric acid was immersed a piece of cast-iron having four projecting leaves and a projecting handle connected with a corresponding handle of the adjoining zinc cell by an ordinary brass clamp. It would appear, at a casual glance, that the nitric acid would almost instantly consume this cast-iron strip; but it did not, and we found that it would remain several hours without perceptible change, and then the nitric acid would become changed into probably a nitrous oxide gas, and effervesce suddenly. It was necessary, then, only to refill the porous cup with fresh, pure nitric acid. The composition of this battery had been suggested to the

writer's mind from having seen, several years previously, a similar battery used by a Dr. Boynton, a public lecturer, to produce electrical phenomena.

This battery, as will be observed from its construction, would stand a great deal of rough usage. Its electrical heating-power was great, but its electromotive force was not sufficient to produce heat at a greater distance than two miles of a metallic circuit.

The operations of the Torpedo Division proper were confined principally to the James and the Cape Fear rivers. Our force was small, though sufficiently elastic to have extended to other points if we had had the necessary materials. It comprised the officer in charge, the electrician and his assistant, two men at each station, two or three telegraph operators, one or two scouts, and the crew of a tugboat, commanded by an executive officer—in all, about fifty men. Of the men at the stations, one was usually either a boatswain or a master in the navy, and the other a young man as a relief, generally a man who was incapacitated from doing active duty as a soldier in the field.

Submarine torpedoes containing powder could not be effectively used in the Mississippi River, principally on account of its great depth, varying from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, the immense volume of water to be lifted offering too much resistance.

It would not do to calculate the weight of a perpendicular column of water, with a diameter of say three or four feet, in this connection, because powder, exploding equally in all directions, has a tendency to lift a column conically shaped—that is to say, with a lower diameter of about four or five feet and a diameter at the surface of from twenty to thirty feet. To lift a column sufficiently strong in its upward ascent to crush the hull of a passing vessel in water one hundred feet deep would require such an immense quantity of powder as to make it virtually impossible to handle it.

Again, the bed of the Mississippi River is continually varying by the unceasing deposit of accumulations of soil caused by the caving in of its precipitous bluffs, so that a torpedo, when planted in some localities, would in a few months be covered by an immense sand-bar, and thus the effect of an explosion would be deadened. Submerged floating torpedoes, anchored in the channel of a swift current like the Mississippi, could not be depended on to maintain their position very long, and, as has already been ex-

plained, would soon part the electric wires by their continual oscillating rotary motion.

These objections—that is, the depth of the water and the difficulty of handling a large quantity of powder—do not, of course, apply in their entirety to guncotton torpedoes, which, being several times stronger than powder, and occupying much less space, could be used in many places to much more advantage. Guncotton is also much safer to manipulate than powder. One does not absolutely know when powder will explode accidentally, but guncotton cannot possibly explode, if kept moist with water to a certain degree, except by means of a detonating fuse of fulminate or other quick-flame material. But I am wandering from the subject. Guncotton was not practically known as an explosive during the war.

It is only the breaking or crushing of the hull of a vessel by the upheaving force of a column of water which makes torpedoes so destructive. It is not the flames of powder, or its suffocating or burning gases, which produce the awful death, in many instances, of all on board, but the instantaneous disruption of the hull, driven inward by the weight of the water, crushing everybody between decks, and instantaneously sinking the craft, and drowning those who are carried down by the rapid sinking of the wreck. An ironclad is more quickly and easily destroyed than any other class of vessel, for the reason that such an immense weight of metal armor carries down to the bottom everybody between decks the instant the hull is shattered by a torpedo, the heavy weight of the iron armor above causing the hull to oppose a more inert resistance to the upheaval of the water underneath. I believe several instances occurred in Southern rivers, during the war, where wooden vessels, coming in contact with *mechanical* torpedoes containing only a small quantity of powder, were simply lifted out of the water at the bows, without serious injury to the hull.

A review of the facts and experience here stated shows that a system of submarine defenses, to be effectual, should be protected by a small fortification and a land force sufficient to repel any attack by infantry for the purpose of breaking up the electric batteries and destroying the wires on shore, and, in addition to these, by a powerful electric-light reflector to light up the position at night; and the defenses should have one or two small steam-launches with a Gatling gun on board, and apparatus for striking the enemy's vessels with a spar torpedo while engaged in

an attempt to drag for the wires under the water. Since the late war science has developed many improvements in this direction, but none that will prevent the passage of a land fortification by a swift iron-clad man-of-war except submarine torpedoes.

OFFENSIVE TORPEDO WARFARE.

So far we had been acting on the defensive, and the torpedoes described might be called defensive torpedoes. It was now determined to apply offensive torpedoes; if the enemy would not come to us to be blown up, we would go to them.

The first thing to be done was to prepare a fuse which was not dangerous to handle, and which would explode quickly on contact with any substance.

To this end we made some sheet-lead tubes, the rounded end being of much thinner lead than the other part.

These tubes were about three inches long and one inch in diameter. Into this tube was inserted a small glass tube, of similar shape, filled with sulphuric acid, and hermetically sealed. The vacant space about the glass tube was then tightly packed with a mixture of chlorate of potash and pulverized white sugar, and the mouth of the lead tube was closed by fastening a strip of muslin over it.

Now, if the rounded end of the leaden tube is brought into contact with any hard substance, the thin lead will be mashed, the interior glass tube broken, and the sulphuric acid becoming mixed with the preparation of chlorate of potash and sugar, an immediate explosion is the result. We then prepared a copper cylinder capable of containing about fifty pounds of powder, and placed several of the leaden fuses in the head, so that no matter at what angle the butt struck the hull of a ship, one of the fuses would be smashed in, and flame from the potash and sugar ignite the powder. At the bottom of the copper cylinder there was a socket made to fit on the end of a spar.

We discussed the matter of exploding spar torpedoes by electricity, but the difficulty of arranging a contrivance to close the electric circuit when the torpedo came in contact with the hull of a ship, and want of conveniences for stowing a galvanic battery in the launch, induced us to adopt the fuses above mentioned instead.

This was a formidable weapon, and one extremely dangerous to handle. We first experimented with an empty cylinder fitted with leaden fuses. The copper cylinder was

fastened to a spar attached to the bow of a small steam-launch. Thus prepared, we "rammed" an old bulkhead, or wharf, at Rocketts, in the lower part of Richmond, at first unsuccessfully. We then tried it loaded with twenty-five pounds of powder, and, lowering the spar torpedo about two feet under water, again rammed the bulkhead. The effect of the explosion shattered the old wharf and threw up a column of water, completely drenching the occupants of the launch.

Our steam-launch, or "torpedo launch," as it was called, was prepared for an expedition against the enemy's fleet snugly anchored off Newport News. Just at this time a new difficulty presented itself. The launch burned bituminous coal, the smoke from which could be discerned at a long distance, and the sparks from which at night would disclose its presence to an enemy. Some one suggested that we might obtain anthracite coal by dredging at the wharves and in the docks at Richmond. This was accordingly done, and we obtained a supply of the anthracite, for which an almost fabulous sum was paid.

Our launch was about twenty feet long, about five feet beam, and drew three feet of water. She was fitted with a small double engine amidships, and there was sufficient space in her bow for three men, and aft for an engineer, who also acted as fireman. An iron shield was then fixed on her, completely covering the men from plunging rifle-shots.

Thus equipped, and all being ready, we towed the launch down the James River, on a dark night, to a point about ten or fifteen miles below City Point, and then let her go on her dangerous mission.

There were only four persons on board of her, namely, the commanding officer, a mate, a pilot, and an engineer.

From reports afterward made, we learned that she steamed down toward Newport News until the approach of daylight, and then hid in a swamp until the next night, when the attempt was made to blow up the U. S. S. *Minnesota*, then the flag-ship of the Federal fleet, and the largest war vessel in the Union service. The launch steamed all through the fleet that night, being frequently challenged by the deck lookouts. Finally the *Minnesota* was seen looming up grimly in the darkness, and, letting down the spar torpedo in the water, the launch rammed the ship just below the water-line on her starboard quarter.

The effect was terrific, the shock causing

the *Minnesota* to tremble from stem to stern. Several of her guns were dismounted and a big hole was opened in her side by the explosion of the 50-pound torpedo.

Owing to the strong tide prevailing at the time, and the violence of the ramming, the launch perceptibly rebounded, so that at the instant of the explosion, which was not simultaneous with the blow, a cushion of water intervened between the torpedo and the hull of the *Minnesota*, thus weakening the effect and probably saving the ship. She was so thoroughly disabled, however, as we afterward understood, that she had to be towed off, and underwent repairs in the docks. Our men were greeted with showers of bullets from the deck of the ship, but they struck harmlessly against the iron shield of the launch, which quickly steamed away under cover of darkness, and escaped.

This, I believe, was the first instance of successful ramming with torpedoes and the subsequent escape of the attacking crew, most other cases happening subsequently resulting in the death or capture of the attacking party. The effect of this daring attack exercised a great influence on the Federal fleets everywhere. It was necessary to double the watches and exercise untiring vigilance against any further attempts.

During the last year of the war arrangements had been perfected to secure a large quantity of insulated wire, cables, acids, batteries, and telegraph apparatus, etc., from England, an officer having been sent there for that purpose. Every material requisite for the extension of our torpedo system throughout the entire South was obtained, and a small advance shipment did actually reach us through the blockade at Wilmington. The remainder was put on board a swift steamer, with the intention of running the blockade and returning with a full cargo of cotton; but from stress of weather, or other causes, the steamer put into the port of Fayal, and, as I understood, was wrecked in that port, either from the stupidity of the pilot or from treachery. The entire cargo was lost, and it was impossible to duplicate our material before the war ended.

TORPEDO OPERATIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

PERHAPS there is no harbor on the Atlantic coast so well adapted for defense by submarine batteries as that of Charleston. All the requisite accessories for a successful defense by this method exist in a remarkably

favorable condition. The main ship-channel passes toward the city, between Morris Island on the one side, and Sullivan's Island on the other, with Fort Sumter between the two islands. Each of these points offers sure protection to galvanic batteries, and each is capable of being made the central point of independent systems. The submerged battery wires radiating from each position could not be destroyed by dragging in the daytime without coming under fire of the land batteries, and with the aid of calcium lights thrown on the position at night, any attempt at dragging would be extremely hazardous. Besides these natural advantages, the depth of water is not too great for effective explosions.

As previously stated in this paper, we were without the necessary material to extend our system to Charleston harbor; besides, the exigencies of the situation at Richmond and Wilmington were too pressing to permit us to think of Charleston. However, some attempts were made by the local military authorities to lay torpedoes in the harbor, and a large one was planted in the main channel, the wires being led into Fort Sumter.

On April 7, 1863, the Federal fleet commanded by Admiral Du Pont moved up the channel northward toward Sullivan's Island, the frigate *Ironsides* in advance, followed by the ironclad *Keokuk* and the wooden vessels. At a distance of about one thousand yards these powerful war-ships opened fire on Fort Sumter with terrific effect, and received, in return, a heavy fire from all the adjacent forts. The *Ironsides* passed over and over the torpedo before mentioned, and everybody awaited with intense anxiety the moment when it was expected she would be blown to pieces by its explosion. It failed to "go off," however. Several reasons were assigned for the failure, but probably the true reason was wet powder and want of system in properly testing the wires and the torpedo-tank.

The Federals believed that the harbor was thickly studded with explosives; and although this belief exercised a very considerable moral effect, it did not prevent them from advancing bravely to attack powerful forts, not knowing at what moment their ships might be destroyed.

THE "CIGAR-BOAT."

IN the "Southern History Society Papers," Colonel Olmstead gives the following account

of an interesting episode in the service which did not come under my eye:

During the summer of 1863 there was brought to Charleston, South Carolina, by rail from Mobile, Alabama, a peculiarly shaped boat known as the "cigar-boat." Its history is linked with deeds of the loftiest heroism. This boat was one day made fast to the wharf at Fort Johnson, opposite Fort Sumter, preparatory to an expedition against the Federal fleet. It was built of boiler-iron, about thirty feet in length, with a breadth of beam of four feet, and a vertical depth of six feet. Access to the interior was had by two man-holes in the upper part, covered by hinged caps into which were let bull's-eyes of heavy glass, and through these the steersman looked in guiding the motions of the craft. The boat floated with these caps raised only a foot or so above the level of the water. The motive power was a propeller worked by the hands of the crew, cranks being provided in the shaft for that purpose. Upon each side of the exterior were horizontal vanes, or wings, which could be adjusted to any required angle from the interior. When it was desired that the boat should go on an even keel, whether on the surface or under the water, these vanes were kept level. If it was desired to go under the water,—say, for instance, at an angle of ten degrees,—the vanes were fixed at that angle, and the propeller worked. The resistance of the water against the inclined vanes would then carry the boat under. A reversal of this method would bring it to the surface again. A tube of mercury was arranged to mark the descent. It had been the design of the inventor to approach near to an enemy, then to submerge the boat and pass under the ship to be attacked, towing a floating torpedo to be exploded by means of electricity as soon as it touched the keel.

Insufficient depth of water in the harbor prevented this manner of using the boat, however; and she was then rigged with a long spar at the bow, to which a torpedo was attached, to be exploded by actual concussion with the object to be destroyed.

While the "cigar-boat" was at the wharf at Fort Johnson, with some of her crew on board, she was suddenly sunk by the waves from a passing steamer. Days elapsed before she could be raised. The dead bodies of the drowned crew inside were removed, and a second crew volunteered. They made repeated and successful experiments in the harbor, but finally they too went down, and, from some unknown cause, failed to come up. Once more a long time passed before the boat was raised, and then the remains of the devoted crew were taken from her; nevertheless, still another set of men came forward and volunteered for the perilous duty.

Finally the expedition started; but it never returned. That night the Federal sloop-of-war *Housatonic* was reported as having been sunk by a torpedo in the lower harbor; but of the gallant men who had thus accomplished what they aimed

to do, at the risk of their own lives, nothing definite was ever known until after the war, when divers, in endeavoring to raise the wreck of the *Housatonic*, discovered the "cigar-boat," with the bleached bones of her crew, lying near the wreck of the noble ship she had destroyed!

OPERATIONS AT SAVANNAH.

As in the case of Charleston, the torpedo operations at Savannah were without system, and were left entirely to the discretion of the local military authorities.

On March 3, 1863, three ironclads and two mortar-boats advanced up the Ogeechee River to attack Fort McAllister, and bombarded it for a whole day, without any practical results.

During the action the ironclad *Montauk* came in contact with a mechanical torpedo, which exploded under her bow, but without serious injury.

OPERATIONS IN MOBILE BAY.

A GREAT many mechanical torpedoes were planted in Mobile Bay and in the ship-channel, but none were operated by electricity. There was no regular system employed. Some of the torpedoes were merely cans of tin containing a small quantity of powder, with a trigger attachment for exploding them. Others were made of sheet-iron, with a fuse which exploded by pressure, the fuse being protected by a cap of thin brass covered with a solution of beeswax. This latter plan was known as the Rains patent,—invented by Brigadier-General Rains,—and was used in various places, both on land and water. Others were made of oaken kegs and barrels, well painted, and arranged to explode by mechanical contact. These barrels were firmly attached to heavy spars anchored at one end, and kept at the proper angle by chains passing through the spars, thus keeping the barrel torpedoes floating about five feet from the surface.

In the early part of August, 1864, Admiral Farragut, commanding the Federal fleet off Mobile, secured the military coöperation of General Canby for attacking and investing the forts in the harbor. On the morning of the 5th of August the fleet, numbering fourteen steamers and four monitors, carrying in all about two hundred guns, and manned by twenty-eight hundred men, made its entrance into Mobile Bay. In the early light of the morning the attacking fleet moved steadily up the main ship-channel, whereupon Fort Morgan opened on them, and was replied to by a gun from the *Brooklyn*. A

moment later the Federal ironclad *Tecumseh* came in contact with a mechanical torpedo, an explosion followed, and she disappeared almost instantaneously beneath the waves, carrying with her her commander, T. A. M. Craven, and her entire crew, numbering nearly one hundred and twenty men, most of whom were drowned.¹

No other casualties resulted from torpedoes, and it was a mere chance that the *Tecumseh* was sunk. No doubt the superincumbent weight of her iron armor carried her to the bottom so quickly, and it is probable that not more than fifty pounds of powder did the mischief.

OPERATIONS ON THE YAZOO RIVER.

SHORTLY after the fall of Vicksburg the Federals advanced against Yazoo City, Mississippi, both by land and water. Anticipating such an event, a few rude mechanical torpedoes were planted in the Yazoo River, about three miles below the city. They were simply common acid carboys filled with powder and arranged to explode by contact with a trigger. On account of the frequent sudden rise and fall of the river, they required considerable attention to keep them in proper position. Here, again, as had frequently occurred at other points, the destructive force of a given amount of powder had been greatly exaggerated. A carboy would contain about twenty-five pounds of powder, and this quantity is insufficient to do more damage than knock a small hole in the hull of a vessel. On the occasion of the attack there was a sudden rise in the river, and some of the light-draft gunboats passed over the torpedoes safely; but the iron-clad steamer *De Kalb*, the flag-ship, mounting eight guns, and being of heavier draft, struck the trigger of one of the torpedoes, which exploded under her port bow, knocking a hole in her hull. The pilot, as soon as he felt the shock, ran her toward the shore, and she sank in twelve feet of water, close to the river-bank. No one was injured.

I have already stated that it was the common belief that summary execution would follow the capture of any person engaged in the torpedo service. Judge of my feelings, then, a few days after the capture of Richmond, to see a lieutenant

of cavalry, accompanied by two orderlies, present themselves at my residence, with orders from General Terry to conduct me to his headquarters in the Capitol building! The very fact that it had so early been ascertained that I was in that service seemed to indicate prompt measures on the part of the Federals to justify common rumor in their intention to make an example of me. However, I went to the Capitol. I was much surprised, however. After a short conversation, General Terry informed me that I must report to Admiral Porter on his flag-ship, then lying at the wharf in Richmond. I started immediately, escorted this time by the lieutenant only. On arriving at the wharf, I went aboard the flag-ship,—I think it was the *Malvern*,—and walking into the cabin, found myself in the presence of President Lincoln.

After I had introduced myself, and stated the occasion of my visit, Mr. Lincoln called for Admiral Porter. When he came in, Mr. Lincoln said, "Porter, here is the young man you were expecting." This looked ominous to me. Why had I been expected?

However, in a few minutes we were all three pleasantly engaged in conversation.

Admiral Porter then informed me of his desire that, in company with some of the officers of his squadron, I should go down the river and point out where our torpedoes were located, so that they could be removed. "The war is ended," said he, "and we must clear the river for navigation." I told him there was no danger whatever to be apprehended from the torpedoes planted by the regular torpedo service, because they could be exploded only by electricity, and our galvanic batteries had been destroyed, and the connecting wires torn up and carried away; but that there were doubtless many others, planted under the direction of army officers, which were mechanical in their operation, and as likely to be fatal to friend as to foe, and of the location of these I knew nothing.

The next morning the *Unadilla* steamed down the river to the various stations where we had planted torpedoes, and took bearings of the positions. In a few days a regularly organized force had removed all the explosives, and all other obstructions to navigation, and the river was once more safe for travel.

¹ One can never recount too often the heroism of Captain Craven on this occasion. As the vessel was sinking beneath them, he and the pilot, John Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret. Craven drew back, saying, "After you, pilot."

"There was nothing after me," said Collins, who was saved. "When I reached the upmost round of the ladder, the vessel seemed to drop from under me." The *Tecumseh* lies in the channel to this day.—EDITOR.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MARCHIONESS D'YRUGO, MARIA THERESA SARAH MCKEAN.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

(SEE THE FRONTISPIECE.)

IN these latter days, when the male coronet is commonly bartered for the female dowry, we are apt to lose sight of those earlier days of the infant republic when American women were wooed and won by scions of an older race for their own loveliness and worth; when the Catons were united to the Wellesleys, and the Bingham to the Ashburtons; when the ministers from England, France, and Spain chose their wives from among Philadelphia's sprightly belles. But there was no matrimonial alliance that caused more wide-spread excitement a hundred years ago than the marriage of Maria Theresa Sarah McKean, or, as she was familiarly called, "Sally McKean," to the handsome cavalier Señor Don Carlos Martinez d'Yrugo, ambassador from his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain to the United States. She was the daughter of Thomas McKean, the only member of the Continental Congress who served consecutively from its beginning to its end, and who also signed the Declaration of Independence and for a score of years was chief justice of Pennsylvania. She possessed personal beauty of no ordinary cast, and a brilliant intellect, so that she was sufficiently attractive, without the need of golden inducement, as a bride of the grandee of Spain who later became the Marquis Casa d'Yrugo.

Sally McKean was born in Newark, Delaware, July 8, 1777. When scarce nineteen she attended a state dinner in Philadelphia at which the Chevalier d'Yrugo, who had just arrived in the country, was a guest. A gossip of the day describes her costume on this occasion as "a blue satin dress trimmed with white crape and flowers, and petticoat of white crape richly embroidered, and across the front a festoon of rose color caught up with flowers." The gossip continues: "The next to arrive was Señor Don Carlos Martinez d'Yrugo, a stranger to almost all the guests. He spoke with ease, but with a foreign accent, and was soon lost in amazement at the grace and beauty of Miss McKean." The marriage took place in Philadelphia, April 10, 1798; and before his return to Spain with his American wife, in 1807, three children were born to them, the youngest of

whom became the noted Duke of Sotomayor, prime minister of Spain. The American marchioness survived her husband seventeen years, dying at Madrid, January 4, 1841.

Stuart painted two portraits of the Marchioness d'Yrugo and two of her distinguished husband; but whether the pictures are different, or one merely a replica of the other, I am unable to say, one of each being in Spain, and one of each in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean of Philadelphia, a great-grandnephew of the marchioness. They were painted soon after the marriage, and are fine examples of the American master-painter's art. The portrait of the marquis exhibits a daring and beautiful color-scheme most skilfully treated. The coldness in the engraving of the portrait of the marchioness is lacking in the original, where warmth and mellowness predominate, as is usual in Stuart's work.

The earliest picture that can be recognized as from the brush of Gilbert Stuart is a pair of Spanish dogs that belonged to the eminent Dr. William Hunter of Newport, Rhode Island, and which Stuart is said to have painted when in his fourteenth year. What are claimed to be his first portraits—those of Mr. and Mrs. Bannister—have been so nearly destroyed by "restorers" that nothing of the original work remains to show whether the pictures had merit.

Stuart's first instruction in art was received from Cosmo Alexander, a Scotchman, who passed a few years in the colonies painting a number of interesting portraits in the affected, perfunctory manner of the period. Of Alexander nothing was known until recent investigations by the writer discovered him to be a great-grandson of George Jamesone, whom Walpole calls "the Scottish Vandyke." He took Stuart, then in his eighteenth year, back with him to Scotland to acquire a greater knowledge of art than was possible in the colonies at that time; and Stuart is claimed to have become at this period a student at the University of Glasgow. But this tradition is shattered by the cold record, which fails to hold his name on the matriculation register.

TEN MONTHS WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

BY EMORY W. FENN,
Late Major in the Cuban Army.



PREVIOUS to the departure of our expedition, in February, 1897, arrangements were made to meet a large steamer off the English island of San Salvador, where Columbus first landed. There we were to transfer men and cargo. On our arrival, the steamer not being in sight, it was decided to wait a reasonable length of time. A sailing-vessel was sent to purchase such provisions as could be procured on the island, for our stock was nearly exhausted. After eight days the steamer arrived, the cargo was transferred, and we started for Cuba.

Although the departure of our expedition—the largest ever carried by a filibuster—was well known to the Spanish authorities, we easily eluded the large fleet of Spanish cruisers and small gunboats which were constantly patrolling the Cuban coast. A little before midnight, on the twenty-third day out from New York, we dropped anchor a hundred yards from the entrance to the harbor of Banes, on the northeast coast of Cuba, the city having been captured and destroyed some months previous by a Cuban force under General Torres.

Although the night was dark, land could be seen directly in front and on both sides. No lights were in sight, and the death-like stillness was broken only by the waves as they washed the shore.

A small boat was lowered; the harbor was explored to make sure that no enemy was present; and two men were landed to arouse the country people and to bring assistance from the nearest Cuban forces. Torpedoes were laid in the channel, connection by electric wires being made with the shore, and a cannon was landed and planted to command the entrance. Thereupon we entered and proceeded up the long, narrow channel for over half a mile, when a plank was thrown ashore, and the work of discharging the cargo began. Twenty-four hours later our steamer passed out, homeward bound. From the neighboring hilltops two Spanish cruisers could be seen lying quietly at anchor in the bay of Nipe, only eight miles distant.

On the second day a small Cuban force

arrived, under the command of Major Bruno Marino, a full-blooded negro about fifty years of age, standing over seven feet in his stockings, slender in stature, with erect form and broad shoulders—a man unable to read or write, but endowed with intelligence, having considerable experience as a civil engineer, and apparently familiar with every inch of the country. The railroad in the banana plantation at Banes was laid out and constructed under his supervision. He had been sent to the United States to act as guide to General Garcia's expedition. He is now lieutenant-colonel, having been promoted for the assistance given our expedition, and is in charge of the forces near Banes, with headquarters at Tasajeras. His camp is laid out in streets, and good houses have been built for his men.

Unarmed citizens were constantly arriving, and as fast as they could be armed were mustered into service. Eight days after our arrival, everything having been safely placed in deposits, and no enemy having appeared, the members of the expedition were given horses and escorted to a large farm-house in Cortaderas, about fifteen miles from Banes, where we were to remain until the arrival of General Garcia. Two weeks later the general arrived with some four thousand men, mostly infantry, having marched over three hundred miles since being informed of our landing. His troops were poorly armed, many of them, indeed, being without arms. They were representative of the wealthiest as well as of the poorest families of the island. About two thirds of them were blacks. They were poorly clad, many wearing breech-cloths only, and few besides the officers having shoes. Each soldier so fortunate as to have a hammock carried one on his back in a cloth sack, which also contained meat, vegetables, tobacco, and cooking utensils, each soldier doing his own cooking.

Garcia's forces were divided into regiments, but little attention was given to military organization. He ordered our cargo taken inland, where such parts of it as were not needed for immediate use could be more securely deposited until required for distribution to the various forces under his command.

As the Spanish authorities had given no

attention to the making and repairing of roads in time of peace, it was impossible to use carts, the existing roads being, as a rule, only bridle-paths. Our cargo being large, and the available supply of horses and mules being small, it was necessary to carry the greater part of it by hand. For this work General Garcia assigned about one thousand men, under the command of Brigadier-General Mario Menocal, his chief of staff, the remaining forces being assigned to guard duty at the place of deposit and at various distant points from which the enemy might be expected.

General Menocal's forces were soon on the march, each man carrying his rifle and a large box of cartridges, weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds, either on his head or in his hands. From early morning until late at night they trudged along through rivers, over mountains, at times knee-deep in mud, then over lava stones that would draw blood from less hardened feet. They made few halts during the day, and at night slept either on the ground or in their hammocks. Day after day their march was continued, until the last box had been safely deposited where there could be no possible chance of capture by the enemy.

A week after the arrival of General Garcia, the members of the expedition received their reward for the work which they had performed in safely landing over twenty-three hundred rifles, one and a half million rifle-cartridges, some five hundred machetes, two cannon (a twelve-pounder Hotchkiss and a dynamite-gun), three thousand rounds of cannon ammunition, three thousand pounds of dynamite, a large supply of electric wire, batteries, etc., together with medical supplies and various other items too numerous to mention. Their reward was, as a rule, a commission as second lieutenant; but in some cases, for special work, a first lieutenancy, and in two cases a captaincy, was given. We were then assigned to duty. I, having been appointed chief of the torpedo department, was attached temporarily to the staff of General Mariano Torres, commanding the Division of Holguin. General Torres is a veteran of the ten years' war, about sixty-three years of age, short and stout, with a full gray beard and the appearance of a well-to-do farmer. Since the ten years' war he has passed seventeen years in Jamaica, but he cannot speak English. He is a poor organizer, with no knowledge of military tactics, but a good strategist, always selecting good positions, and holding them against large odds until driven away by

flank movements. He assumes entire charge of everything in his division, sending commissions for cattle, distributing cartridges, meat, salt, and sugar to his forces, and taking personal supervision of his detail of horses. In fact, nothing can be done without his orders.

The headquarters of General Torres were in Veguitas, some fifteen miles from Cortaderas, in a large house which had formerly been used as a country store.

Torres had under his command thirty-one hundred men; but as his forces were divided into small bands stationed in various parts of the division, his force in Veguitas was a little under three hundred, and was encamped in small shelters built by driving four forked sticks into the ground; sticks were laid in the forks, and other sticks were placed over these to support the roofing of banana- or palm-leaves. These houses were a protection from the sun, and, as a rule, were dry.

Six weeks after our landing, a large Spanish force, consisting of three gunboats and transports carrying three thousand infantry, entered Banes, six miles from Veguitas, in the hope of finding our cargo. They were soon driven out by the forces under General Garcia, with heavy loss. About two weeks later, General Garcia having departed, leaving only the forces under General Torres, the Spaniards returned with five gunboats. To prevent this force from landing, General Torres sent thirty men, with instructions to conceal themselves in the woods and open fire on the gunboats. This was done, and for two days and nights a heavy artillery fire was kept up from the gunboats, which at last went away without having made a landing. The Cuban loss was one killed and two wounded, while, according to the Spanish report published in the daily papers at Gibara, their loss in killed and wounded was thirty-six. During a part of this engagement, as the roar of heavy artillery firing reached our ears, General Torres was reclining in his hammock in Veguitas, with a smile on his face.

Two weeks later the general decided to attack Sama, a small port on the northern coast, about seventeen miles distant, the twelve-pounder Hotchkiss cannon recently landed having been left in his division. Major Frederick Funston, with several other Americans, commanding the artillery under General Garcia, having arrived, marching orders were given on the morning of May 9. After many difficulties, in many cases cutting roads through the dense underbrush, we went

into camp late in the afternoon, just back of the high hills surrounding the city. During the night a long trench was dug, under the direction of Major Bruno Marino, on the ridge of a high hill overlooking the town, and a little before dawn the cannon was placed in position. At daylight the order to fire was given, and a twelve-pounder shell was sent crashing through the roof of a small wooden fort eight hundred yards distant. This was answered almost immediately by a volley from the many small forts surrounding the town. At the fifth shot our cannon was disabled, the carriage having broken near the axle. It being impossible to repair it there, or to continue firing, we were obliged to retire to the nearest repair-shop, some thirty miles distant. But the infantry continued the attack for four days, burning several buildings, and capturing many cattle and some horses, when they were driven back by a large Spanish force under General Luque, which had arrived to reinforce the garrison.

After returning to Veguitas, a two weeks' vacation was given to the troops, that they might go to their homes for a much-needed rest; for they had been in actual service, without rest, for over four months.

Our operations were confined to the province of Santiago de Cuba, a large proportion of the inhabitants of which are blacks, descendants of native Africans imported in the days of slavery. Most of the men are of medium stature, with broad shoulders and well-developed muscles. They are peaceful in disposition, seldom, if ever, quarreling among themselves, and are brave and fearless in battle. As no attention has been given by the Spanish authorities to their education, less than one quarter of the country people in this province are able to read and write; but they are gifted by nature with a large amount of intelligence. Their homes are hardly more than roofs. The families are large, often numbering from sixteen to eighteen. Children under five years seldom wear clothing. Lamps are almost unknown, candles being generally used.

Vegetables are plentiful, and meat is now furnished to the families by the prefect, an officer of the civil government appointed for each township to protect and care for the families, also to furnish horses, vegetables, and other articles necessary for the troops in his vicinity. As the Cuban soldier relies mainly upon vegetables, and, when the enemy is not near at hand, often camps in the same place for weeks at a time, it is necessary, in order not to exhaust the supply, to divide

the forces into small bands of from fifty to five hundred men, according to circumstances. The vegetables chiefly used are green plantains (a banana, but not the variety sold in this market), green bananas, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and the nutritious yucca. These vegetables are either boiled or roasted on the coals.

The camp is usually chosen in an opening near a road, where fresh water may be had and grass found for the horses, the officers and assistants being, as a rule, mounted. If the camp is for a short time only, no huts are built; but if it is expected to remain for several days, the soldiers erect small shelters. A majority of the officers are provided with a large piece of canvas, which is stretched as a roof over their hammocks. The hammocks are hung to trees, or to posts driven into the ground. Each soldier does his own cooking, but each officer is attended by an assistant. Fires are started with flint and steel, no matches being used, except, perhaps, for a short time after the capture of a town. The principal fire-wood is cedar.

As soon as a camp site has been selected, guards are placed, but only on the roads, as the Spanish troops never enter the woods. The horses are then unsaddled and taken to pasture, hammocks are hung, and fires are built. Soldiers who are not supplied with vegetables are allowed to look for them; and while usually they are to be found near at hand, it is sometimes necessary to go several miles before finding them. At night staff-officers are required to do guard duty near headquarters, to receive any messages that may arrive, and to see that all is quiet in camp. Reveille is sounded on the bugle at daylight, and every one, officers included, is obliged to turn out. Coffee or *sambumbia* (sweetened water) is then made, and about one hour later roll-call is sounded, after which the soldier has very little to do but rest until 5 P. M., when roll-call is again sounded. Retreat is sounded at eight, when every man must be in camp, and at nine "silence" is sounded, and all remove their clothing and retire for the night.

The Cubans eat but two meals a day, one about 11 A. M., and the other about 6 P. M. They often march by moonlight, and many of their attacks are made at night, while the Spanish forces never march or attack except by day. In a Spanish camp the horses are not unsaddled during the day, and at night the men often do not remove their clothing, and the entire camp is well guarded.

Medicine is scarce, and fever is common

with all classes. The few small sugar-plantations which are still grinding, by special permission of the Cuban government, are required to furnish one third of their production to the forces, the remaining two thirds being sold to families. In Santiago de Cuba cattle are scarce, and in order to furnish meat special commissions are sent to Camagüey, each commission bringing from fifty to five hundred head at a time. When meat is required for the troops, the animal is usually killed in the morning; each man is then given his ration, which he cuts into thin strips about two inches wide, which are salted and dried in the sun. Everything that cannot be used is left to the vultures, which always appear in large numbers; nothing within their reach is left to decay in the open air.

Under the orders of the civil government, tanneries and small factories have been established at various points, where hides are tanned, saddles and a few shoes made, and rifles repaired.

THE vacation being at an end, by special orders of General Garcia our attention was given to the railroad line running from Holguin to Gibara. This is a narrow-gage road, twenty-seven miles long, stone-ballasted, and well built. It is protected by some seventy-five small forts and by a large number of small towns garrisoned with Spanish troops. All supplies entering Holguin are shipped over this line.

Our force being insufficient to attack and destroy the road without heavy loss, it was decided to destroy the bridges, made of heavy timbers resting on stone foundations. As this work devolved upon the torpedo department, I prepared several small bombs made of bamboo cut into the required lengths (open at one end only), and loaded with dynamite. A small electric fuse was then inserted, and the opening stopped up with a cork made of wood and fastened with wire to notches cut in the bamboo.

On the night of June 9, 1897, with a force of fifty men, three bridges were completely destroyed, including their foundations, blocking traffic for twenty-eight days. No enemy was met, and no shots were exchanged. Early in the morning of July 6, with a force of seventy-five men, the largest locomotive on the line was completely destroyed, one and a half miles from Gibara. For this operation I utilized an old iron soda-water tank found in the ruins of Banés. This was in two parts, one half only being used. In this forty-two pounds of dynamite were placed, and tamped

with a largestick; two electric caps were then inserted, and a cover of hard wood three inches thick was tightly bolted on. This was carried to the line on the back of a mule, and under cover of darkness placed under one rail, opposite a telegraph-pole which was to act as a mark. An electric wire was then run under the grass to a point a hundred and fifty feet distant, near a small patch of woods where our small force was concealed. After removing all signs of our work, and sweeping the track with a small branch, we lay down to wait for daylight. The track inspector passed at six, evidently reporting the track clear, for shortly after seven the train, consisting of the locomotive and two cars, one an armed car and the other a passenger-coach, came in sight. It was moving very slowly, and as the locomotive arrived opposite the telegraph-pole the explosion occurred, and nothing remained but the cars. A charge was ordered, but under a terrific fire from the armed car it was impossible for our small force to reach the line without heavy loss; and as we were surrounded by no fewer than nine small forts, we were obliged to return to our base at once, fearing delay would give time to mobilize troops and block our retreat. Our loss in this operation was three wounded. On the night of July 22, with a force of sixty men, two bridges were destroyed. A few shots were fired from a small fort on the line not one hundred yards from one of the bridges, but no one was injured.

On August 7, by special orders from General Garcia, I was sent with eighty-six men to Los Pilonés, fifteen miles from Tunas. We arrived there August 22, without having seen any Spanish troops. Here I received permission to visit the seat of the Cuban government in Camagüey. The capital consists of a large number of wooden buildings, built in a beautiful valley, and surrounded by high hills. It is protected by a small force of from one to two hundred men. Each official has a house of his own, and one for his assistant. As the law does not allow a visitor to remain at the capital over twenty-four hours, my stay was necessarily short, and, with a guide furnished by General Roloff, Secretary of War, I returned in time to be present at the siege of Victoria de las Tunas. In this engagement the Cubans had seventeen hundred men—twelve hundred taking part in the siege, and the remaining forces being stationed on the road to Puerto del Padre to intercept any Spanish forces that might be sent to reinforce the garrison. Trenches were built on the night of August

27, and our cannon, consisting of one twelve-pounder Driggs-Schroeder, two twelve-pounder Hotchkiss, two two-pounder Hotchkiss, and one dynamite-gun, were placed in position. At daylight on the morning of August 28 the firing began, and it continued until the morning of August 30, when the garrison surrendered. We captured two Krupp cannon, with over one hundred rounds of ammunition, some six hundred rifles, several hundred thousand rifle-cartridges, and over two hundred prisoners. Our loss was about one hundred and six in killed and wounded, nearly one half being officers. It was not possible to learn the exact Spanish loss; but judging from the dead and wounded found in the town when we entered, and the wounded sent out to us during the fight, it must have been very heavy.

In this engagement the dynamite-gun was used with perfect success for the first time, over one hundred shots being fired, and only one shell failing to explode.

The prisoners were returned, and a receipt was taken for them. The wounded were taken to a fort on the road to Puerto del Padre, twelve miles from Tunas, and word was sent to the Spanish commander at Puerto del Padre that they could be moved by an unarmed force with safety, but that no armed force would be allowed to come for them. In accordance with this order from General Garcia, they were taken to Puerto del Padre by an unarmed force.

A few days later a Spanish armed force three thousand strong left Puerto del Padre to reconnoiter Tunas. After marching ten miles they were turned back by Colonel Carlos Garcia with a force of four hundred and fifty men, after one hour's hard fighting. Colonel Garcia is a son of General Garcia, is about thirty years of age, and a dentist by profession. Although he has never received a military education, by his bravery and ability in battle, he has won the rank he now holds in a little less than two years. His troops are well organized, and he has given special attention to the matter of supplies. He is fond of good living himself, and has two milch cows taken wherever he goes, to supply his own mess. At the siege of Tunas he led one of the best infantry charges made during the war, taking the cavalry headquarters, a large stone fort, by storm, after it had been partly destroyed by the artillery. For this he was placed in command of a brigade.

Our loss in this operation was two killed and three wounded, while the Spanish loss in killed and wounded was over one hundred.

On account of the tactics employed by the Cuban forces, and the divisions made in them, together with the fact that small bands often operate alone, there is not a sufficient number of doctors properly to attend to the wounded. One doctor, and in some cases two, are assigned to an entire division. These doctors appoint assistants from the men in the ranks, who, after a little instruction, are given a few bandages, cotton, carbolic acid, quinine, etc., and assigned to the various regiments in the division. These men are expected to give the first aid to the wounded, and administer such medicines as they may have when they are required; but even then it often happens that they are not present when the men are wounded, and it is necessary to take them many miles on horseback, or in hammocks hung on a long pole, before their wounds are dressed. Owing to this delay, small wounds often prove very serious. After their wounds are attended to, they are taken, as soon as practicable, to one of the many small hospitals in the woods, where they are given every attention possible under the circumstances.

These hospitals are nothing more than deserted country houses, with beds made by driving four forked sticks into the ground, two at the head and two at the foot; a heavy stick is then laid in each pair of forks, and thin sticks, laid lengthwise of the bed, rest on these. The frame is then covered with banana-leaves, and, if it is possible to procure it, a sheet completes the bed. These hospitals are in charge of a *practicante*, but under the general supervision of the doctor, who visits them as often as possible; and in some cases, as after a heavy engagement, a doctor or several doctors are assigned to them, and remain as long as their services are required. As soon as a new patient arrives he is placed on a new bed, as the same bed is never used twice, and is given an attendant to do his cooking and attend to his wants.

These hospitals are well supplied with bandages and medicine, and the prefect is required to keep them supplied with vegetables, sugar, milk, etc. The general in whose division they are furnishes meat, and the country people bring chickens, eggs, and any little dainties they may have. As the wounds are mostly from Mauser balls, few amputations are necessary, and the patients recover rapidly; but when the wounds are from Remingtons with the ordinary lead ball, or the lead ball with a thin brass jacket (explosive ball), they often prove fatal, and if the patient recovers, the improvement is slow.

After several other small engagements I returned to General Torres, making the trip from Los Pilones to his camp near Holguin with one guide, and without meeting the enemy. On the night of November 19 two railroad bridges, and on other nights large sections of track, were destroyed.

With a force of three hundred men, General Torres was encamped for over a month within less than five miles of Holguin, which at the time was garrisoned by fifteen hundred Spanish troops. Prisoners captured near the town were taken to camp and then given their freedom, that they might inform the Spanish commander of our presence; but no move was made to molest us. Spanish forces seldom sally forth in the east; so, in order to fight, the Cubans were obliged to attack fortified towns. With the exception of the large cities on the seaboard, and a few large inland towns, the entire eastern part of Cuba was free, and might truthfully be called "Cuba libre."

On January 23, 1898, I received from General Garcia a pass to the Cuban government, with permission to ask for a leave of absence, so that I might return to the United States in order to arrange some personal matters. I left his camp at Mejia the next day, and as I was familiar with the roads did not take a guide. That night I camped in a house near the river Cauto, and on the morning of the 25th, as I was about to cross the road between Bagüano and Holguin, I ran into a Spanish force, two thousand strong, under Major-General Linares. Owing to the dense woods I did not discover this force until less than twenty feet from them. I was immediately surrounded, my revolver taken from me, and I was ordered to dismount. I was then taken before Brigadier-General Joaquin Vara de Rey, who after asking my destination ordered me taken to General Linares; and by him I was ordered to the rear, under guard, as a prisoner of war. A rope was then fastened to my left arm, the other

end being held by a private. The march to Holguin was then continued.

My clothing at this time consisted of an old pair of patent-leather shoes, many sizes too large, and a pair of trousers (both given to me by Major Joyce when he returned in December); also an old undershirt and a straw hat. Not being accustomed to walking, my feet soon became blistered and swollen, and my back was blistered by the hot sun. In this condition I was hardly able to keep up with the troops; and when they went into camp for the night I dropped from exhaustion. Captain Armando Mantilla de los Rios, of the Eighth Regular Infantry, searched me for papers. He found the pass from General Garcia, also several letters from members of General Garcia's staff which I was carrying to their friends in America. These papers proved the truthfulness of my statements as to my destination, and that I was not on official business. He then reported to General Linares, stating my condition, and requesting that he be allowed to remove the rope and become responsible for me. This request was granted. A sergeant and three soldiers were ordered to guard me, and the captain sent me supper from his own mess.

The next morning I was obliged to cut my shoes in order to get them on; and when we camped for lunch at about eleven, I was unable to march farther, and Captain Rios obtained permission for me to mount. That night I was allowed to sleep in my hammock, under guard; and as we were to enter Holguin the next day, Captain Rios gave me a shirt and an old coat. Several members of General Linares's staff, among them Major Don Domingo Arrairs, ex-instructor in the Military Academy at Madrid, had interceded in my behalf; and when we arrived in Holguin I was sent to Havana, under guard, with a request that I be allowed to return to America. There General Fitzhugh Lee furnished me with a passport and my passage.



THE SLEEPLESSNESS OF JOHN COLTON DOW.

BY JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.



JOHN COLTON DOW, bank president and director in several important railroad companies, was born on a farm in western New York. He never had been a "poor boy," and never pretended to be self-made. His father had become rich, as riches went in those parts, by good farming of the old-fashioned sort, and by means of various thrifty country investments and speculations. He had sent the boy to school and afterward set him up in business in Rochester, whence, after some fortunate speculations of his own, he had gone to New York. Beginning slowly, John Dow by and by had "branched out," as he expressed it, into larger operations, and now, at the age of sixty, the old giants of Wall street being dead, was accounted a great financier.

He was crafty and far-seeing. The railroad properties which he directed were directed for his own profit rather than for that of the stockholders. He was simple in his life, and without hypocrisies with regard to transactions which ruined other men. He often said, "We are all down town to make money." He held that business on a large scale necessarily crushes some men, just as the construction of great buildings, railroads, or aqueducts involves the sacrifice of human life. Men simply must not get in the way of falling derricks—or wrecked enterprises.

Dow's father had worked hard all his life on the farm, no matter how much he thrived; and as long as the boy was at home he had toiled with his own hands, as all other boys did in the country about. Even when he was attending the Mercertown Academy, John lived at home, riding or driving to the town, and getting up very early in the morning to help at the "barn chores." During three or four winter months his father kept no hired man. There were always on the farm half a dozen horses, twice as many cattle, and from fifty to two hundred sheep, with swine and poultry. In the winter it was necessary to begin the evening care of the stock soon after four o'clock; and as soon as John got home from the academy he put on his old clothes and went to the barn. Usually it was seven o'clock before the chores were all done.

All that was forty and more years ago.

Dow's tasks at this moment were very different. He was engaged in a railroad deal of the utmost importance to him and a great many others. It involved the consolidation of several lines; the stock of one conservative old road which resisted the consolidation would be considerably depreciated if the deal went through, and that of several less profitable roads would be appreciated. There was money to be made—a great deal of it—both by the appreciation and by the depreciation. In the reorganization, the men who were in the deal would be in a position absolutely to command future events. The larger part of the work fell on Dow, and there were features of it that worried him somewhat.

He had gone to bed one night thinking keenly about this deal. His wife always slept in a second bed in the room with him. She knew now that her husband was restless, and the knowledge kept her awake. Her being awake helped to keep him awake; she knew this, and tried to keep very still. No light was burning anywhere in the house, but the electric light filtered in from the street through the shutters. Dow rose to make the inside blinds tighter.

"Can't you go to sleep, John?" his wife asked.

"Oh, I guess so, by and by, Sarah. I've got a business matter on my mind, and yet I've got to be fresh for to-morrow, for it's going to be settled then. Try to go to sleep yourself."

"Yes, I will." She was silent a moment, and then she said, "Had n't you better go at the barn chores?"

"I guess so."

He turned in bed, and his wife apparently slept.

For as many as thirty years Dow had been troubled by a tendency to sleeplessness; but he had an excellent means of his own with which he had generally been able to overcome it. Without this, he believed he would have died long ago with some illness induced by insomnia and nervous exhaustion.

He resorted now to this means of bringing sleep. In his fancy, he put himself back on the old farm, with the stock to take care of. He knew every detail of the work now as well as he had known it when a boy. The tasks performed every day, year after year,

through the impressionable time of boyhood, had so cut their way into his memory that nothing could efface them.

To do all these things in the imagination was a familiar, mechanical, monotonous thing; it occupied the mind just enough to turn it, usually, away from other things, but not enough to keep the brain awake. Often Dow fell asleep in an early stage of the chore-doing. Often, again, he had to go further; and on the rare occasions when he had finished the work and was still awake, he began them again at the beginning. Only in two or three nervous crises had he succeeded in getting through the chores a second time. It was a point of necessity not to neglect a single detail; it was the perfectly regular recurrence of these details that composed his mind and brought slumber.

"Just one single point more before I go at the chores," said the millionaire to himself now; "if I don't let Bartholf into this deal, how will it affect my operation with his Central? If I don't let him into this, I shall have to down him in order to manage that. Bah! I could keep this up all night. I must drop it all, and sleep, and keep my head clear for to-morrow. Well, here goes."

With a pitchfork on his shoulder, John Dow started out to feed the sheep. There was in his mind a queer thing about this stage of the proceeding. He could see himself starting out to begin this work as a boy of sixteen or seventeen. Up to this point it was like telling a story from the outside, as it were. But when he actually began the work, as if directing his own steps, he saw, if he ever stopped to think of it, that it was the consciousness of the John Colton Dow of the moment, at whatever age he actually was, which was at work. And yet this grown-up consciousness was at least outwardly clothed as the boy had been, in the woolen cap, the old clothes, the "comforter" about the neck, and the striped yarn mittens; and he did all the work exactly in the fashion in which the boy had done it.

All day long the sheep and cattle ran together in the barn-yard, where they gnawed at the remains of corn-fodder scattered in the morning, or burrowed deep in the straw-stacks. But the racks in which John had to feed the sheep at night were in a kind of shed made by leaving open the lower end of the large hay-barn; this shed was separated from the barn-yard by a fence with bars.

John went up into the barn and brought around by the front way a big forkful of wild hay, which he stuffed into one of the

long racks. Then he stepped to the bars and called "Ca-day! Ca-day!" and in an instant the flock came swarming in. At first all the sheep made a rush as if to go straight over him; then, when he swung his arms and shouted, they veered away in a terrible panic. But they recovered in an instant and started back; some stopped and stamped, in queer sheepish menace; then all came pouring back eagerly, bumping against him. He closed the bars against the cattle, and put a forkful of hay in the other rack. He had to force his way through the mass of them, pressing their oily bodies to one side and the other. They were squeezing to get at the racks. Two young wethers were butting fiercely at the edge of the flock. A white-faced ewe forced her nose between the boards under the protection of the wrinkled old ram's horns.

John Dow knew well many individual sheep's faces in the flock, and always looked about for them. He got more hay, and scattered it on the ground at the edge of the shed for several lambs and timid sheep that dared not join the wild competition at the racks. As they ate, the sheep and lambs wagged their stump-tails madly, as if that helped them to eat faster. John paused an instant and listened to the sound that the flock made in feeding—a dull, rattling roar, with a squeaking note running through it, made by the grating of the teeth on the wiry hay.

He lingered still another moment, thinking of the resemblance of some of the sheep faces to people he knew. There was one big wether, with wool projecting from his cheeks like side-whiskers, which looked almost exactly like a man in Wall Street. Dow thought of the man, and this brought back more of the Street, and with it the deal; a dozen phases of the business glided into his mind, not by a rush, of which he would have been clearly conscious, but quietly, as if resuming what belonged to them.

Dow had been quiet in his bed while he was in imagination feeding the sheep, but now he stirred uneasily, and his wife stirred in her bed also. He heard her, and the sound made him realize that he had lost the thread of his "chores," and was worrying over Wall Street. By an effort he broke off short from that, and went back to the barn.

Now he went to the stable, where the milch cows and the horses were kept—the horses in stalls, their tails toward the middle of the stable, and the cows with, their necks in stanchions, on the other side, their heads toward the middle of the stable.

The horses whinnied as he came in, but he went past them and propped open the door that led from the barn-yard directly into the cow-stable part. A big black-and-white cow, followed by a smaller red one, came scuttling along from the straw-stacks, her hind feet describing each a half-circle with every step as she trotted clumsily. He had to drive the red heifer back, because the young cattle were left over night in a tight shed which was built out as a lean-to on the side of the hay-barn. At the straw-stacks he separated the milch cows from the young cattle with some difficulty; each kind often wished to go the wrong way.

Then it was necessary to get the cows into the stable in the right order. They must come in in the order in which they "bossed"; the tyrant of the herd, the old black-and-white cow, must have her place at the inner end of the row of stanchions, and so on outward, leaving the last place, nearest the door, for the youngest and timidest heifer, or else there would be trouble and hooking not only in going in, but all night as well. The leeway at the end of the row gave the timidest one a chance to get out of the way when the others crowded; and they were all used to that arrangement and permitted no other if they could help it.

He did not feed them now, but ran out to give hay to the young cattle, which could not be fed until the cows were out of the way. Then the pigs were to be fed before the stable work was done. Their pen and little yard lay between the hay-barn and the stable. He could hear the pigs demanding their supper with loud grunts which began in a very guttural bass and ran up into a sharp, scolding squeal. Often, in his retrospective chore-doing, Dow fell asleep when he came to hearing the querulous, monotonous squealing of the pigs. Now his senses wavered an instant, recovered themselves, and started to wander; Dow quickly applied himself, with apprehension of the danger of getting back to Wall Street, to the task of bringing their dripping food from a barrel that stood in the shed between the kitchen and the wood-shed.

When he came back to the pen, the pigs, some of them white, some black and white, were standing on their hind legs, their open jaws in a row, and squealing at the very tops of their voices. He set his two pails down on the ground, and took up a stick that he kept standing against the pen, to beat away the pigs so that he could get their food into the trough. The trouble that he

had to take in order that their greed might not prevent them from having their supper brought to his mind, this time, the greedy struggle of men in Wall Street to get into deals which bigger men than they were managing—a greedy haste that generally proved fatal to their chances. He recalled, for instance, the amusing case of Whitman and the Consolidated Flouring Mills deal.

Once more Dow's thoughts were in Wall Street instead of at the old farm. The greed, the savage selfishness, the brutal clamor of the Exchange grew curiously out of the squealing and struggling of the pigs; for an instant the two things were confused in his mind, and his senses wavered again. He was almost asleep; then the image of a man rose out of the commingled impressions. It brought back ideas and schemes, and fully woke his consciousness. In a moment Dow's mind was in the full surge of the great deal, like a leaf sucked up by a whirlwind. He was so wide awake that his thoughts could hardly have been more tense. They struggled on with all the features of the business, weighing first this expedient to overcome a difficulty, then that; and perceiving in advance the complications and enmities that would arise. Enmities! What did he care for them? They are necessary in business. The gift of a financier is to make a man serve him, to save his own dollars, even though he is the financier's worst enemy. And yet, scorn them as he would, a thousand strifes and stabbings of the past came back to John Dow now. All the enemies that he had ever made in Wall Street seemed howling about his bed. Enterprises out of which he had sucked the life in order to build up his own fortune came to haunt him like living things. All these transactions had been "business" before; why did they seem like crimes now?

Dow sighed deeply, and turned in bed, and waited for his wife to make the inevitable sign that she had heard him. She lay quiet for a few moments, and he fancied that she had not heard him. The distant rumbling of late cars and omnibuses rose into a little roar, but he did not notice it. But he was fretted by the ticking of the great hall-clock on the landing half-way down-stairs—a slow and wearisome sound, the alternating ticks on two keys, one pitched a little higher than the other. That had never bothered him before in all the years he had heard it; it did now. He sighed, and turned again.

"Can't you get to sleep yet, John?" his wife asked.

"I have n't been asleep yet, Sarah."

She said nothing more, knowing that to question him would be to worry him, but settled herself again as if to sleep. Meantime, with a pull of his faculties, Dow resumed his tasks. Where was he? Oh, yes; he was feeding the pigs. He went to the corn-barn, took up a basket that stood there, filled it with ears of corn, and carried it to the pen. He threw the corn into the middle of the pen, and the swine rushed at it with loud "woofs," scooping the kernels off the cobs with their lower jaws.

John took his way to the stable. Before he reached it he heard the cows calling, and rattling their horns against the stanchions. As he came in they blew loudly through their nostrils, "Whoosh! whoosh!" holding their heads low toward the floor, and glaring with eyes that showed the whites. They were as greedy as the pigs, but manifested it in a less unpleasant way. He left them rattling their horns while he gave the horses their grain. These were eager to be fed, too, but their eagerness was pretty; they whinnied low, and pawed gracefully. His own young black mare simply laid back her ears, in token of displeasure at having to wait so long. One or two poked their noses into the feed-box before he had taken the measure out, and others did not, according to their nature. The black mare kept her ears laid back, not touching the grain until he was well out of the stall. He liked the mare to this day. She had always treated him with a fine contempt, as of a superior for an inferior.

It grew dark; the cows still "whooshed" and rattled; but they were not to be fed until they were being milked. John ran to the house, lighted a lantern, and got four tin ten-quart pails; and here his father, who had been feeding the poultry before dark, or finishing some bit of winter work that he always had on hand, joined him for the milking. His father seemed in these fancied chore-doings an old man, though he had scarcely been that in the days when John was at home. Of his father's clothes the picture was always vague in John's mind; he remembered little except the collar of the white cotton shirt, with a black necktie. The father's face was smooth-shaven and grave, and he was silent. He took a three-legged stool from a corner and began to milk the youngest cow at the door, just as John fed to her in a pail the mash of bran, meal, and water that he had mixed. With the lantern hanging on a peg behind the cows, John, on the stable floor, mixed and

fed to every one of the cows a mess of this; and by the side of the tub or pail in which he gave it he threw down a few nubbins or broken ears of corn.

When the cows were all feeding, John took his own one-legged stool from the corner and went in behind them, passing them all until he reached the old black-and-white one. Then with calls of "So!" and "Stand around!" he balanced himself on the stool and began to milk. The first streams struck the bottom of the pail with a whining, high, continuous sound, which thickened to a lower pitch presently, and soon became a mere murmur through the thick foam on the top of the deepening milk.

Here was another place where sleep often came to John Dow; but this time it did not. He milked only two cows, for the heifers gave less milk than these older cows, and his father had begun his fourth cow before John had finished his second. The pails were taken to the big pantry or milk-room; then John ran back to the barn and pitched down for the cows and horses a great quantity of hay from the loft, filling the mangers with it. The horses were not watered until later in the evening.

Now the stalls of the cows and horses were to be bedded down with straw. Dow seldom had to pursue the chores to these wearisome concluding things. Why did n't he fall asleep? He felt himself making a conscious effort to do so, with consequent intenser wakefulness. His bodily powers—his nerves and muscles and bones—seemed fiercely demanding the sleep they needed, and sharply accusing the brain of not letting them have it. He felt the exquisite torture of strife between the benumbing, spasmodically relaxing body on the one side, and the tense, restless mind on the other. The keen discouragement of this state made Dow let go his hold on his chore-doing. He felt the wheel of his thoughts moving surely around to business affairs. He wished to turn in bed and fill his lungs with a deep breath, but feared to attract his wife's attention again; her thoughtful solicitude was a kind of tyranny to him. He was ashamed to think that it would make him angry if she spoke again; but he knew it would. He held himself motionless in bed, though he had to strain nerves and muscles to do so.

Then, with a quick effort, as if seizing himself by the collar, he forced himself back to his tasks, littering the stalls with straw. He made the horses stand from side to side to avoid his pitchfork; the black

mare laid back her ears flatter than ever, and even lifted one slender hind foot threateningly.

It was a forced proceeding, and not sleep-inducing. But Dow kept on doggedly. At last he must do his final task—bring in the stove-wood and kindling for the morning. He took down the lantern from its peg in the barn, and, lifting it high, paused a moment to look about and think whether everything was faithfully done. He heard the low, even, grinding noise of the animals' feeding, mingled with the rustling sound made by some of them as they pulled and nosed their hay about. One of the horses blew the dust out of his nostrils with a long "pwww." Dow went out, passing through the door that led into the sheds.

Between the stable and the wood-shed there was a roughly boarded room that served as a tool-house; here were put away for the winter the reaper, the mowing-machine, two ploughs, a cultivator, and some other implements of the sort that were just coming into use when Dow was a boy. They made an uneven mass at the farther end of the shed. These implements had nothing to do with his winter chore-work, and in his habitual sleep-inducing toil Dow did not regard them at all, though sometimes he might be vaguely aware of them in passing. But now a caprice impelled him to stop; he held the lantern high, and looked steadily at the dust-covered machines.

The mowing-machine seemed to be leaning restfully against the timbers of the end of the shed. He could see the nearest parts of it; the rest was in shadow. He thought of all the clamor and hot toil of which the ma-

chine was the center in summer, and a sense of the dull, still, dusty repose of its present position suffused him with a grateful promise of something like its wooden unconsciousness. Alongside the mower, partly beyond it, he noted the dim outline of the big old-fashioned reaper. The most conspicuous part of it was the reel, which rose high above the rest of the machinery; on this wooden sweep sat a privileged old white hen, which would never roost in the hen-house if she could keep out of it, and by her side her two overgrown August chickens. The fowls stretched their necks far out and stared at the lantern in sleepy astonishment. It was not yet quite seven o'clock, but these creatures must have been asleep for hours, and would sleep peacefully for almost twelve hours more!

On the ground, at the side of the two larger machines, lay the cultivator on its back, its blades or hoes in the air, like the upturned feet of a many-legged animal. John Dow did not notice anything grotesque about the attitude of the cultivator; he only felt, without thinking, that it had a part in all this dreamless, dead rest and sleep of the hard-toiling implements laid up under the dust.

Some such dust was slowly sifting over his consciousness. He started—relaxed—then was awake; a dim conceit of the sweetness of such a burial from hot and crushing toil possessed his mind, but only for a moment. From the uncouth heap something palpable seemed to be stealing, sweeping out upon him—some formless and black but very welcome thing; and he slept.

DUAL HOMESICKNESS.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

WHILST I in Old-World capitals sojourned,—
In storied cities, rich with Time's acquiescence,—
A pilgrim from our wide, unstoried West,
Forever homeward I in spirit turned:
For me through each Atlantic sunset burned
My homeland dawn in braver splendor dressed.
The bird divine that sang from bosky nest,
Beside my brown thrush scanty tribute earned.

But now, when I once more sit down at home,
What fond perversity my soul pursues!
She roves afar, beyond her native pale,
And slips Manhattan Isle to pace through Rome;
Or leaves the brown thrush for the winged Muse—
For moonlit Cadenabbia's nightingale.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

In Relation to Heroism.

THE series of papers appearing in THE CENTURY on the "Heroes of Peace" has been successful not only in finding many readers, but in attracting warm appreciation. It seemed particularly appropriate that a magazine which so often had proclaimed the martial virtues should conspicuously chronicle also those heroes whom we have with us always. So Mr. Riis was asked to tell about the "heroes who fight fire," and Mr. Roosevelt to tell about the heroisms that constantly illustrate the dangers and the bravery of the civic police; Mr. Kobbé has set forth the heroisms of the lighthouse service and of the life-saving service, and has called attention to the innumerable acts of unusual courage shown by men engaged in hazardous occupations, as well as by men whose occupations are the farthest removed from danger—like, for instance, the artist Hovenden, who perished in the endeavor to save the life of a child. Articles are in preparation for this series narrating the adventures of various other heroes of peace on land and sea.

No one who reads such records can fail to be convinced that every-day acts of genuine valor are being performed, not only by those peaceful armies and navies whose business it is to save human lives, such as the life-saving corps along our coasts, and our fire departments, but in unexpected emergencies by unlooked-for heroes. In fact, almost every serious accident, where numbers are imperiled, develops or betrays at least one hero. The heroism that crops out where there is no organization to keep up the *esprit de corps*, where there is no prospect of promotion or other reward—this amateur heroism is particularly significant and creditable to human nature. It is not impossible for individual cowardice to show itself in battle, or in a fire company, or under a police uniform; but it may be said to imply something like courage for a soldier, policeman, or fireman to show himself a coward before his comrades. Where a man, therefore, has nothing but his conscience and his own heroic instincts to urge him along the path of peril, he deserves, of course, all the more credit.

In all our glorification of the hero, both in war and in peace, it ought to be borne in mind that a large part of the world's finest heroism necessarily escapes notice. Picturesqueness, a good setting, has much to do with popular recognition of the heroic. Violent contrasts; and if there is squalidness, then extreme and peculiar squalor—elements like these concern the repute of a hero. If we cannot have him leading the ranks, sword and flag in hand, we want to see him ministering not to any ordinary sick, but to the very lepers.

The kind of heroism with which we have been deal-

ing is the heroism of physical action. If an enormous quantity of such heroism escapes not only the chronicler, but is scarcely heard of, and is, indeed, not recognized as such even by the hero himself, how much more there is of moral heroism in the world that will never get into the newspapers or magazines! It would be interesting to gather together conspicuous instances of moral heroism in modern life, though it might sometimes be found difficult to draw the line between physical and moral heroism. Young Shaw, leading the desperate assault of the colored troops at Fort Wagner, is a splendid figure of physical courage, but he is quite as much a moral hero. The young student of medicine who acquires, along with his profession, nearly all the contagious diseases, is he physically or morally brave? And yet we generally mean by moral bravery acts which do not endanger the body, or, if so, only remotely. Another difficulty would meet the chronicler of moral bravery. There is no greater opportunity for the display of moral heroism than in the domain of politics and statesmanship; and yet there is an extraordinary difference of opinion as to the moral quality of political decisions and acts. Those very acts of a statesman which are acclaimed by his admirers most loudly as admirable and heroic may be the actions that his detractors declare to be most unenlightened and pusillanimous. The chronicler, however, could make a long and generally accepted list of shining examples of moral heroism; and yet, still more than in the case of acts of physical heroism, the great mass of examples would remain outside of the power of observation.

It is, in fact, the unnumbered and ever-occurring acts of moral heroism that indicate the character of individuals and of nations. If any heroic action of this kind becomes known and attracts applause, the hero himself often is well aware in his heart that the deed for which he is praised required far less bravery than did those secret decisions of the spirit concerning which no whisper will reach a living soul.

Force.

If two men should get into a quarrel when dining at the house of a friend, and should take off their coats, pull out knives, and begin to gash and cut each other till one dropped dead on the floor, the other guests at the table would not think they had been well treated. In some parts of some civilized countries people do kill each other on questions of so-called honor, but the custom is being gradually abandoned; the duel is resorted to with comparative rareness, and legal measures are taken, instead, for the settlement of disputes. Fighting, stabbing, and shooting in the private walks of life are not looked upon as matters of course; nor do individuals,

as a rule, live in a constant state of preparedness for mortal combat.

And yet nations that call themselves most civilized and most Christian, and even those in which the duel has sunk into greatest disrepute, still devote a large proportion of their wealth to armament, and stand ready to kill at the tap of the drum. And in these nations even the most humane may be among the most strenuous in favor of some particular war.

There seems to be inconsistency here, and it is worth while to try to get at the reason of the difference in the attitude of men toward individual murder, or arranged combat between two, on the one hand, and wholesale slaughter, on the other. Some moralists assert that there is no difference, except that the "great general" is the great murderer. But there are few who hold that view, except in regard to ruthless conquerors, the "butchers" of war.

Those who deprecate unnecessary war, but who do not oppose war as a last resort, might formulate their view somewhat in this way: Men have gradually agreed to give up physical contest as a means of deciding individual or corporate differences. They "go to law" instead of fighting. They agree to be content with peaceful methods for the clearing up of their controversies. But this does not mean that force is altogether eliminated from the contest. Force is not applied by the individual in his own behalf (except in case of attack), because he has delegated to the common government the right to employ force. His foe is "arrested," not by himself, but by his "servant," the public official designated and set apart for the purpose of arresting. He does not lock his dangerous enemy up in a dungeon; the state does that for him. The state "executes" instead of the next of kin. So in civil proceedings, where there is no question of bodily harm, the element of force is still imminent; for beyond the judgment of the court stands the officer, ready to carry that judgment forcibly into effect.

Force is, indeed, behind all the forms of civil government now existing. In the United States the city has its police, the county its sheriffs, the state its court officers and militia, the general government its marshals and its army and navy. Thus is order maintained at home, and thus is the national will exercised upon other nations.

So much of human nature being vicious and depraved, so much of it irrational, emotional, and violent, the best of human nature being what it is, the time when force may be dispensed with, either in home or international regulation, does, indeed, seem very distant. But those do not err who would hasten the time when, as in individual controversies there is a trial or arbitration before force is called upon to do its full work, so in international disputes the high court of arbitration shall in all possible cases avert or precede the employment of arms.

But above the question as to the conditions in which

force shall be brought to bear as between nations is the higher consideration of the justice and righteousness of the cause in which it may be employed. May the guns of our own beloved Republic ever be

Stern toward the cruel, potent for the weak, . . .
And shotted with the arguments of God.

A Service of England to America.

It is a circumstance of no little importance that the Cuban difficulty has afforded a new exhibition of British friendliness toward America, the sincerity of which it is impossible to doubt. Nor, as in our Civil War, is this sentiment confined to the common people; what is significant is the almost official character of this sympathy, — shown in the warmth of the greeting to our ambassador by members of the royal family at a moment of great tension; in the ill-restrained outburst of cordiality toward us in Parliament; in the well-timed call of the British ambassador upon the captain of the *Maine*, and in Sir Julian's discreetly worded address to the President on behalf of the powers; and, in general, in the friendly tone of the prominent newspapers of London, representing various shades of political opinion, culminating in this sentence from the "Times": "Our sympathies, so far as the Cuban question is concerned, are with the American people, as against Spanish misgovernment and inhumanity." If these, and many similar individual expressions, could ever be forgotten by us, then should we indeed deserve to be classed among those republics which are ungrateful.

What is chiefly welcome in these utterances is the evidence that England does not fail to understand American motives in entering, as the country did in Mr. Cleveland's administration, upon the embarrassing task of protesting against the prolongation of the Cuban war. England, at least, knows that America is actuated by no spirit of aggression and by no desire for territory, and that only after long forbearance has been reluctantly spoken, for the entire civilized world, the word which, in the opinion of the government, the accident of propinquity has made it our special duty to speak. America's very abhorrence of war is a measure of the solemn and conscientious conviction with which that desperate issue has been faced, in the hope of accomplishing a great good for mankind at large. Such aspirations we have learned largely at the feet of England's poets, statesmen, and jurists, and the best return we can make to her for her chivalrous and generous grasp of the hand is to make her feel that it is not unexpected. This new interchange of sympathy realizes the statesman's noble vision of race patriotism, and signifies the extinction in America of the anti-British "jingo."

In this crisis no one should doubt the purity of motive on the part of the mass of our people, nor fail to recognize the great benefit to civilization in the better understanding of the two great English-speaking nations.

April 21, 1898.

OPEN LETTERS

The Terrible Upheaval in the Straits of Sunda.

WHILE glancing over the series of questions in the prize competition relating to The Century Dictionary, I noticed the query as to which was the more destructive, the volcanic outbreak in the Straits of Sunda, in 1883, or that at Pompeii, in the year 79.

As I passed through the Straits of Sunda a few days after that terrible catastrophe, I was a witness of some of the after-effects of that gigantic upheaval.

It was early in August, 1883. The good ship *Santa Clara* of New York city, after a three months' stay in the Bay of Manila, weighed anchor, and filled away for "home," laden with sugar and hemp. She had sailed from New York eight months previous, with a cargo of oil for Yokohama. She had been chartered to run down from Yokohama to Manila in ballast, and load sugar for New York. The period of what, in nautical parlance, is called "lay days" ran out, and our sugar cargo was not complete. According to the terms of the charter, this subjected the shippers to a heavy demurrage. But our "hustling" Yankee captain compromised with the shippers by filling out with hemp at a very high rate.

So here we were at last, "homeward bound," our captain ambitious to make the round voyage inside of a year, the rest of us eager to get back and enjoy the fruits of our labor, sailor fashion, which would probably be getting rid, in three days, of the money it had taken us twelve hard months to earn. My back aches now, and my hands get sore, when I think of the weary "boxhauling," anchoring at night, and heaving up anchor at the first glint of dawn; the setting of every rag that would draw in the light winds prevailing, when we could get a favorable "slant" down through some narrow strait; the constant drudgery necessary in navigating through the Philippine Islands, the Celebes Sea, Macassar Strait, and the Java Sea.

Twenty-eight days out from Manila we were off Batavia, when a German man-of-war spoke us, notifying the captain that a few days before there had been a volcanic eruption on the island of Krakatoa ("old Thwart-the-way," the sailors called it), in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, accompanied by an earthquake and a tidal wave that sent up a wall of water ninety feet high, wiping the town of Anjer completely off the map, breaking the island of Krakatoa into two parts, and causing a loss of life then estimated at about ninety thousand; but later estimates, I believe, placed the loss between thirty and forty thousand. The captain further said there had been no time to survey the Straits of Sunda, and he advised great caution in working through them, as there was no knowing what new reefs might have been thrown up. Thanking the German captain, we dipped our colors and squared away. The next forenoon we reached the entrance to the straits.

We had a light working breeze, and the wind was fair. Captain Rivers ordered sail shortened until we could just about carry steerageway. Off Anjer Point we hove to. What a change in that place since I had last seen it! Then the ship had been surrounded by the natives in boats loaded with fruits, sweet potatoes, yams, monkeys, parrots, Javanese ornaments, tobacco, and everything that would appeal to "poor Jack's" fancy; and now there was—one solitary boatman with sweet potatoes and yams; where the town had been not a house was to be seen; not another thing to indicate human life!

On questioning the native boatman, we learned that his life had been saved by the accident of his having gone into the interior on some errand. The poor fellow's family had perished with the rest. The captain bought the boat-load of vegetables, and after it was aboard we felt our way cautiously along, keeping a sharp lookout for broken water.

When off Java Head the captain concluded that we were out of danger, and ordered all sail made. With the water perfectly smooth, and a strong, fair wind, we were soon bowling along at the rate of twelve good knots an hour.

We had been working all hands; but now, with the long stretch across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope before us, we started the regular "watch and watch."

At four bells in the middle watch (2 A. M.) I was roused by the cry of "All hands on deck!" to shorten sail. I tumbled on deck, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. The next order was, "Keep the men standing by." Sailor-like, we all growled, and wondered what the "old man" meant by rousing us out when we had a fair wind, a smooth sea, and everything, as we supposed, to his liking. Then a turn across the deck to the weather side brought my heart into my mouth; for there on our weather bow ahead (as I could see under the foot of the foresail), and to leeward, as far as the eye could reach, were apparently "breakers." Still we stood on, the long lines of foam coming nearer and nearer with frightful rapidity. Murmurs of fear were heard from some, but most of us braced ourselves for the shock, and were momentarily expecting to feel the keel grinding on the rocks, and see the spars come tumbling down about us. A moment more, and we were in the white water; but we felt no shock, and did not hear the grinding noise we dreaded. Our way was slowly checked, but not entirely stopped. A little shower of spray, and some of the white water, breaking over the weather-rail by the forebraces, soon explained the mystery. The white water was pumice-stone, and the sea was covered with it for miles and miles. When we ran into these dead ashes of the volcano the ship was going at least eleven knots an hour. For the rest of the night we did not make over four, and the wind had not diminished in any

degree. It was a bright moonlight night, and the scene was indescribably beautiful. We seemed to be sailing through glistening white snow, the intense phosphorescence in these waters giving the same diamond rays from the particles of pumice-stone, as they turned and rolled in our wake, as are thrown from clear snow on a still, cold, frosty night.

The daylight brought unpleasant sights. Here and there a dead body would be seen floating along, with trunks of trees, pieces of boats, and other reminders of the awful calamity. We ran out of this pumice-stone sea that day, but from there down to the cape we would see occasional patches of it. Our thrifty captain took advantage of the circumstance to lay in enough pumice-stone to smooth paint and scrub bright-work for the next ten years. Eleven months and twenty days from the time we passed Sandy Hook, bound out, we were again anchored in New York Bay.

E. J. Henry.

Should Higher Education be Provided for the Negro?

THE most ardent advocates of the interests of our colored Americans are puzzled as to what is the best practical education for this particular people. The question used to be a local one, growing out of Southern opinion and prejudice. Happily, the question has become national. Philanthropists at the North, who have been generous in gifts for the educational advancement of the colored people, have become skeptical when the subject of higher education for this people is suggested. It is an open secret that those who magnify industrial training for the colored people receive the most munificent gifts to foster their work, both North and South. That the North has experienced a change of heart respecting this problem of educating the colored people goes without saying. No one can be censured for this, for the scare of the times is, for all people, "over-education." The cause of apprehension on the subject mentioned may be in what a writer stated in an open letter in *THE CENTURY* some time ago: "If the negroes are made scientists rather than classical scholars, it may avoid to some extent the prejudice against whatever tends to put a colored man on a level with whites. They might come to look upon a scientific negro as they would upon an improved cotton-gin—that is, a promising addition to the resources of the country." From such reasoning one readily sees that it is not the highest good sought from a practicable standpoint, but the best policy in view of "existing conditions." "Whenever the education of a people is based upon policy at the expense of the perfect development of the race, that system of education is a failure. It is far from our thought, however, to advocate a classical education for the masses of the colored people—or of any people, for that matter. We do claim stoutly, however, that for specialists, as "teachers," "model pastors," and "leaders," to use another's terms, a thorough education is as essential for colored people as for white people. It is an exceed-

ingly novel idea of education which abridges its breadth and scope to local environment. No man is properly educated unless his capacities are ranged in the fullest line of the service for which he is fitted.

The colored man is too shrewd not to believe that what is good enough for a white man's son is just good enough for his own son. The example of Talladega College, in Alabama, and other institutions in the South, is commended by some for "dispensing entirely with Greek and altogether with Hebrew. Students, instead, are given a thorough acquaintance with the English Bible, with an abridged but very exacting drill in church history, systematic theology, etc." Such a curriculum is a maker of "the model pastor," "the negro's greatest need." We would add that "model pastors" are somewhat scarce in the churches, and our white churches should profit by the curriculum mentioned.

The only manly and practical way to face this question is to settle the point whether thoroughness in biblical study is as essential to the leadership of colored clergymen as it is to white clergymen. Is a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew necessary for the average biblical student? There is a good deal of blind reasoning in the trite phrase, "thorough acquaintance with the English Bible," with no discriminate knowledge of what really constitutes the English Bible. We admit in all candor that "knowledge puffeth up," model pastors and leaders not excepted; and we are forced to the conclusion that one seldom finds a colored man with a classical training who does not betray in some way a consciousness of his high attainments; and there are preachers who read the Bible in the original tongues who instinctively feel that they are caught up to a high state above their fellows. But this lofty-mindedness proves nothing in respect to race; for consciousness of superior attainments is not always absent from white preachers, though it may not be so frankly shown as by the colored students.

If the institutions which educate the colored people *en masse* even modify their curriculums on the theory that the colored race should have a special education, their usefulness will be virtually at an end.

We doubt seriously whether a scientifically educated negro will satisfy the country in contradistinction to her classically educated whites. The "improved cotton-gin" would certainly put a high premium upon itself; and in the South especially the racial status of wealth would doubtless be reversed. The country is no more willing to receive the "scientific negro" than it is willing to acknowledge the social status of the negro. Classified education will not settle the race problem as such, but an all-round practical training will; and those institutions educating the colored people as *people*, and not as a *race*, in lines developing their special and varied gifts and callings, are giving birth to a new race and hastening the dawn of a new civilization in America.

Robert A. McGuinn.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Doorless Wolf. A FABLE.



I SAW, one day, when times were very good,
A newly rich man walking in a wood,
Who chanced to meet, all hungry, lean, and sore,
The wolf that used to sit outside his door.
Forlorn he was, and piteous his plaint.
"Help me!" he howled. "With hunger I am faint.
It is so long since I have seen a door—
And you are rich, and you have many score.
When you'd but one, I sat by it all day;
Now you have many, I am turned away.
Help me, good sir, once more to find a place.
Prosperity now stares me in the face."
The newly rich man, jingling all the while
The silver in his pocket, smiled a smile:
He saw a way the wolf could be of use.
"Good wolf," said he, "you're going to the deuce,—



The dogs, I mean,—and that will never do;
I think I've found a way to see you through.
I too have worries. Ever since I met
Prosperity I have been sore beset
By begging letters, charities, and cranks,
All very short in gold and long in thanks.
Now, if you'll come and sit by my front door
From eight o'clock each morning, say, till four,
Then every one will think that I am poor,
And from their pesterings I'll be secure.
Do you accept?" The wolf exclaimed, "I do!"
The rich man smiled; the wolf smiled; I smiled, too,
And in my little book made haste to scrawl:
"Thus affluence makes niggards of us all!"

Oliver Herford.



Diplomatic Reserve.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE: *Private office of an Assistant Secretary of State, within a few miles of the Potomac.*

CHARACTERS: *The Assistant Secretary of State.*

Mrs. Vandersicle.

Mrs. Vandersicle. Oh, good morning, Mr. Secretary I sha'n't detain you but the briefest moment. I know how busy you public men must be, and particularly now when things are in such a—what shall I say? I don't wish to characterize, but that is not necessary; you know precisely what I mean, no doubt. I sha'n't detain you long, as I say, for my carriage is waiting at the door, and I have several calls to make this morning. The fact is, I am a member of the Woman's Diplomatic Club,—you know it, of course; they're all in our set,—and this winter we are going to give our attention exclusively to international questions, so of course I came to you.

Secretary. I shall be very happy, I'm sure, to lend you whatever aid I can; but—

Mrs. Vandersicle. Yes, yes; I know. I really mean to be very brief. The fact is that I am to read a paper,

at the next meeting of our club, upon the subject of "Harbor Defenses of Our Great Cities." It is a subject of which I know absolutely nothing, but I thought that you were so familiar with it that you could give me what hints I should need in order to prepare the paper.

Secretary. But—

Mrs. Vandersicle. Of course you must n't think I am so uninformed in our public matters as not to know that there is a great deal of which you would not like to tell me, and I can see the reason why. If an enemy should find out just where our disappearing-mines or submarine guns were planted, they might send their marines to dig them up or spike them, after which there would be no trouble in making a descent upon our coast. So, you see, I don't mean to ask you any embarrassing questions. I only wish to get a clear idea of the method of fortifying a harbor—say, for instance, how one would protect Washington, provided a fleet from, let us say, Holland, should suddenly dash across the ocean, ready to land military stores and all those horrid things they carry.

Secretary. But, my dear madam—

Mrs. Vandersicle. Don't think that I wish for a moment to pry into any of the government archives. I hope I know better than to come and interrupt a busy man during a crisis of so much importance to the country. It would not do, of course, to tell every one who came in here just what preparations the government would make in view of impending hostilities; but I think that, since you and I have known each other so long, you would not mind giving me a hint or two that would make my paper seem effective and well informed. I should not mention, of course, the source of my information; that is, I should not give your name. I could say, "a gentleman high in authority in the State Department," or, if you think that is saying too much, I might say, "in the Post-office Department," or, "the Patent Office." Maybe that would not seem exactly the thing; but still, there's no reason why a man in the Patent Office might not have acquired information of what goes on in the State Department.

Secretary. I should be happy, of course, to oblige you; but prudence—

Mrs. Vandersicle (apparently a little offended). I hope you don't for a moment suspect me of any intention of communicating what you might tell me in quarters where it would do harm. You know that I am too loyal a woman—too patriotic—to do anything to embarrass the government at a time when every citizen must see the importance of proceeding with the utmost caution. It is my idea only to secure general information. Perhaps I had better simply put you a few specific questions, though of course you can guess just exactly what I want to know. Has n't there been some talk of using dynamite? It seems to me that I remember reading in the papers—or maybe Charley read it to me—about a dynamite-catcher, something that throws that horrid explosive stuff up into the air. I should think it would be enough for men to shoot each other decently, without blowing one another all to bits. But, after all, I suppose you can't fight in kid gloves; and if people are coming over here to blow you up, the best thing you can do is to blow them up first. But still, don't tell me even that, if it is a diplomatic secret. I suppose you

know hundreds of things that no one else knows, unless it is the President and his cabinet, of course, and they have to. Do I make myself clear?

Secretary. Well, of course, I should be very glad—

Mrs. Vandersicle. I repeat that I appreciate fully the immense responsibility and confidence reposed in you by the Executive, and I would not do the first thing—not the first thing—to embarrass the government. In fact, I don't want to write this paper at all. I tried to get out of it. I told Mrs. Jameson that my daughter's coming-out reception took place next week, and that I had promised to help in the private theatricals for the benefit of the Colored Nursery, besides my usual Thursday reception, where I am to have a real German baron; but I must n't take up your time talking of my own affairs. I only wanted to explain to you that it is not my fault that I am here to-day. Perhaps, instead of asking specific questions, it would be better that I should get from you a general idea of how they go to work—what they do, you know. Now, these mortar-batteries—I am ashamed to say that I don't know just what that means, whether they mean that the batteries are built of cement, or whether—but then you understand those things so much better than I. Is it true that the rapid-fire guns do fire as rapidly as they say? It seems hardly credible.

Secretary. Well, as to rapid-fire guns—

Mrs. Vandersicle. I don't think that it is worth while for me to attempt to understand these complicated mechanisms. Charley always said that I had no head for machinery, and I am sure I have n't. In fact, I can never get this subject clear in my mind unless I can see a picture or a map, or something of that kind. Don't you have here charts, or plans, or patterns, so to speak, of the harbor defenses, showing just where they have the big guns and the rifles and the muskets planted? If you do, perhaps you could just leave me with the chart for a little while, and I will try to get a clear idea of it all by myself.

Secretary. All such documents (*she attempts to speak, but he finishes rapidly*) are in charge of the Secretary of War.

Mrs. Vandersicle. But it would n't take me a moment to drive over there. I won't ask you to go. Just give me a note to him, or your card will do—or send a boy. Better yet, suppose you send me a chart of Washington harbor this afternoon by a messenger-boy? I will take great care of it, and not put any pencil-marks on it.

Secretary. I regret extremely my inability—

Mrs. Vandersicle. There, there; not another word. I think I can take a hint. Very likely I should not understand it, after all, and it would not be of the slightest use. I wish that, instead of writing this paper myself, I could get you to give us just a little informal talk on the subject. You need not write anything out; just come informally, and give us a ten or fifteen minutes' talk on the subject. I'd rather hear a few minutes' talk from a practical man like yourself than all the fussy papers that they will read there. To tell you the truth, I don't believe in these women's clubs. I think it would be much better if we were all at home attending to our own affairs. But, after all, what is one to do? Mrs. Jameson was so flattering, and she positively insisted that they could not get along without me. I told her

that I was not one of the progressive kind, that I was brought up in the good old-fashioned way, and that I should be heartily glad when all this nonsense was over. Why, all last year we talked about political economy, and I give you my word I don't know what it was all about, and I have a shrewd suspicion that no one else does. I told them at the very beginning that it was too hard a subject for us. I wanted to discuss the silver question—not that I know anything about it myself, but I could get hints from Charley, who is full of it. But Mrs. Jameson's husband writes on political economy for the reviews, and so she insisted that the silver question was only temporary, while every well-informed woman ought to be up in political economy. But let me see; I must ask you one or two questions while I am on the subject of harbor defenses. Are these torpedo-boats practical?

Secretary. Practical?

Mrs. Vandersiele. Yes; do they really work, or is it all newspaper talk? (*She looks at her watch.*) But goodness! I can't keep the carriage another moment. You see, our horses have not been long in the city, and they don't stand at all well. I know Joseph gets quite wrought up if I keep him longer than fifteen or twenty minutes. I really must go, and I will depend upon you to send to my house any documents you have that will aid me in preparing a paper. But you will have to send them this afternoon, as I have to read the paper tomorrow at six. Good-by. I hope you have not been led by my indiscreet questions into making any diplomatic revelations. I understand perfectly the reticence your position imposes upon you; and although you have not said too much, I feel that you have cleared the subject up for me famously. Good-by. Do call soon, if you can. Charley was saying this morning that it was an age since he had seen you. Once more, good-by.

Secretary. Good-by.

Tudor Jenks.

Half-Mo'nin'.

It sho do look ter me, Miss Marthy, lak de Kinktown niggers is de talkin'est set o' niggers de Lord ever let live. I ain't never is see nuthin' lak it—no, I ain't. Dey ain't mo' 'n two quality niggers, 'scusin' myse'f, f'om one end o' dat onchrishum town ter t'other, whut knows how ter behave deyse'f lak white folks, an' keeps dey moufs shet. 'T ain't none o' dey business whut I sees fit ter clothe myse'f in. Dey so consarned 'bout my gyarmints, an' half dey own black skin a-showin' th'ough dey rags! Yas, missy; I sho is went ter Sam Bell's fun'al in des de gyarb you done heard on. No, ma'am; I ain't to say no kin ter him; but look lak de occasum demand me ter show my han', an' I 'lows ter 'splain de situashum, an' see if it don't 'pear lak to you it alter de case. 'Ca'se you done got de book sense, missy, ter see things is white when dey looks black; an' dis heah am a white an' black queschum. You know yo'se'f, honey, dat Sam an' me done been layin' off ter git married too long ter talk 'bout; an' it done been give out in meetin', an' ain't nuthin' gwine stop nary one ob us, had n' 'a' been fer my ole divilmint b'ilin' up in de mos' unconvenient time. You knows it yo'se'f, Miss Marthy, dat divilmint I done mentions, 'ca'se you done see it bile. You ain't done fo'got, de time o' dat big dinin' o' yourn, it moughty nigh bile

clean over an' spile de dinner; 'ca'se I ain't never is no cook when it turn loose—can't tell sugar f'om salt.

Well, de week 'fo' our prospectin' weddin', dis heah white illushum weddin'-veil all boughten, an' dis heah fool nigger all ready to marry Sam Bell, f'om dat veil c'lar down to bran'-new white stockin's an' slippers. Well, me an' Sam, us hab a passel o' hot words, one night, 'bout nex' to nuthin', an' I ups an' tole him I ain't gwine marry him, ef he 's de las' nigger on de Lord's green yearth. Now you know yo'se'f, honey, dat I ain't mean it, 'ca'se I allus is love' Sam, an' I ain't never is been de same cook sence dat night. Seem lak I ain't hab no heart in cookin'; it done shoooken up de las' nerve I got. But, honey, I allus is a proud nigger, an' when I ain't hear nuthin' f'om Sam de nex' day, an' de nex' week, I ups an' marries Steve Cole—he been posterin' de life out'n me for a plumb yeah. An' Sam Bell he right spunky hiase'f,—he ain't gwine be outdone,—an' he ups an' marries dat little yaller Sally Ann Smiff.

But dat illushum weddin'-veil I done boughten, dat war Sam's veil, boughten fer him, an' I ain't wo' it none when I marry Steve. Seem lak I could n't 'a' saw de preacher th'ough dat veil. I wo' all my yether weddin'-clo'es, but seem lak dat veil hurt me c'lar to my heart. It lay in my ole trunk, wid its bunch o' o'ange-blossoms turnin' yaller, an' look at me des lak a ghos' ever sence. An' it smite my conscience moughty hard when Sam tooken sick wid de pnumony, an' Sally Ann war n't none too good ter him.

Oh, yas 'm; Steve made me a ve'y good husban',—buy me ever'thing I wanted—rings an' jew'lry an' a black alpacker,—but he run off las' winter wid Judy Williams. But I ain't 'low to let dat spile my pl'asure, 'ca'se you know, Miss Marthy, I ain't never is love' Steve—to say love him lak I done Sam. An' Sam, Miss Marthy, have a hankerin' after me to his dyin' day; his las' words say so. Dat 's why I done do as I tellin' you—'ca'se I know it all my fault. When he done tooken wuss, nuthin' 'd do him but I mus' come over an' set by him day an' night. An' when he done die, an' Sally Ann send over de widder's weeds she done borried fer de fun'al, an' ax me would I please drape 'em on her bonnet, I gits to thinkin', an' I say to myse'f, "I 's de one dat oughter been wearin' dis heah crape veil." An' it come into my haid dat Sam 'd lak to have me do a little mo'nin' an' weah a weed or two myse'f, I reckon, 'ca'se our hearts done been united, all but de preachin'. Sally Ann allus is hol' her haid high, 'ca'se she 'low I could n't git Sam; she 'low he jilt me. Well, I drape her bonnet; but I say to myse'f: "Dese heah widder's weeds grows pow'ful clost ter my heart, an' I reckon I gwine parcipitate in dis heah fun'al, too."

'Co'se you know yo'se'f, missy, dat I knows 't ain't gwine be proper fer me to weah de same kind o' veil as Sally Ann weah, fer I ain't to say de widder; but it do 'pear lak ter me I 'm de nex' thing to it. I ain't Steve Cole's wife, an' I ain't Steve Cole's widder, 'ca'se Steve ain't daid; an' I p'intedly ain't calc'latin', nohow, to weah no mo'nin' fer no husban' dat's been oncontented wid me in dis life; an' I ain't 'zackly Steve's lawfl grass-widder nuther, 'ca'se we ain't never been subdivided by de jedge. F'om de weed stan'p'int, honey, not countin' de grass prospec's, I ain't see as I be 'zackly nuthin'. In de whole field o' my 'spe'unce, I ain't see no weeds

sproutin'; I ain't see no chance to weah no weeds fer nobody.

An' you see, missy, I ain't never is wo' my white illushum weddin'-veil, nuther; an' it 'pear lak ter me dat dis heah am de occashum fer me ter weah dat weddin'-veil dat I done boughten fer Sam an' I ain't never is wo' fer nobody else.

You know yo'se'f, Miss Marthy, dat black an' white am half-mo'nin'; an' it 'pear ter me lak it ain't no mo' 'n right fer me to go ter Sam Bell's fun'al in half-mo'nin', 'ca'se I 'se done been mo' 'n half-way on de road to bein' his legal wife, right in de middle o' de law. Look lak dat gimme a *half a chance* now, an' I 'solves ter foller him on dis heah las' journey o' hien in *half-mo'nin'*, whut 'll speak out in meetin', an' p'int out how many halves dey is in dis heah cake; 'ca'se you know, honey, clo'es does talk, an' I 'lows dey ain't gwine to be no mistake no longer. 'T wa'n't trespassin' on de widder's rights ter full mo'nin'; 't wa' n't showin' no onrespec' to nobody; an' it seem lak I owes him dat much aftah all dat 's done passed 'twixt him an' me. So I des slicks up my ha'r (Sam allus is used to say it shame de raben's wing, an' my skin ain't fer behind in color—Sam ain't never is like light-complexahumed niggers, nohow), an' I des puts on my black alpacker, an' I 'thows dat white illushum weddin'-veil over my haid,—an' dat veil ain't never is look so white befo',—an' I puts a black crape bow in de place o' de o'ange-blossoms, an' I goes to dat fun'al o' hien as nigh to bein' his late wife as de situashum 'lows. An' I reckon I 'tracted 'bout as much 'tenshum as de sho'-nough relic', wid all her groans an' takin's on. You know, Miss Marthy, dat I does know how to deduc' myse'f at fun'als. I ain't one o' yo'-all's niggers fer nuthin'; yo'-all's niggers certain'y does show dey raisin'—dey certain'y does. An' I done been ter too many quality fun'als, f'om ole mistus down, not ter say nuthin' 'bout my immanual on etiquette. An' it look lak, takin' 'em bof together, I sho is able by dis time to git th'ough a fun'al lak white folks.

Margaret Church.

Noble Edwin Grace.

(After W. S. Gilbert.)

It was a maiden fair—
Elvira was her name.
Her hair was red upon her head;
She was a comely dame.

It was her lover tall—
His name was Edwin Grace.
His bright blue eyes of extra size
Adorned a handsome face.

"Elope with me," quoth he;
"We 'll skip it in the night;
Then we will wed." She cried, "'Nough said,
And eke, "All right, all right."

He reached her house at ten,
And called to her to fly.
He could have wept: the maiden slept,
And did not hear his cry.

At last a sash went up;
Her father looked below.
"She sleeps quite sound, but I 'll be bound
I 'll wake her. Don't you go.

"Come round to the front gate."

The sash was closed once more;
And Edwin Grace, with dubious face,
Walked round to the front door.

The door it opened wide;
The parents stood within;
They said, "We hope that you 'll elope;
We hear that you have tin."

Then Edwin laughed, "Ha, ha!"
He also laughed, "Te, he!"
Such a papa and a mama
I ne'er before did see."

Elvira soon came down
In pretty dress of gray,
And Edwin cried, "My sweet young bride,
Elope! away, away!"

Her dad his blessing gave,
A blessing gave her ma.
They quickly sped, and soon were wed;
Then Edwin cried, "Ah, ha!"

"Your father thinks that I
Am blessed with lots of mon';
I' faith, I spent my dernier cent
To get us spliced as one.

"But be of portly heart;
Your father's rich" said he.
"We 'll wear no rags: his money-bags
Suffice for thee and me."

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Unannounced Engagement.

SHE played her banjo; but each note
So cried aloud his name,
She hushed it with her bird-swift hand,
And blushed rose-red from shame.

"What makes you blush, dear?" whispered he;
"And why, pray, don't you play?"
Said she: "How can I, when the thing
Betrays me in this way?"

Said he: "What thing? And what 's betrayed?"
Said she: "Oh, can't you hear?"
The banjo sings what 's in my heart,
And that 's your name, my dear!"

Elizabeth Harman.

A Klondike Wooling.

THE lover, sighing, whispered low
To maiden blushing shyly:
"You have, I'm told, a heart of gold,
That 's valued very highly."

She answered then: "A heart of gold!
I'm much inclined to doubt it.
How can I know if it be so?
What shall I do about it?"

The youth replied: "If there be dross,
A test will soon betray it;
And I opine that 's in my line—
Pray, may I not assay it?"

Elliott Flower.

